Jan. 26, 1987

THE NEW YORKER

Price $1.50

Laura Jean Allen

Taurus will often carry rear seat passengers, so they figure equally in the overall design: With wide, comfortable places for their feet; rear seat heat ducts; and if the rear seat passengers happen to be children, Taurus' child-proof rear door locks offer some peace of mind.

▶**THOROUGH DESIGN.** To carry a lot of cargo, the trunk is deep and commodious. To carry two bags of groceries, most models include an elasticized net to keep them upright. When it rains, Taurus has 20″ wipers to clear the windshield. And for bright days, a secondary driver's visor, on most models, provides simultaneous front and side protection from the sun.

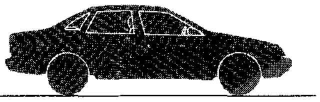
▶**ONLY FROM FORD: 3-YEAR UNLIMITED MILEAGE POWERTRAIN WARRANTY.** Ford's powertrain warranty covers you for three years with unlimited mileage. It's a combination unmatched by any other American manufacturer. Ford's warranty covers major powertrain components on all 1987 Ford cars. Limited warranty and certain deductibles apply. Also, participating Ford Dealers stand behind their customer paid work with a free Lifetime Service Guarantee. It's good for as long as you own your Ford car. Ask to see the Powertrain Warranty and the Service Guarantee when you visit your Ford Dealer.

▶**FORD. BEST-BUILT AMERICAN CARS... SIX YEARS RUNNING.** "Quality is Job 1." In fact, for the past six consecutive years, Ford quality has led all other American car companies. This is based on an average of owner-reported problems in the first three months of service on '86 models, and in a six month period on '81-'85 models designed and built in North America.

AND WHY IT PAYS OFF SO HANDSOMELY. FORD TAURUS.

Successful design anticipates the needs of the user. And the vision pays off in Taurus. Buy or lease one at your local Ford Dealer.

Have you driven a Ford...lately?



FORD TAURUS
SEDAN AND WAGON

Powertrain:	2.5L 4-cylinder EFI Front-wheel drive Transaxles: Auto CLC or 5-Speed Manual 3.0L V-6 Multiple Port Fuel Injection Front-wheel drive Transaxle: Auto Overdrive
Facts and Figures:	Passenger Capacity: Sedan—Up to Six Wagon—Up to Eight with optional third seat Luggage Capacity: Sedan—17.0 cubic feet* Wagon—81.0 cubic feet*
Major Standard Equipment:	The MT-5 (5-speed manual) and GL include an electronic AM/FM stereo, 4-way front headrests, interval wipers, and many other standard features. The LX (pictured) includes air conditioning, front seats with power lumbar supports, power windows/door locks, *and much more.* All Wagons include a 60/40 split-folding second seat, two-way liftgate, and roof-mounted luggage rack.
Preferred Equipment; and Special Value Packages:	There are several Preferred Equipment Packages that combine the most popular options for up to hundreds of dollars less than the price of these options ordered individually. Plus, when you purchase a Taurus L, GL, or MT-5 with these packages and a 2.5L engine, certain options will be included at no extra charge. See your local Ford Dealer for details.

*Based on EPA Cargo Volume Index.

Buckle up—Together we can save lives.

Taurus is dedicated to the principle that successful design anticipates the needs of the user.

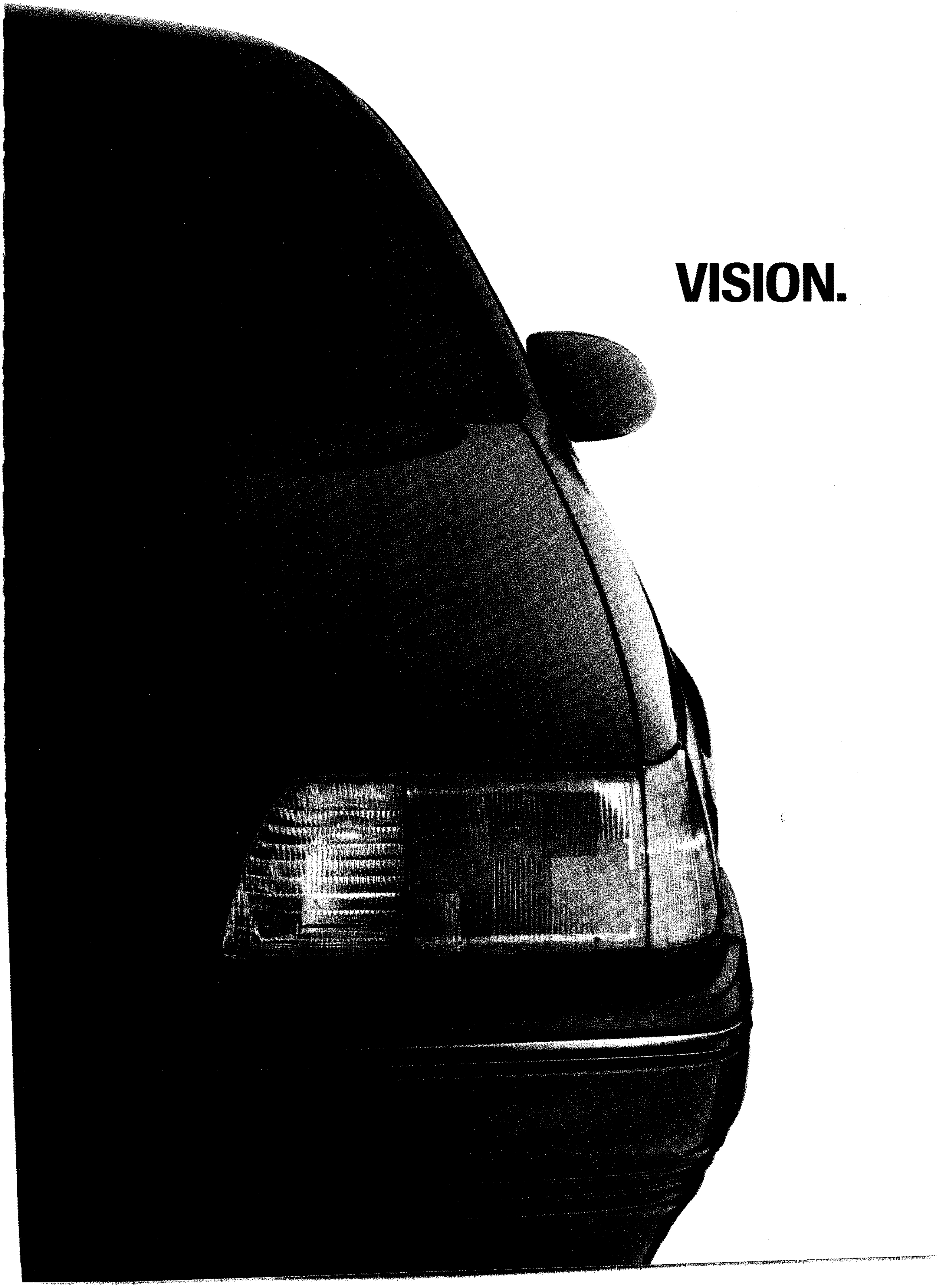
The result of this vision is an automobile of innovative design which is not only handsome, but also makes a great deal of sense.

▷EXTERIOR DESIGN. To the wind, Taurus presents a clean, almost unbroken surface. The headlamps, side windows, even the door handles lie flush to the body. While the effect is pleasing to the eye, it also pleases the ear by reducing interior wind noise.

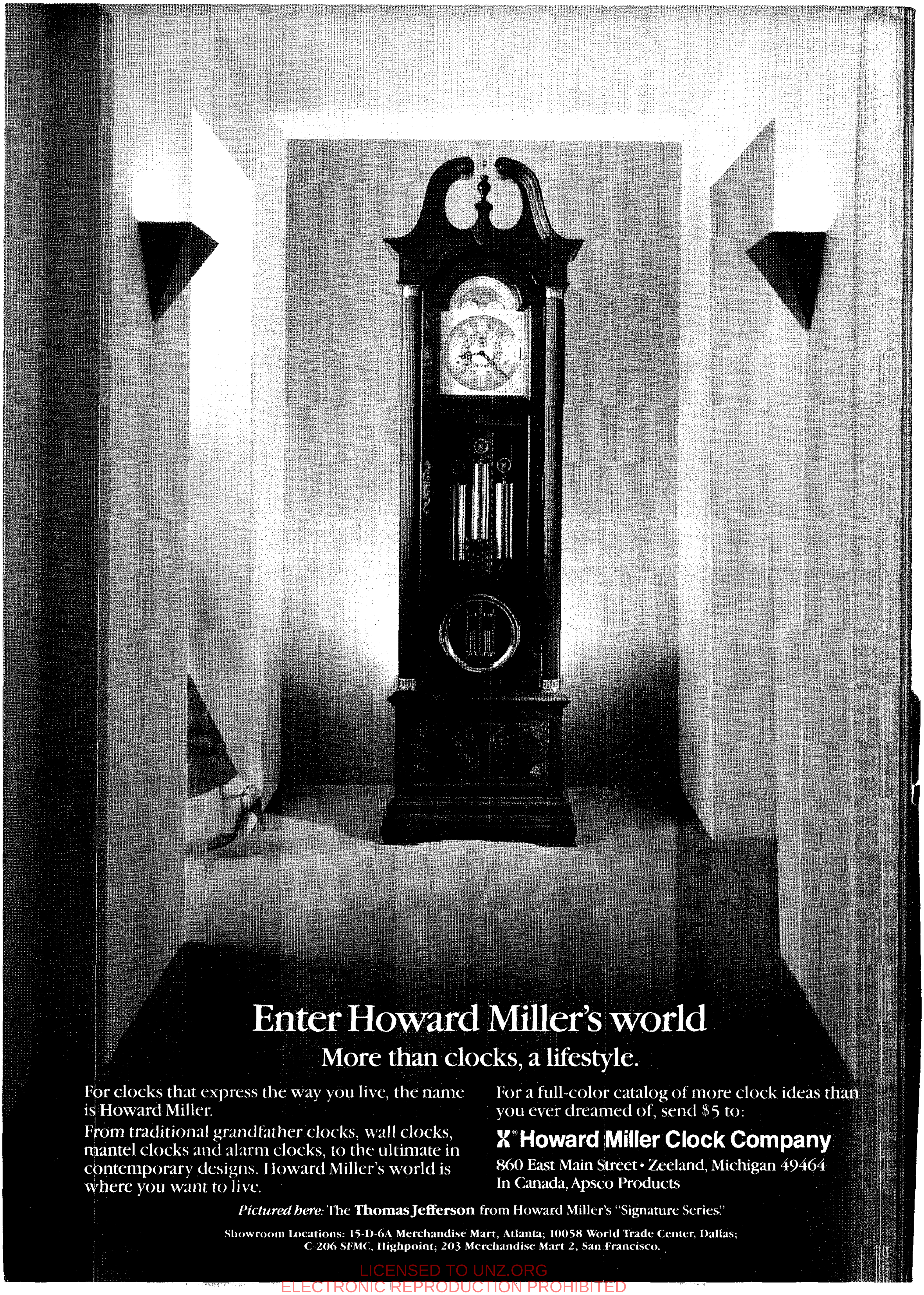
The overall shape is designed to enhance Taurus' stability on the road. Even the underbody is shaped to reduce aerodynamic lift and channel cooling air to the engine compartment.

▷INTERIOR DESIGN. Taurus seats are designed to satisfy two important criteria. One: For refreshing comfort during long drives. Two: For firm lateral support in turns.

Controls are placed and shaped so your hands can find and identify them easily (your eyes stay on the road). The steering wheel is sized, placed and designed to make it comfortable to grip. Even the safety belts are easy to fasten and adjust.


VISION.

TAURUS



Enter Howard Miller's world

More than clocks, a lifestyle.

For clocks that express the way you live, the name is Howard Miller.

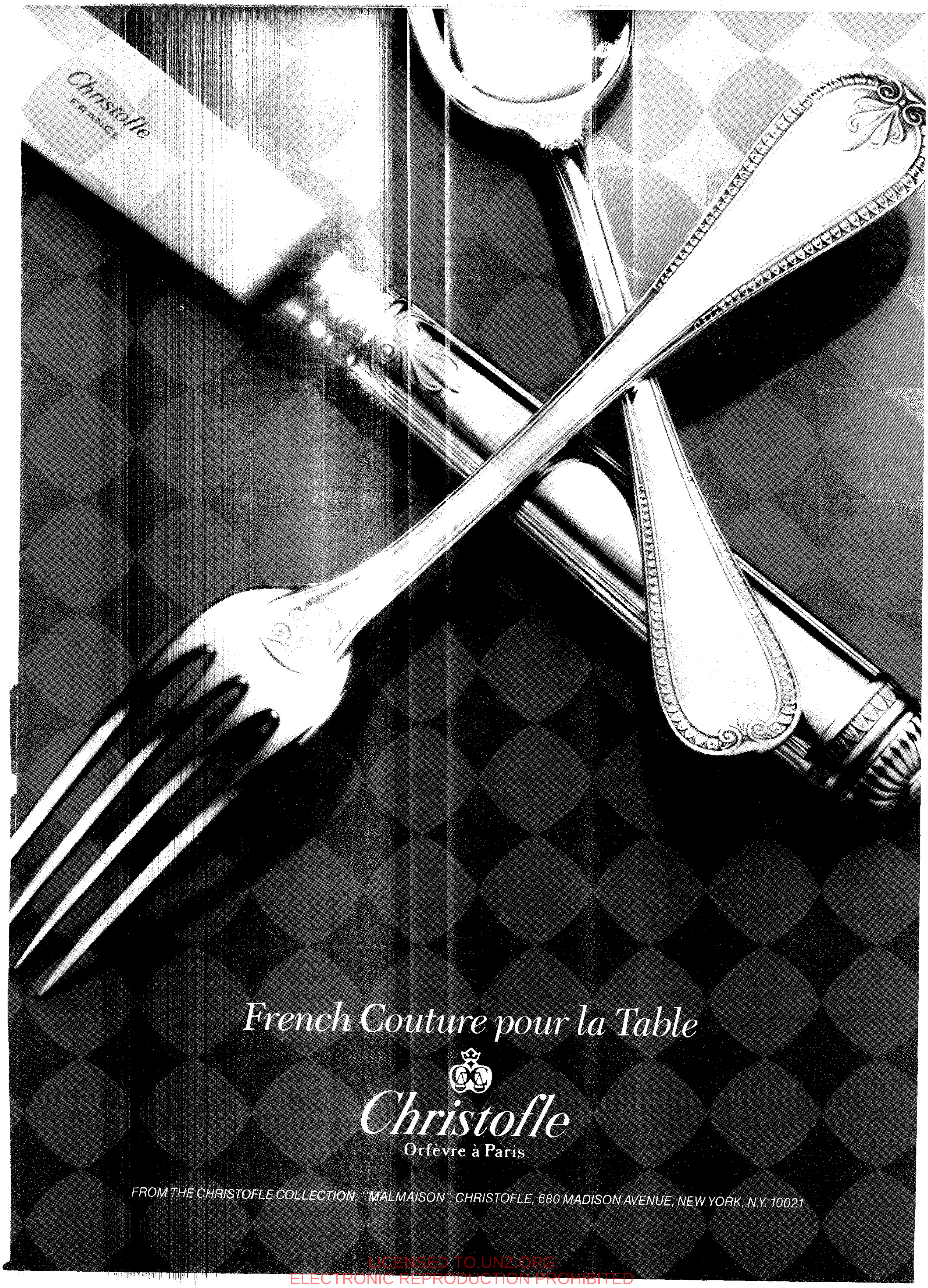
From traditional grandfather clocks, wall clocks, mantel clocks and alarm clocks, to the ultimate in contemporary designs. Howard Miller's world is where you want to live.

For a full-color catalog of more clock ideas than you ever dreamed of, send $5 to:

Howard Miller Clock Company
860 East Main Street • Zeeland, Michigan 49464
In Canada, Apsco Products

Pictured here: The **Thomas Jefferson** from Howard Miller's "Signature Series."

Showroom Locations: 15-D-6A Merchandise Mart, Atlanta; 10058 World Trade Center, Dallas; C-206 SFMC, Highpoint; 203 Merchandise Mart 2, San Francisco.


Christofle
FRANCE

French Couture pour la Table

Christofle
Orfèvre à Paris

FROM THE CHRISTOFLE COLLECTION: "MALMAISON". CHRISTOFLE, 680 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10021

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	31

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Bloody Poetry—A play by Howard Brenton. (Manhattan Theatre Club at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Nightly at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Jan. 25.)

Broadway Bound—A touching and unexpectedly serious study of a family—presumably the playwright's—as it begins to fall apart in Brooklyn in the nineteen-forties. Neil Simon retains his accustomed skill at comedy but has wisely suppressed his weakness for surefire gags. Linda Lavin is superb as the troubled mother; also in the cast are Jonathan Silverman, Philip Sterling, John Randolph, Jason Alexander, and Phyllis Newman. Gene Saks directed. (Reviewed in our issue of 12/15/86.) (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Circle Repertory Company—A comedy whodunit by John Bishop, **THE MUSICAL COMEDY MURDERS OF 1940**, is the third in this season's series. (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

The Colored Museum—A sharp, satiric revue on the subject of blackness and related matters, which is almost done in by damnable sound amplification. George C. Wolfe was the clever writer, and L. Kenneth Richardson the able director. The performers, all of them splendid, are Loretta Devine, Tommy Hollis, Reggie Montgomery, Vickilyn Reynolds, and Danitra Vance. (11/10/86) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

The Common Pursuit—An English import. Six Cambridge undergraduates, in the sixties, plan to launch a literary magazine in accordance with the rigorous standards of the critic F. R. Leavis, and in the ensuing twenty years manage to breach these standards. Simon Gray's play, while not especially original, is consistently entertaining, and it is very well performed, under the direction of the dramatist and Michael McGuire. With Kristoffer Tabori and Dylan Baker, among others. (11/3/86) (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 580-1313. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Equity Library Theatre—The fourth in this season's series of eight productions is a revival of **TAKE ME ALONG**, a musical based on Eugene O'Neill's play "Ah, Wilderness!," with music and lyrics by Bob Merrill and a book by Joseph Stein and Robert Russell. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Feb. 1. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

A Girl's Guide to Chaos—A comedy by Cynthia Heimel. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Groucho: A Life in Revue—A surprisingly lively and touching show about the great comedian/humorist. Frank Ferrante's dedicated impersonation becomes a true performance; Les Marsden, doubling, comes close to Chico and seems inspired as Harpo; and Faith Prince deftly acts the women in their lives, among them, of course, Margaret Dumont. Arthur Marx (son of Groucho) and Robert Fisher were the playwrights; Mr. Marx directed. (10/20/86) (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Jackie Mason's "The World According to Me!"—Jackie Mason is a classic standup Jewish comedian, the George Washington of the Borscht Belt. His material consists almost entirely of outrageous insults addressed to Jews, Italians, Poles, Puerto Ricans, and Wasps. (Only the Irish escape unscathed, and who knows why? Perhaps they are being offered the greatest insult of all.) For more than thirty years, Mason's audiences—that is, his victims—have found him hilarious, and the sorry truth of the matter is that he *is* hilarious, for reasons that might well cause Freud himself to break down and sob as he sought to explain them. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 719-4099. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Lady Day at Emerson's Bar & Grill—A play of sorts about one of Billie Holiday's last engagements, at a night club in Philadelphia, well sung and performed by the personable Lonette McKee, who bears no resemblance—vocal, physical, or temperamental—to the late Miss Holiday. (9/29/86) (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 6. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Lily Dale—This play is one of Horton Foote's chronicles of Texas before the First World War. Don Bloomfield is Horace Robedaux, a young man who pays a visit to his mother and sister in Houston. Mary Stuart Masterson is the sister and Greg Zittel is their abrasive stepfather. (12/1/86) (Samuel Beckett, 412 W. 42nd St. 594-2826. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

A Man for All Seasons—A deliberate, not to say plodding, production of Robert Bolt's play, with Philip Bosco as Sir Thomas More, Charles Keating as the Common Man, and with Maria Tucci giving a first-rate performance as More's wife. (Roundabout, 100 E. 17th St. 420-1883. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, Feb. 8.)

Me and My Girl—Robert Lindsay brings to life a silly chestnut of a British musical, dating back to the thirties. (8/25/86) (Marquis, Broadway at 45th St. 947-0033. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

North Shore Fish—A play by Israel Horovitz set in a frozen-fish-packing plant. With Christine Estabrook and John Pankow. (WPA Theatre, 519 W. 23rd St. 206-0523. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 9; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 5 and Sundays at 3.)

Sex Tips for Modern Girls—A musical with a book by Peter Eliot Weiss and score and lyrics by John Sereda. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S. 691-6226. Tuesdays through

TABLE OF CONTENTS

THE TALK OF THE TOWN 21

"KELOMYAKKI" (POEM) . . . . . *Joseph Brodsky* 26

"WORLD AFTER DARK" . . . . . *John Rolfe Gardiner* 28

"MAN FEEDING PIGEONS" (POEM) . . . . . *Amy Clampitt* 30

PERSONAL HISTORY (PHYSICS—PART I) . . . . . *Jeremy Bernstein* 35

THE THEATRE . . . . . *Brendan Gill* 69

JAZZ . . . . . *Whitney Balliett* 70

THE CURRENT CINEMA . . . . . *Pauline Kael* 73

MUSICAL EVENTS . . . . . *Andrew Porter* 76

BOOKS . . . . . *Veronica Geng* 83

  BRIEFLY NOTED 85

RECEIVED JAN 28

COVER: *Laura Jean Allen*

DRAWINGS: *Stuart Leeds, Charles Barsotti, James Stevenson, Warren Miller, William Steig, Charles Saxon, Lee Lorenz, Joseph Farris, Peter Steiner, Joseph Mirachi, Bernard Schoenbaum, Edward Koren, George Booth, Robert Weber, Stan Hunt, Dana Fradon, Roz Chast, J. B. Handelsman*

Property of AMBASSADOR COLLEGE LIBRARY Big Sandy, Texas

THE NEW YORKER

25 WEST 43RD STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10036

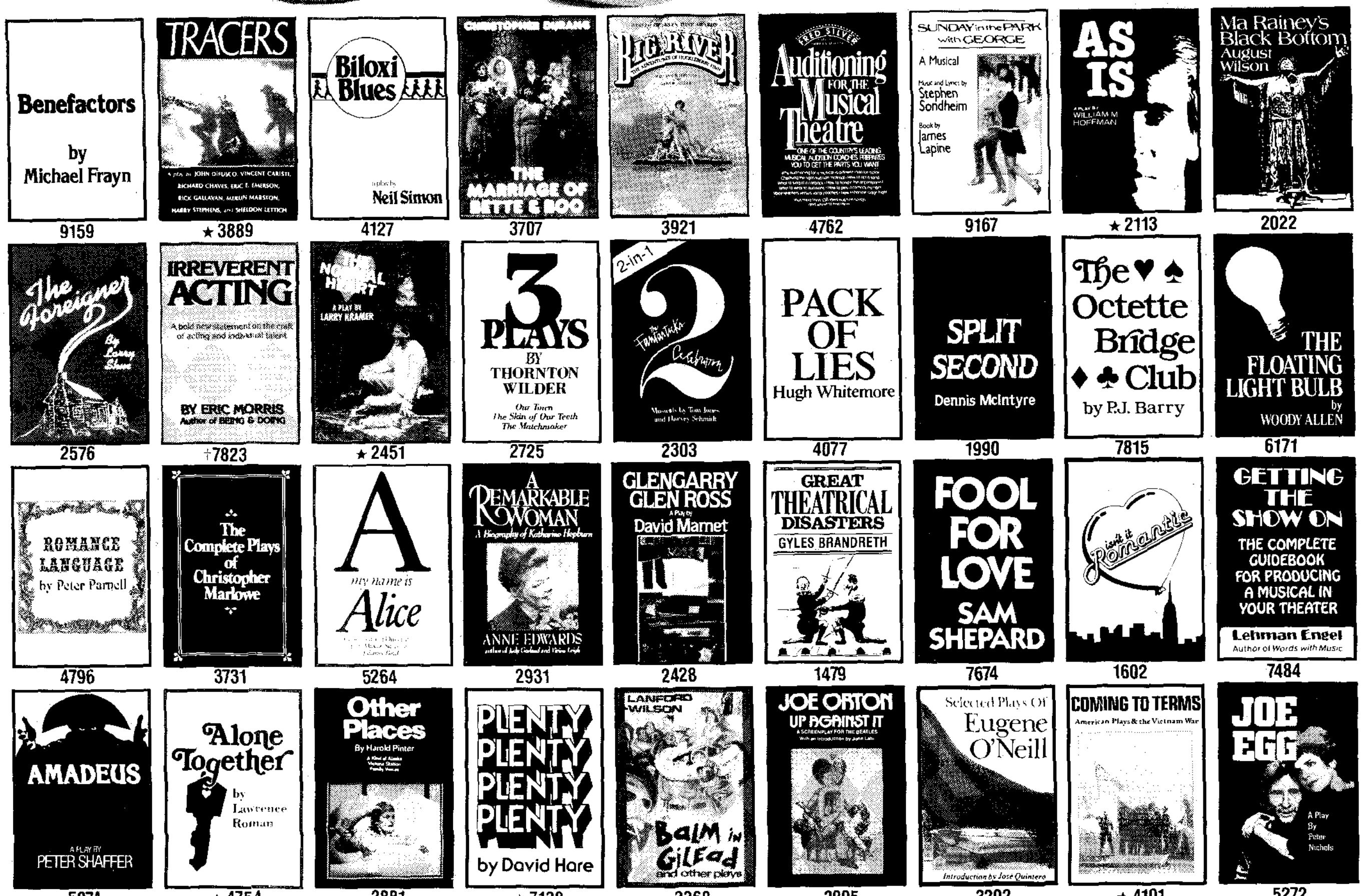
(212) 840-3800

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

In ordering a change of address, subscribers should give four weeks' notice, providing both old and new addresses, with Zip Codes. If possible, please send the address label from a recent issue.

The New Yorker (ISSN 0028-792X), published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 W. 43rd St., N.Y., N.Y. 10036; Steven T. Florio, president and publisher; Jonathan E. Newhouse, executive vice-president; Rebecca Wesson Darwin, vice-president and associate publisher; Sam R. Spoto, vice-president; Stuart H. Jason, vice-president and treasurer; Ruth A. Diem, vice-president and human resources director; Lynn W. Guthrie, advertising director; Frank Mustacato, circulation director. Branch advertising offices: 111 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. 60601; 41 Osgood Place, San Francisco, Calif. 94133; Suite 2360, 5900 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90036; 67½ Chestnut St., Boston, Mass. 02108; 19 South Audley St., London, W1Y 5DN. Metropolitan Publishers Representatives: 3017 Piedmont Road, NE, Atlanta, GA 30305; 2500 So. Dixie Highway, Miami, FL 33133; 3016 Mason Place, Tampa, FL 33629. Vol. LXII, No. 49, January 26, 1987. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash.
© 1987 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker.
Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: In U.S. and possessions, one year, $32.00; two years, $52.00. In Canada, one year, $44.00. Other foreign, one year, $52.00, payable in advance. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to The New Yorker, 25 W. 43rd St., New York, N.Y. 10036.

Slip into a role that fits!



Benefactors by Michael Frayn
TRACERS
Biloxi Blues Neil Simon
Christopher Durang's The Marriage of Bette & Boo
Big River
Auditioning for the Musical Theatre
Sunday in the Park with George
As Is
Ma Rainey's Black Bottom August Wilson
The Foreigner
Irreverent Acting By Eric Morris
The Normal Heart Larry Kramer
3 Plays by Thornton Wilder
2-in-1 2
Pack of Lies Hugh Whitemore
Split Second Dennis McIntyre
The Octette Bridge Club by P.J. Barry
The Floating Light Bulb by Woody Allen
Romance Language by Peter Parnell
The Complete Plays of Christopher Marlowe
A My name is Alice
A Remarkable Woman Anne Edwards
Glengarry Glen Ross David Mamet
Great Theatrical Disasters Gyles Brandreth
Fool for Love Sam Shepard
Romantic
Getting the Show On The Complete Guidebook for Producing a Musical in Your Theater Lehman Engel
Amadeus Peter Shaffer
Alone Together by Lawrence Roman
Other Places By Harold Pinter
Plenty Plenty Plenty Plenty by David Hare
Lanford Wilson Balm in Gilead and other plays
Joe Orton Up Against It
Selected Plays of Eugene O'Neill
Coming to Terms
Joe Egg

9159 ★3889 4127 3707 3921 4762 9167 ★2113 2022

2576 †7823 ★2451 2725 2303 4077 1990 7815 6171

4796 3731 5264 2931 2428 1479 7674 1602 7484

5074 ★4754 2881 ★7138 Not available in Canada 3368 3095 3202 ★4101 5272 Not available in Canada

Take 4 books for $1 with membership.

How the Club Plan works: You'll get your choice of ANY 4 BOOKS FOR $1 (plus shipping and handling) *and* your FREE TOTE BAG when accepted as a member. We reserve the right to reject any application. However, once accepted, if you are not fully satisfied with your introductory books, return them within 10 days at our expense. Your membership will be cancelled and you will owe nothing. The FREE TOTE BAG is yours to keep in any case.
Attractive selection: As a Club member, you'll have dozens of titles to choose from: the best of every theatre season, Broadway and Off-Broadway successes, practical guides to performance and production techniques, and other volumes—many *not* available in any store at any price.
How you save money: The Club offers its own complete hardbound editions (sometimes altered in size to fit special presses). CLUB EDITIONS SAVE YOU UP TO 40% OFF PUBLISHERS' HARDCOVER EDITION PRICES. A shipping and handling charge is added to each shipment.
Club bulletin: Enjoy the convenience of at-home shopping with your free Club bulletin, *Curtain Time*. About every 4 weeks (14 times a year) you'll receive the bulletin describing coming Selection(s). In addition, up to 4 times a year, you may receive offers of special Selections, always at discounts off publishers' prices. If you want the featured Selection(s), do nothing—shipment will be made automatically. If you prefer an Alternate—or no book at all—indicate this on the order form and return it by the date specified. You'll have at least 10 days to decide. If you have less than 10 days, and receive an unwanted Selection, you may return it at our expense and owe nothing.
The choice is always yours: Your only obligation is to take just 4 books at regular low Club prices during the next 2 years. You may resign any time after purchasing your 4 books, or continue to enjoy Club membership for as long as you like.
★ Warning: Subject matter or language may be offensive to some. †Soft cover

THE FIRESIDE THEATRE

FREE TOTE
with membership

Fireside Theatre Book Club®
Dept. BT-227, Garden City, NY 11535
Please accept me as a member of the Fireside Theatre Book Club, and send me the 4 books I've numbered in the boxes below, plus my FREE TOTE BAG. Bill me just $1 plus shipping and handling for the 4 books. I agree to the Club plan as described in this ad, will take 4 more books at regular low Club prices during the next 2 years, and may resign any time thereafter. The FREE TOTE BAG is mine to keep even if I don't remain a member.

Mr.
Ms. ______________________________
(Please print)
Address ______________________ Apt. # ________
City ____________________ State ________ Zip ________
If under 18, parent must sign. ______________________
Members accepted in U.S.A. and Canada only. Offer slightly different in Canada. 12-FT12

Fireside Theatre.
Every role you've ever imagined.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Stepping Out—An agreeable little play by Richard Harris, about a group of lonelyhearts in North London who find happiness through learning to tap-dance. A big and skillful cast is well directed by Tommy Tune. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Sweet Sue—A curiosity of a play by A. R. Gurney, Jr., about a middle-aged divorced woman and a college undergraduate who, not very plausibly, fall in love. Each character is played by two people, which makes matters still more implausible. The cast consists of Mary Tyler Moore, Lynn Redgrave, Barry Tubb, and John K. Linton. (1/19/87) (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Widow Claire—Horton Foote continues to explore the lives of the citizens of Harrison, Texas. The principal characters here are a racy, nervous widow and young Horace Robedaux (two years post-"Lily Dale"—see above), and they are played to perfection by Hallie Foote and Matthew Broderick. (12/29/86) (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

York Theatre Company—A new production of **MARRY ME A LITTLE,** a 1981 two-character show with songs by Stephen Sondheim. (York Theatre, 2 E. 90th St. 534-5366. Fridays and Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Saturday, Feb. 7.)

You Never Can Tell—All Shaw delights, and absolute Shaw delights absolutely. This minor early work is full of commensurately minor pleasures, with two or three exceptionally attractive performances. In the cast are Victor Garber, Lise Hilboldt, John Cullum, Stefan Gierasch, Uta Hagen, and John David Cullum. (10/20/86) (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 239-6200. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2, and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Jan. 25.)

Long Runs—**BIG RIVER:** A musical about Huckleberry Finn and Jim and their adventures on the Mississippi. The large cast is full of charm and so is the scenery, by Heidi Landesman. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **LA CAGE AUX FOLLES:** A big, handsomely designed and handsomely costumed musical. The book, by Harvey Fierstein, is sentimental nonsense, but the music, by Jerry Herman, is pleasantly tuneful. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **CATS:** A musical version of T. S. Eliot's "Old Possum's Book of Practical Cats." Music by Andrew Lloyd Webber, choreography by Gillian Lynne, and direction (and some lyrics) by Trevor Nunn. A superb spectacle, which may run for many more years and give cats the right to vote and hold office. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **DROOD:** Charles Dickens' unfinished novel, "The Mystery of Edwin Drood," served as a basis for this jolly, silly musical, with charming songs by Rupert Holmes, an excellent cast headed by George Rose, and uninhibited direction by Wilford Leach. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 11,128 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **42ND STREET:** Pleasantly old-fashioned choreography by the late Gower Champion and a few classic songs enliven an otherwise inert pastiche of the Warner Brothers movie that made Ruby Keeler a star. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE HOUSE OF BLUE LEAVES:** A superb revival of John Guare's brilliant, ferocious comedy, with Swoosie Kurtz and John Mahoney, among other fine performers. Jerry Zaks directed. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St, 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **I'M NOT RAPPAPORT:** Herb Gardner's synthetic, though often entertaining, comedy about two old men who share a bench in Central Park, starring Hal Linden and Ossie Davis. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS:** Based on Roger Corman's 1960 horror quickie about a man-eating plant, this exuberant, jokey musical is wholly free of camp. The score is by Alan Menken, and Howard Ashman directed and wrote the book and lyrics. Martin P. Robinson designed the menacing plant. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 2 and 5.) . . . **NUNSENSE:** A musical comedy by Dan Goggin. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 302-2302. Mondays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **SOCIAL SECURITY:** A comedy by Andrew Bergman, directed by Mike Nichols. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **SWEET CHARITY:** A revival of a musical that has come to seem an American classic. Bob Fosse is the director and choreographer, and Cy Coleman and Dorothy Fields provided the songs. Ann Reinking stars. Hurrah for them all. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	31

MISCELLANY

Ice Show—Final performances of the "Ice Capades," with a company headed by Kitty and Peter Carruthers, Judy Blumberg, and Michael Seibert. (Madison Square Garden. 564-4400. Wednesday, Jan. 21, at 2 and 7:30; Thursday and Friday, Jan. 22-23, at 7:30; Saturday, Jan. 24, at 11, 3, and 7:30; and Sunday, Jan. 25, at 1:30 and 5:30.)

Out to Lunch—A musical revue by Wally White. (Quaigh, Hotel Diplomat, 108 W. 43rd St. Mondays through Fridays at 12:15 P.M. No tickets necessary. Closes Friday, Jan. 30.)

Beehive—A musical revue, featuring girl-group songs of the sixties. (Top of the Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-9292. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 7:30 and 10; and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 5.)

Forbidden Broadway—A musical satire of Shubert Alley denizens. The lyrics to the song parodies are by Gerard Alessandrini. (Palsson's Upstairs, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30 and 11:30; and Sundays at 8:30.)

DANCE

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule—Wednesday evening, Jan. 21: Excerpts from "Coppélia," and "Ballo della Regina" and "Vienna Waltzes." (A benefit performance; for information about tickets, call 877-7635.) . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Jan. 22: "Ballo della Regina," "Pas de Deux," "Variations pour une Porte et un Soupir," and "Vienna Waltzes." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Jan. 23: "Les Petits Riens," "Ecstatic Orange," "Variations pour une Porte et un Soupir," and "Tchaikovsky Piano Concerto No. 2." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Jan. 24: "Swan Lake," "Episodes," and "Songs of the Auvergne." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Jan. 24: "Agon," "Quiet City," "Pas de Deux," and "Slaughter on Tenth Avenue." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Jan. 25: "Agon," "Davidsbündlertänze," "Les Petits Riens," and "Ecstatic Orange." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, Jan. 25: "Les Petits Riens," "Ecstatic Orange," "Davidsbündlertänze," and "Slaughter on Tenth Avenue." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Jan. 27: "The Four Temperaments," "Variations pour une Porte et un Soupir," and "Songs of the Auvergne." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Jan. 28: "The Goldberg Variations" and "The Four Temperaments." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Jan. 29: "Mozartiana," "Episodes," and "Tchaikovsky Piano Concerto No. 2." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Jan. 30: "Mozartiana," "Kammermusik No. 2," and "Fanfare." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Jan. 31: "Fanfare," "Songs of the Auvergne," "Les Petits Riens," and "Ecstatic Orange." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Jan. 31: "Swan Lake," "Variations pour une Porte et un Soupir," and "The Four Temperaments." (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 1. Through Sunday, Feb. 22.)

Lyon Opera Ballet—A French company appearing here for the first time. Wednesday through Friday, Jan. 21-23, at 8; Saturday, Jan. 24, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, Jan. 25, at 3: "Cendrillon." . . . ¶ Tuesday through Friday, Jan. 27-30, at 8; Saturday, Jan. 31, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, Feb. 1, at 3: "Luminescences," "Step Text," "Mama Sunday Monday or Always," and "Jardi Tancat." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.)

Armitage Ballet—"Les Stances à Sophie," "Like a Rolling Stone," "The Watteau Duets," and "Hipsters, Flipsters, and Finger Poppin' Daddies." (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Wednesday through Saturday, Jan. 21-24, at 8, and Sunday, Jan. 25, at 2 and 7:30.)

Pilobolus—Opening performances of a four-week engagement that will run through Sunday, Feb. 22—Tuesday, Jan. 27, at 7:30: "Ciona," "Pseudopodia," "Can't Get Started," "What Grows in Huygen's Window," "Walklyndon," and "Land's Edge" (New York première). . . . ¶ Wednesday, Jan. 28, and Friday, Jan. 30, at 8: "Monkshood's Farewell," "Televisitation" (New York première), "Ocellus," "Can't Get Started," and "Carmina Burana, Side Two" (New York première). . . . ¶ Thursday, Jan. 29, and Saturday, Jan. 31, at 8: "Bonsai," solo from "The Empty Suitor," "Nonce" (New York première), "What Grows in Huygen's Window," "Pseudopodia," and "Land's Edge." (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800.)

Yoshiko Chuma and the School of Hard Knocks—Presenting "The Big Picture," a full-length work. With singer Nona Hendryx. (Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 3. Through Sunday, Feb. 1.)

Dancecompass / Nicholas Rodriguez—Programs of contemporary dance. (Theatre of the Riverside Church, W. 120th St. and Riverside Dr. 864-2929. Wednesday, Jan. 21, and

Friday, Jan. 23, at 8, and Sunday, Jan. 25, at 2.)

Annabelle Gamson / Dance Solos—A company of solo performers. With musical accompaniment by the Gregg Smith Singers and the Cremona Arts Trio. (St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie, Second Ave. at 10th St. Thursday through Saturday, Jan. 22-24, at 8, and Sunday, Jan. 25, at 5 and 8. For information about tickets, call 924-0077.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Abilene Café, 359 Second Ave., at 21st St. (473-8908)—A corner bar and restaurant that makes a polite bow in the direction of Texas (its flag flies here) and presents music that is practiced just about everywhere in the Union (the blues). **DAVID (FATHEAD) NEWMAN,** a journeyman saxophonist who spent ten years on the road with Ray Charles, fronts a band on Saturday, Jan. 24, and on Friday and Saturday, Jan. 30-31, Mississippi-born harmonica ace **CHARLES MUSSELWHITE** pays a visit. Music from nine.

Algonquin Hotel, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—In the lobby, people come and go talking of the Forty-fourth Street Chowder and Marching Club (which used to meet here) and of the Thanatopsis Club (which also used to meet here) and of **MICHAEL FEINSTEIN,** who is singing and playing the piano here, in the candlelit mead hall known as the Oak Room. Shows at nine-fifteen and eleven-fifteen Tuesdays through Saturdays. Dining.

Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—A nautically appointed bar and restaurant. Any swaying you may notice yourself doing is probably generated by the musicians, who perform amidships on a railed-in platform. Trumpeter **VALERY PONOMAREV'S** trio holds forth on Friday and Saturday, Jan. 23-24, and on Friday and Saturday, Jan. 30-31, pianist **DANNY MIXON'S** threesome will be aboard. Sets begin Sundays through Thursdays at nine-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at ten.

Ballroom, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—A sleek, carpeted, neat-as-a-pin music room, which is also hushed and smokeless during **BLOSSOM DEARIE'S** early-bird concerts. She sings her first note at six-thirty Wednesdays through Saturdays. "Cats" star Laurie Beechman sings at eleven on Fridays and Saturdays.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—On the back wall of this club, there is a little neon version of the Manhattan skyline, with a crescent moon and two stars attendant upon it—one of the best examples of inert-gas folk art we know of. The lineup: Wednesday and Thursday, Jan. 21-22, Manhattan Transfer-ite **JANIS SIEGEL;** Friday through Sunday, Jan. 23-25, baritone saxophonist **GERRY MULLIGAN** and his big band; Monday, Jan. 26, saxophonist John Richmond's quartet; and starting Tuesday, Jan. 27, vocalist **MORGANA KING** and a quintet copiloted by clarinettist **BUDDY DE FRANCO** and vibraharpist **TERRY GIBBS.** Music from nine. Dining.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Rock, jazz, folk, comedy, and combinations thereof. Wednesdays, **BUSTER POINDEXTER** (proto punk-rocker David Johansen in a monkey suit) and **HIS BANSHEES OF BLUE;** Friday and Saturday, Jan. 23-24, **LEON REDBONE,** who likes to hide under a fedora and behind sunglasses and sing ancient blues; Tuesday, Jan. 27, Windham Hill guitarist Michael Hedges and novelist Richard Price; and Thursday and Friday, Jan. 29-30, Gloria Loring. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A crowded, duskily lit neighborhood bar, where first-rate pianists and bassists compete for your ear with professional conversationalists. Truth and beauty usually prevail. Bassist **RED MITCHELL** provides steady support for John Campbell through Saturday, Jan. 24, and for the bedazzling **KENNY BARRON** starting Monday, Jan. 26. On Sunday, Jan. 25, Mr. Mitchell anchors trumpeter **DANNY MOORE'S** trio. Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

Carlos I, 432 Sixth Ave., at 10th St. (982-3260)—Everything about this club is nice; the long rows of tables covered with pink linen, the bijou bandstand, the view from the bar of the bandstand, and the view out the window of Vaux & Withers' gabled Victorian courthouse. Drummer **CHICO HAMILTON** drives his quartet forward through Sunday, Jan. 25, and on Tuesday, Jan. 27, **LOU DONALDSON,** a blues-leaning alto saxophonist, arrives with his foursome. Mondays are in the swell hands of guitarists **BUCKY** and **JOHN PIZZARELLI.** Music from nine. Dining.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—The Café Carlyle is a cozy, elegant room; its key personnel (the musicians, the headwaiter) and some of its patrons (key personnel, no doubt, in other venues) wear tuxedos, but you needn't. When the English-born pianist **GEORGE SHEARING** plays a jumping bebop tune like "Scrapple from the Apple," his audience fidgets a little, but when he sings "Isn't It Romantic" or "You're the Pits" (Robert Groday's parody of "You're the Top") everybody becomes cheerfully attentive. Bassist **DON THOMPSON** is Mr. Shearing's good accompanist. Sets at ten and midnight Tuesdays through Saturdays. . . . ¶ Across the hall, in the Bemelmans Bar, you can listen to pianist and singer **BARBARA CARROLL** Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-forty-five.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—Through a heavy-duty steel door, through a green Plexiglas door, down a long, narrow, fun-house passageway (mirrors in which you can watch yourself multiply; corrugated-metal siding that you can riffle), and down a flight of stairs, you'll find this velvet-and-mirror-walled *boîte.* Pianist **STEVE KUHN'S** group—vocalist **SHEILA JORDAN,** saxophonist **DAVE LIEBMAN,** bassist **BUSTER WILLIAMS,** and drummer **AL FOSTER**—performs through Sunday, Jan. 25; guitarist **RORY STUART** directs his quartet on Tuesday and Wednesday, Jan. 27-28; and starting Thursday, Jan. 29, the Brazilian guitarist **LUIZ BONFA** will be here with his nephew and fellow-guitarist Tavio Bonfa and percussionist Valtinho. On Mondays, **LES PAUL** plugs in *his* guitar and plays with his trio. Music from eight Tuesdays through Sundays, and from nine on Mondays. Dining.

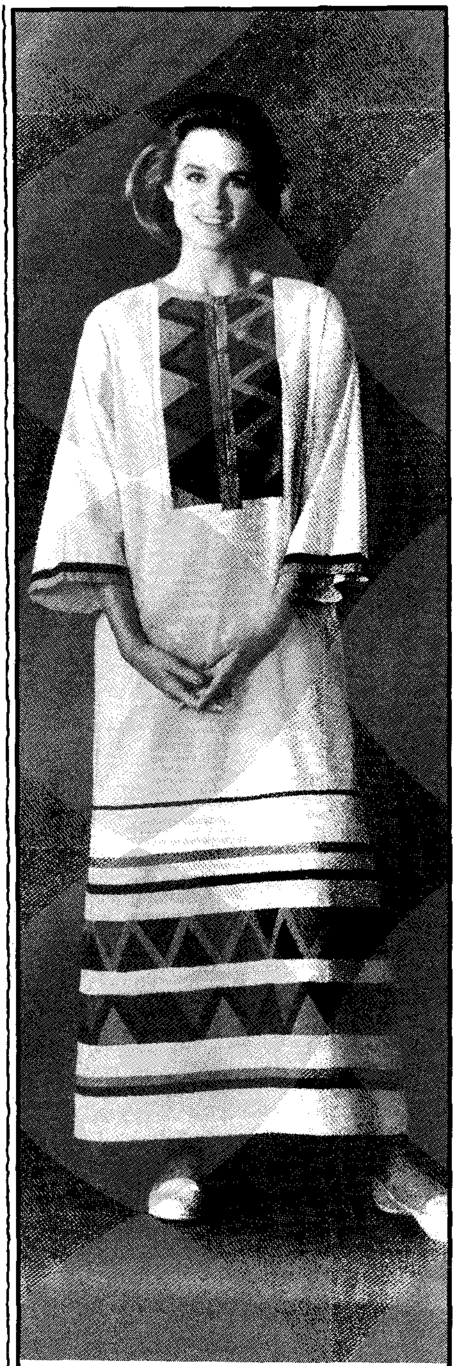
Greene Street, 101 Greene St. (925-2415)—Once a truck warehouse, this SoHo establishment now provides space for palm trees to mature in and for non-trucking types to eat and drink and listen to good pianists. **JACK WILSON** presides through Saturday, Jan. 24, and **HILTON RUIZ** takes charge starting Tuesday, Jan. 27. Sets begin at seven Tuesdays through Thursdays, and at seven-thirty Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Mondays.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Wednesdays through Saturdays, Kitt Moran sings with support from pianist Mike Moran and bassist Andy Eulau; on Sunday and Monday, Jan. 25-26, singer-pianist Howard Barry and bassist Bill Moring collaborate; and on Tuesdays guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE** (a member of George Shearing's first, creamy-toned quintet), pianist **WARREN CHIASSON,** and bassist **MICHAEL FLEMING** hold forth. All these groups begin at about ten.

Knickerbocker Saloon, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—Turn-of-the-century New York Sunday *Herald* posters and Hirschfeld caricatures on the walls, and, next to the brass-railed partition between the bar and the dining room, a modern Steinway. **HILTON RUIZ** operates on it, with buzzing, humming bassist **MAJOR HOLLEY** at his side, through Saturday, Jan. 24. On Tuesday, Jan. 27, the buoyant **ROLAND HANNA** and bassist **CLINT HOUSTON** swing into action. Music from about nine-thirty.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—Texas-like in significant respects, though not in the open-spaces-and-clear-sight-lines department, in which it is New York-like. Wednesday and Thursday, Jan. 21-22, ex-Stones guitarist Mick Taylor and Lucky 7; Friday, Jan. 23, Max Creek and Tommy Joe White; Saturday, Jan. 24, Beat Rodeo and Tommy Joe White; and Monday, Jan. 26, **JUMP STREET, WHO IT IS,** drummer **STEVE GADD'S** Gang, and guitarist-singer **GEORGE BENSON.** Music after nine. Dining.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—From the glassed-in streetside room you can see the naked saplings in the adjacent office-tower frontage, and in the back room you can



SUNNY BEST

Our bright yellow caftan by Saybury is the ideal cover-up for at-home lounging and resort play at pool or patio. All cotton with green Aztec design at hem. P-S-M-L. $70. By mail please include correct tax; $2.50 handling.

Elizabeth Arden
THE SALON
691 Fifth Ave., NY 10022 / 212 407-7990

Elizabeth Arden • American Express • Visa • Diners Club • MasterCard • Please include charge number.

see the New York Jazz Repertory Ensemble, whose seven members, got up in loud blazers and funny hats, are performing "Serenade to a Jerk," "It's Tough to Be a Girl Musician," "Cocktails for Two," and other high-spirited, low-comedy Spike Jones numbers. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine and eleven. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A popular, north-of-chic upper West Side gathering place. Jazz, Latin jazz, and rhythm and blues are what the people come inside for. Driving, hypnotic pianist **MC COY TYNER** leads his trio on Friday and Saturday, Jan. 23-24, and on Friday and Saturday, Jan. 30-31, drummer **ART BLAKEY** and his spiffy young crew of **JAZZ MESSENGERS** deliver high-energy hard bop. Music from about ten until two. Dining.

Ritz, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—Rock from the fifties to the eighties in a half-century-old ballroom. Trendy dress is optional. On Thursday and Friday, Jan. 22-23, when the heavy-metal bands W.A.S.P. and Saxon bang away, you probably wouldn't look out of place if you wore biker's boots, studded leather wristbands, and a pound or two of chains. On Saturday, Jan. 24, you can comb your hair into a wavy style, put on your rockabilly finery, and listen to **CARL PERKINS** sing "Blue Suede Shoes" and "Honey Don't." The rest of the lineup: Wednesday, Jan. 29, Vanilla Fudge, Rare Earth, and War; and Friday and Saturday, Jan. 30-31, the **DAVE EDMUNDS** band. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at nine, and Fridays and Saturdays at eleven. Dancing.

Sounds of Brazil, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—Foot-tapping, head-swirling music from Brazil and elsewhere in an exotic *carnaval* setting. Wednesday, Jan. 21, **KEVIN EUBANKS & O.T.B.;** Thursday, Jan. 22, hot and humorous cornettist **OLU DARA** and his **NATCHEZSIPPI** dance band (a smaller version of his Okra Orchestra); Friday, Jan. 23, Skah-shah; Saturday, Jan. 24, **LOREMIL MACHADO & SARAVA;** Tuesday, Jan. 27, a tribute to Brazilian guitarist Baden Powell; Wednesday, Jan. 28, **MANNY OQUENDO'S** salsa ensemble, **LIBRE;** Thursday, Jan. 29, blues singer **BOBBY BLUE BLAND;** and Friday and Saturday, Jan. 30-31, **MIKATA.** Music from nine Tuesdays through Thursdays, and from eleven on Fridays and Saturdays. Dining. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Knotty-pine walls and adventurous jazz. The club's annual festival of new music is in progress. The schedule: Wednesday, Jan. 21, the String Trio of New York; Thursday, Jan. 22, trombonist **RAY ANDERSON,** bassist **MARK HELIAS,** and percussionist **GERRY HEMINGWAY;** Friday and Saturday, Jan. 23-24, trumpeter **AHMED ABDULLAH,** alto saxophonist **MARION BROWN,** violinist **BILLY BANG,** bassist **SIRONE,** and drummer **ANDREW CYRILLE,** who are collectively known as The Group; Sunday, Jan. 25, pianist **ROGER KELLAWAY** and others; Tuesday, Jan. 27, the Frank Gordon quintet; Wednesday, Jan. 28, the Rova Saxophone quartet; Thursday, Jan. 29, the **RAY ANDERSON** quartet; and Friday and Saturday, Jan. 30-31, multi-instrumentalist **SAM RIVERS** and his Rivbea Orchestra. On Mondays, the **GIL EVANS ORCHESTRA,** with its white-haired leader at the electric piano, delivers shimmering sound-pictures of pieces by Hancock, Mingus, Hendrix, and others. Shows from about ten. Dining.

Tramps, 125 E. 15th St. (777-5077)—A low-ceilinged, plain-but-functional blues and rock outpost. The decorative flourishes include pictures of Big Joe Turner, a Mets pennant, roadhouse neon, and a cat, which can sometimes be found atop the jukebox. The schedule: Wednesday, Jan. 21, Foreign Legion and Combo Limbo; Friday and Saturday, Jan. 23-24, the **UPTOWN HORNS;** Sunday, Jan. 25, Funk Philharmonik; Monday, Jan. 26, Wild Blue Yonder and Jing; Tuesday, Jan. 27, Beema Duma and Idle Chatter; and Friday and Saturday, Jan. 30-31, the **JOHNNY COPELAND** blues band. Music after nine-thirty.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—In the Terrace Bar, you can keep an eye on Village street life and listen to the piano-bass team of **BOB DOROUGH** and **BILL TAKAS** every night except Monday, when **HILTON RUIZ'S** Latin Jazz Trio is on duty. Music from about ten.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	31

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—This hallowed basement establishment has been receiving jazz pilgrims from all over the world for more than half a century. Progress Report, a quintet led by pianist and former Jazz Messenger **JAMES WILLIAMS,** is on hand through Sunday, Jan. 25, and on Tuesday, Jan. 27, alto saxophonist and clarinettist **PHIL WOODS** descends the stairs with his fivesome. Mondays are the property of the **MEL LEWIS ORCHESTRA.** Music after ten.

West End, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Those who can resist the temptations of the large barroom here—pinball, video games, a dialogue with a budding logical positivist from Columbia U.—will find another, smaller room, where jazz musicians hold sway. Through Sunday, Jan. 25, trumpeter Mark Morganelli and the Jazz Forum All-Stars; Tuesday, Jan. 27, bassist **MICKEY BASS'S** trio, with pianist **JOHN HICKS;** and starting Wednesday, Jan. 28, baritone saxophonist **CECIL PAYNE'S** group. Mondays are comedy nights. Shows nightly from about nine. Dining.

Zinno, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—A spacious, airy bar connected to a spacious, airy dining room by a spacious, airy passageway with tables and chairs and expert musicians in it. **ELLIS LARKINS,** a graceful water strider of a pianist, performs through Saturday, Jan. 24, and on Monday, Jan. 26, guitarist Mick Goodrick and bassist **MICHAEL MOORE** set sail. On Sundays, Mr. Moore and guitarist **GENE BERTONCINI** play their own beautiful and swinging brand of chamber jazz. Music weeknights from eight and Sundays from seven-thirty.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Lyrics and Lyricists—The first in a series of five programs entitled "Broadway Songs of the Fifties," this one featuring songs from "Guys and Dolls," "Wonderful Town," and "Fanny," performed by Vivian Blaine (who also narrates), Maureen McGovern, Ron Raines, and others. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Sunday, Jan. 25, at 2:30 and 8, and Monday, Jan. 26, at 8.)

New Orleans Funeral and Ragtime Orchestra—Vineyard Theatre, 309 E. 26th St. 683-0696. Sunday, Jan. 25, at 5.

Sauter-Finegan Orchestra—Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Sunday, Jan. 25, at 8.

Ordinaires—With Mary Feeney. The first two of four performances. (Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. Monday and Tuesday, Jan. 26-27, at 8.)

Angela Bofill, Stanley Clarke, and Dave Valentin—With Pieces of a Dream. (Town Hall. Saturday, Jan. 31, at 8 and 11:30.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Graham Campbell—Abstract paintings. Through Saturday, Jan. 31. (CDS Gallery, 13 E. 75th St. Open Mondays.)

Louis Eilshemius (1864-1941) **and John Grabach** (1880-1981)—Paintings. Through Saturday, Jan. 31. (Radann, 790 Madison Ave., at 67th St. Opens at noon.)

Alan Feltus—Recent paintings of women in groups. Through Wednesday, Jan. 28. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Cheryl Goldsleger / Karen Riedener—Monochromatic paintings and drawings with mazelike arrangements of such architectural forms as chairs and stairs. / Photographs. Through Friday, Jan. 30. (Urdang, 23 E. 74th St.)

Harriet Korman / Robert Lobe—Abstract paintings. / Sculptures—the result of hammering sheets of aluminum against trees and rock formations. Through Saturday, Jan. 31. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

Jules Olitski—Impasto paintings on sheets of shaped Plexiglas. Through Saturday, Jan. 31. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

David Park (1911-60)—Paintings, mostly from the fifties. Through Feb. 28. (Salander-O'Reilly, 22 E. 80th St. Open Mondays.)

Jon Schueler—Recent abstract paintings and drawings. Through Feb. 5. (Perlow, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

Barbara Schwartz—Painted cast-aluminum wall reliefs. Through Saturday, Jan. 31. (Hirschl & Adler Modern, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St.)

Sandy Skoglund—Paintings, drawings, and photographs. Through Saturday, Jan. 31. (Castelli Graphics, 4 E. 77th St.) . . . ¶ An installation entitled "Neo Auto," consisting of a wrecked car that the artist has reclaimed, painted, and filled with hundreds of twisted forks. Through Feb. 8. (Sharpe, 175 Avenue B, at 11th St. Opens daily, except Mondays, at 1.)

Anthony Toney—A retrospective of his paintings from the late thirties to the present. Through Feb. 4. (ACA, 21 E. 67th St.)

Gregory Williams—Landscapes with a surreal character. Through Feb. 14. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 417 E. 75th St.)

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Milton Avery (1893-1965)—Seascapes on canvas and on paper. Through Saturday, Jan. 31. (Borgenicht, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Ronnie Bogaev—Photo-Realist oil paintings of interiors, incorporating still-lifes and Italian landscapes seen through windows. Through Saturday, Jan. 31. (French, 41 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Ilya Bolotowsky (1907-81)—Two shows. Abstract geometric paintings completed between 1950 and 1981. Through Saturday, Jan. 31. (Washburn, 41 E. 57th St.) . . . ¶ Works on paper from the thirties. Through Wednesday, Jan. 28. (Deutsch, 20 W. 57th St. Paintings from the same period, by Hans Burkhardt, are also on view here.)

Joseph Cornell (1903-72)—Box constructions and collages that were in the artist's personal collection. Through Saturday, Jan. 31. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

Nicola De Maria—Small paintings depicting star emblems that could be seen as symbolizing doors or windows, among other works. Through Saturday, Jan. 31. (Galerie Maeght Lelong, 20 W. 57th St.)

Enrico Donati—Surrealist paintings and objects from the forties, most of them on exhibition for the first time. Through Feb. 28. (Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Marcel Duchamp (1887-1968)—A small retrospective that includes ready-mades (four Mona Lisas), posters, and prints. Through Feb. 7. (Luhring Augustine & Hodes, 41 E. 57th St.)

Chuck Dugan—Abstract paintings. Through Thursday, Jan. 29. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St.)

Maurice Golubov (1905-87)—Works from the past five years or so, including nonobjective and figurative paintings, by an artist who died recently. Through Thursday, Jan. 29. (De Nagy, 41 W. 57th St.)

Cleve Gray—Paintings from throughout his career in a show that complements the artist's retrospective at the Brooklyn Museum. Through Feb. 3. (Armstrong, 50 W. 57th St.)

Stephen Greene—Recent abstract paintings. Through Feb. 7. (Pearl, 38 E. 57th St.)

Robert LaHotan—Impressionist still-lifes, interiors, and landscapes. Through Feb. 7. (Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Terence La Noue / Hans Hofmann (1880-1966)—Heavily textured, tapestrylike paintings on stiffened unstretched canvas. Through Saturday, Jan. 31. / Portraits of friends, still-lifes, and interiors, including his studio. Through Feb. 7. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Henri Laurens (1885-1954)—A dozen figurative bronzes. Through Feb. 7. (Marisa del Re, 41 E. 57th St.)

Nabil Nahas / Alain Kirili—Nonobjective paintings whose gold tones were achieved without the benefit of gold leaf, though it is hard to believe. / Abstract sculptures in cast aluminum that was heated in a way that makes it look like painted wood. Also, works in terracotta and wood. Through Feb. 14. (Holly Solomon, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Katherine Porter—Large-scale expressionist paintings. Through Saturday, Jan. 31. (Janis, 110 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Harvey Quaytman—Abstract paintings in an acrylic medium to which rust or steel filings have been added. Through Feb. 18. (McKee, 41 E. 57th St.)

Daniel Quintero / Jorge Castillo—Recent paintings and drawings—figures, chiefly—by a Spanish realist. / Paintings. Through Saturday, Jan. 31. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Odilon Redon (1840-1916)—About thirty prints. Through Feb. 14. (Fitch-Febvrel, 5 E. 57th St.)

Bruce Robbins—Recent works on paper. Through Saturday, Jan. 31. (Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St.)

Ben Shahn (1898-1969)—Prints, drawings, and watercolors. Through Friday, Jan. 30. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.) . . . ¶ Photographs from the thirties. Through Feb. 14. (Photofind, 138 Spring St.)

Susan Shatter—Landscape paintings in oils and watercolors. Through Wednesday, Jan. 28. (Fischbach, 24 W. 57th St.)

John Storrs (1885-1956)—Prints and drawings. A retrospective of the artist's work is currently at the Whitney Museum. Through Feb. 4. (Schoelkopf, 50 W. 57th St.)

Andy Warhol—Black-and-white photographs that have been stitched together into sets (one a great self-portrait). Through Saturday, Jan. 31. (Robert Miller, 41 E. 57th St.)

Still-Life Swap—A painting apiece by four still-life specialists—Janet Fish, Sondra Freckelton, Nancy Hagin, and Harriet Shorr—each of whom has used a still-life subject suggested by the others, in addition to one of her own. The paintings all include a pair of amber candlesticks, a blue plate, a fish-shaped vase, and a ceramic pitcher. Through Saturday, Jan. 31. (Tatistcheff, 50 W. 57th St.)

Group Show—Works by Oskar Kokoschka and his contemporaries. Through Saturday, Jan. 31. (Galerie St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

Carol Anthony—Handmade cast-paper boxes filled with objects (pears, apples, ladders) also made of cast paper. Through Saturday, Jan. 31. (Davidson, 415 West Broadway.)

Domenico Bianchi—New abstract canvases painted in oil and encaustic. Through Saturday, Jan. 31. (Sperone Westwater, 142 Greene St.)

Edgar Buonagurio / Mary Fish—Mosaic-like paintings on shaped canvases. / Allegorical paintings based on Sumerian myths. Through Saturday, Jan. 31. (Oscarsson Siegeltuch, 568 Broadway, entrance on Prince St.)

Deborah Butterfield—This sculptor has moved on to larger and larger pieces of found sheet metal in her shorthand depictions of life-size horses. Through Saturday, Jan. 24. (Thorp, 103 Prince St.)

Muriel Castanis / Vladimir German—New cloth-and-epoxy sculptures that look like marble, granite, and patinated metal. / Small seascapes (the artist resides in Far Rockaway) interrupted only by a fishing boat puffing away in the distance. Through Saturday, Jan. 31. (O.K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.)

Nancy Chunn—Paintings in which chains, gears, and other machine parts are juxtaposed with maps of politically unstable countries such as South Africa, Nicaragua, and Lebanon. Through Feb. 7. (Feldman, 31 Mercer St.)

Henry Darger (1892-1972)—An untutored artist who labored obsessively on colored drawings to illustrate a nineteen-thousand-page story he wrote. Through Feb. 4. (Esman, 70 Greene St.)

Eric Fischl—Nudes in vivid-colored oils and in charcoal drawings predominate in this group of works on paper from the past five years. Through Saturday, Jan. 31. (Boone, 417 West Broadway.)

Thomas Gruenebaum—Collage paintings by the art dealer. Through Feb. 7. (Ingber, 415 West Broadway.)

Oded Halahmy—Abstract metal sculptures. Through Saturday, Jan. 31. (Meisel, 141 Prince St.)

David Hare—Freestanding wood, bronze, and steel sculptures. Through Saturday, Jan. 31. (Gruenebaum, 415 West Broadway.)

Robert Kaupelis—Large abstract paintings on canvas and on paper, a few with a house, sailboat, or tree seen here and there. Through Feb. 7. (Jack, 138 Prince St. Open daily; opens Sundays at noon.)

Edward Koren—Monoprints of this artist's distinctive creatures—the hairy ones. Through Friday, Jan. 30. (Solo Press, 578 Broadway. Open Mondays.)

Jannis Kounellis—Canvases and constructions with stinging content and understated form—in one work, a concentration camp is evoked with several open gas jets. Through Feb. 7. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

Louise Lawler—A goblet with gold lettering that reads "It cost $590,000 a day to operate an aircraft carrier. 1986." Also, other glasses with messages, and photographs. Through Feb. 14. (Metro Pictures, 150 Greene St.)

Susan Laufer / Arcangelo—Large mixed-medium works on paper. / Abstract oil-stick-and-charcoal works on paper, suggesting Italian landscapes. Through Saturday, Jan. 24. (Germans van Eck, 420 West Broadway.)

Jackie Lipton—Abstract paintings in oil and wax. Through Feb. 7. (Condeso-Lawler, 76 Greene St.)

Olivier Mosset—Four large abstract geometric paintings. Through Feb. 11. (Gibson, 568 Broadway.)

Gladys Nilsson—New watercolors of cartoonish figures. Through Saturday, Jan. 31. (Kind, 136 Greene St.)

Claes Oldenburg, Coosje van Bruggen, and Frank O. Gehry—Documents from a performance these three presented in Venice, Italy, in 1985, when they showed an oversize version of a Swiss Army knife. (A copy of that knife sculpture is on view at the Guggenheim.) Through Saturday, Jan. 24. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway and 142 Greene St.)

Franc Palaia—Trompe-l'oeil polystyrene frescoes and three-dimensional photographs. Through Feb. 7. (Bryers, 111 Greene St.)

Judy Rifka / Ken Goodman—Paintings on paper, with nudes and still-lifes as their subjects. / Paintings of a wood puzzle, a maze, two jacks, and so on. Through Feb. 4. (Alexander, 59 Wooster St.)

Faith Ringgold—Quilts with texts and painted illustrations that detail life in Harlem today. Through Feb. 7. (Steinbaum, 132 Greene St.)

Ernest Shaw—Massive sculptures from his "Votive" series and his "Guardian" series. Through Thursday, Jan. 29. (Viafora, 568 Broadway.)

Jack Tworkov (1900-82)—Works on paper. Through Feb. 18. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

Robert Wilson—Drawings, furniture, and props for his recent theatrical productions. Through Feb. 14. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

Joan Witek—Oil pastels on paper. Through Saturday, Jan. 31. (Davis, 568 Broadway.)

Group Shows—At **EXIT ART,** 578 Broadway: Juan Downey, Shelagh Keeley, Komar and Melamid, and others have each contributed a work expressing the experience of an artist living in a new country. Through Feb. 14. . . . ¶ On Saturday, Jan. 24, at 8, Komar and Melamid, Lucio Pozzi, and Atlas Theatre will give performances. Tickets at the gallery door on the evening of the performances. . . . **TOLL,** 146 Greene St.: A collection of works by artists who like to start off with neutral imagery (a thumbprint, a newspaper photograph) and go on from there. Chuck Close, Barbara Kruger, Julie Wachtel, Richard Artschwager, and others. Through Feb. 7.

OTHER GALLERIES

Dennis Adams—Work from the past ten years, including the full-scale bus shelters and kiosks for which he is known. Through Feb. 21. (Alternative Museum, 17 White St.)

Robert Beauchamp—Expressionist paintings from 1969 to 1986. Through Feb. 1. (M-13, at 413 E. 9th St. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Dike Blair—Vertical (eight feet high by one and a half feet wide) paintings and collages in mixed mediums that include glass, Masonite, Styrofoam, and artificial plants. Through Feb. 1. (Cash-Newhouse, 170 Avenue B, near 11th St. Opens at 1 Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Rosemarie Castoro / Russell Sharon—Charcoal drawings, plus a few small stainless-steel sculptures. / Bright-colored figurative wood sculptures. Through Feb. 8. (Bromm, 170 Avenue A, at 11th St. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Paula Collery—Sphere-shaped paintings. Through Feb. 4. (Six-to-Six, 626 E. 14th St., near Avenue B. Thursdays through Sundays, 1 to 7.)

C. S. H. Jhabvala—Detailed cityscapes of New York and New Delhi done in watercolor or pencil by an architect and city planner who lives here part of the time and there the rest. Through Feb. 8. (Humphrey, 242 E. 5th St. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Kristin Jones and Andrew Ginzel—An engrossing installation involving an artificial lagoon, whirling fans, a spinning ball, and other eye-catching devices. Through Saturday, Jan. 24. (Art Galaxy, 262 Mott St., just south of Houston St.)

Philip Reisman—A survey of paintings from 1933 to 1986. Through Saturday, Jan. 24. (Ryan, 452 Columbus Ave., at 81st St. Opens at noon.)

Susan Rothenberg—Some of the horse paintings (1974-80) that attracted so much attention when they were first introduced. Through Feb. 28. (Gagosian, 521 W. 23rd St., near Eleventh Ave.)

Christina Schlesinger—Three-dimensional landscape paintings, some with holy cards collaged to them. Through Feb. 1. (Zeus-Trabia, 437 E. 9th St., near Avenue A. Opens at 1 Wednesdays through Sundays.)

John Torreano—The Wolff Gallery has been transformed by the artist into a showplace for his many diamond-shaped, often jewel-encrusted, works. Through Feb. 15. (Wolff,

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	31

513 E. 6th St., near Avenue A. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Group Show—Prints with political themes by contemporary artists and by artists from the thirties. Through Feb. 8. (P.P.O.W, 337 E. 8th St., near Avenue C. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Constantin Brancusi (1876-1957)—Vintage prints by a sculptor. Through Feb. 28. (McCoy, 19 E. 71st St.)

Alvin Langdon Coburn (1882-1966) / **René Burri**—Among the hundred or so prints are portraits of Henry James, Auguste Rodin, and others, made for the artist's 1913 book called "Men of Mark." / Color prints documenting the American space program. Through Feb. 22. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Sandi Fellman—Large-format Polaroids of full-body-tattooed Japanese men and women (the Irezumi)—the completion of a three-year project. Through Feb. 21. (Witkin, 415 West Broadway. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

Barbara Kasten—Photographs of interiors, in, among other buildings, the Equitable Center in New York and the Museum of Contemporary Art in Los Angeles, that the artist altered with mirrors and theatrical lighting. Through Saturday, Jan. 31. (Weber, 142 Greene St.)

Jacques Henri Lartigue (1894-1986)—The Museum of Modern Art has mounted a show devoted to this photographer, entitled "Panoramas of the Twenties." See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

Richard Ross—Large color prints of museum interiors around the world. Through Feb. 28. (Lieberman & Saul, 411 West Broadway, entrance on Spring St.)

Edward Steichen (1879-1973)—Photographs from the first half of this century. Through Saturday, Jan. 24. (Staley-Wise, 177 Prince St. Opens at noon.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Van Gogh in Saint-Rémy and Auvers," a show of paintings and drawings covering the artist's last fifteen months. Through March 22. . . . ¶ An exhibit of more than sixty prints by Bruegel (Pieter, the Elder), including the only extant woodblock with a Bruegel drawing on it. Through March 15. . . . ¶ A display of ancient Chinese artifacts, part of a gift to the museum from the late Ernest Erickson. . . . ¶ "Dance" is the theme of the Costume Institute's show of men's and women's evening dress and accessories. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Tuesday evenings until 8:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A show of scale models, photographs, and drawings by the Swiss architect Mario Botta. Through Feb. 10. . . . ¶ Prints by Odilon Redon. Through Feb. 3. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY:** Prints by Jacques Henri Lartigue. Through March 24. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A monumental sculpture of a ship in the form of a Swiss Army knife, which was conceived by Claes Oldenburg, Coosje van Bruggen, and Frank O. Gehry. The sculpture has moving parts, including eight "oars." . . . ¶ A retrospective of paintings and works on paper by Oskar Kokoschka. Both shows through Feb. 16. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.) . . . ¶ Performance at the museum: Oskar Kokoschka's 1909 one-act play "Mörder, Hoffnung der Frauen." Friday and Saturday, Jan. 23-24, and Thursday through Saturday, Jan. 29-31, at 8; Sunday, Jan. 25, at 3 and 8; and Sunday, Feb. 1, at 3. For tickets, call 360-3503.

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—A show of paintings by David Salle, spanning the past eight years. Through March 29. . . . ¶ A retrospective of works by John Storrs, early modernist sculptor, containing, in addition to sculptures, his paintings, drawings, and prints. Through March 22. (A complementary show is at the Robert Schoelkopf Gallery, 50 W. 57th St.) . . . ¶ Portraits of carnival performers by Walt Kuhn (1877-1949). Starts Thursday, Jan. 22. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—"The Machine Age in America 1918-1941," an entertaining display of decorative objects, appliances, and photographs, plus a few paintings, prints, and sculptures, all reflecting the fascination the machine held for American artists and designers during the period of the great industrial leaps between the World Wars. Through Feb. 16. . . . ¶ A retrospective of works on paper by abstractionist Cleve Gray. Some of the early work is figurative. Through Feb. 23. (A complementary show of paintings is at the Armstrong Gallery, 50 W. 57th St.) (Open daily except Tuesdays. Hours: Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

American Craft Museum, 40 W. 53rd St.—Handmade fine- and applied-art objects in a blazing show that befits the opening of a new home for this museum. Through March 22. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

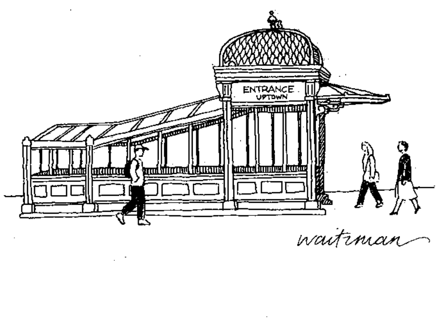
Asia Society, 725 Park Ave., at 70th St.—"Art of Japan: Selections from the Burke Collection, Part II," scroll paintings, folding screens, calligraphy, and lacquerware. Through Feb. 22. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St.—A display elucidating the European tradition of mounting rare Japanese and Chinese porcelains with gold, silver, and gilt bronze. Through March 1. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Etchings and lithographs by Jakob Steinhardt (1887-1968), a German Expressionist whose themes included Jewish religious life. Through April 19. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays, noon to 5; Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

The New Museum, 583 Broadway—A show of installations that Hans Haacke has done during the past fifteen years, criticizing policies of the Reagan Administration, corporate sponsorship of the arts, and the influences of the advertising world upon our culture. A painted portrait of Ronald Reagan, for instance, is juxtaposed with a large photomural of antinuclear demonstrations. Through Feb. 15. (Open daily except Mondays and Tuesdays. Hours: Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, noon to 6; Fridays, noon to 10; Saturdays, noon to 8.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—This magazine's first cover and more than a hundred other *New Yorker* covers and cartoons are on view in their original form in the Second Floor Gallery through Saturday, Jan. 31. (Open daily except Sundays. Hours: Mondays through Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Thursdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6.)



ART AFTER DARK

(Performance, music, dance, video, film, and combinations thereof.)

Franklin Furnace, 112 Franklin St. 925-4671—Alyson Pou (performance), Thursday through Saturday, Jan. 22-24, at 8:30; Maciej Toporowicz (performance), Thursday, Jan. 29, at 8:30.

P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288—Susan Hadley, Bradley Sowash, and others (dance and music performance), Fridays through Sundays, Jan. 23-25 and Jan. 30-Feb. 1, at 9.

Note—Charles Moulton will wear electronically amplified tap shoes in his performance, "Tapnology." (Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. Friday and Saturday, Jan. 30-31, at 11. Through Feb. 14.) . . . ¶ Opening performances of the second part of the Wooster Group's "The Road to Immortality." (Performing Garage, 33 Wooster St. 966-3651. Thursdays through Sundays, at 8. Through Feb. 8.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Alice Tully Hall is 362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall and Weill Recital Hall at Carnegie Hall 247-7800; for Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719; and for the 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 427-4410. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday, Jan. 21, at 8: "Rigoletto," with Mariella Devia, Isola Jones, Denés Gulyás, and Louis Quilico; conducted by Thomas Fulton. . . . ¶ Thursday, Jan. 22, at 8: "La Clemenza di Tito," with Carol Vaness, Diana Montague, Tatiana Troyanos, and David Rendall; James Levine. . . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 23, at 8: "Manon Lescaut," with Leona Mitchell, Ermanno Mauro, Brian Schexnayder, and Ara Berberian; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 24, at 1:30: "Tannhäuser," with Jessye Norman, Eva Randova, Richard Cassilly, and Håkan Hagegård; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 24, at 8: "Rigoletto," with Mariella Devia, Isola Jones, Denés Gulyás, and Louis Quilico; Thomas Fulton. . . . ¶ Monday, Jan. 26, at 8: "La Clemenza di Tito," with Carol Vaness, Diana Montague, Tatiana Troyanos, and David Rendall; James Levine. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Jan. 27, at 7:30: "Tannhäuser," with Jessye Norman, Eva Randova, Edward Sooter, and Jorma Hynninen; James Levine. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Jan. 28, at 8: "Manon Lescaut," with Leona Mitchell, Ermanno Mauro, Brian Schexnayder, and Italo Tajo; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Thursday, Jan. 29, at 7:30: "Le Nozze di Figaro," with Kay Griffel, Kathleen Battle, Frederica von Stade, Jorma Hynninen, and José van Dam; James Levine. . . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 30, at 8: "La Clemenza di Tito," with Carol Vaness, Diana Montague, Tatiana Troyanos, and David Rendall; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 31, at 2: "Manon Lescaut," with Leona Mitchell, Ermanno Mauro, Brian Schexnayder, and Italo Tajo; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 31, at 7:30: "Tannhäuser," with Leonie Rysanek, Eva Randova, William Johns, and Jorma Hynninen; James Levine. (Metropolitan Opera House. 362-6000.)

Center for Contemporary Opera—Richard Marshall conducting the New York première of "Christopher Sly," a comic opera by Dominick Argento. Staged by Thomas Holliday. (Henry Street Settlement, 466 Grand St. Saturday, Jan. 24, and Friday and Saturday, Jan. 30-31, at 8. For information about tickets, call 279-4200.)

Bel Canto Opera—Mara Waldman conducting the first of two performances of William Henry Fry's 1845 opera "Leonora." The production, staged by Stuart Heyman, is the first of this work in more than a hundred years. (Fashion Institute of Technology Audi-

© 1986 Estée Lauder, Inc. Photograph: Skrebneski

Now Estée Lauder helps skin care become skin repair with her

Night Repair Cellular Recovery Complex.

A beauty breakthrough that's formulated to do what no other treatment can do. Its exclusive complex of ingredients can not be duplicated because it's patented until the year 2001.*

Night Repair is a beauty breakthrough that uses the night, the time your body is resting, to help your skin refresh and restore itself as you sleep. Laboratory tests show that Night Repair helps enhance the natural repair of cells that have been damaged during the day by the ultraviolet light all around us (which incidentally occurs all year long, winter as well as summer). Night Repair also increases the skin's ability to hold moisture.

Today Estée Lauder advances skin care to Night Repair. Use it tonight and every night and wake up to better looking skin.

ESTĒE LAUDER
Night Repair
Cellular Recovery Complex

*U.S. patent granted on exclusive cellular extract.

ESTĒE
LAUDER
NEW YORK • LONDON • PARIS

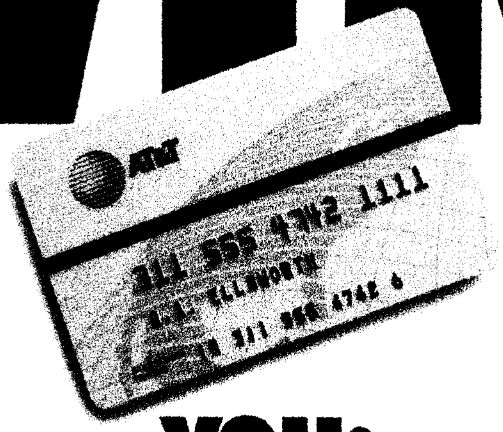
anti-perspirant deodorant
CLINIQUE
SKIN SUPPLIES FOR MEN
cream shave
CLINIQUE
SKIN SUPPLIES
FOR MEN
scruffing lotion 3½
CLINIQUE
SKIN SUPPLIES
FOR MEN

© 1980 Clinique Laboratories, Inc.

M
lotion
touch stick
CLINIQUE
clean-scalp shampoo
CLINIQUE
SKIN SUPPLIES

Clinique Skin Supplies for Men is a complete skin care system. Allergy Tested. 100% Fragrance Free.
You'll find it in selective medicine cabinets—and at Clinique counters across the country.
Photographed by Irving Penn for Clinique.

WHO



YOU:

Accountant, Banker, Baker, Traveling Salesman. Go-getter, Fast-tracker. They can all use the AT&T Card.

In fact, anybody who travels a lot can benefit from it. Because calling with the AT&T Card keeps you close to the people you need to talk to.

The AT&T Card will free you from coins and delays, give you an itemized record and AT&T's lowest rates for state-to-state calling, next to direct dialing. It costs less than calling collect, or making coin calls out-of-state. And you can use it to call almost anywhere in the world and to call home from many foreign locations.

So, if you travel a lot, get the AT&T Card and plug into the AT&T Long Distance Network. It's as simple as dialing

1 800 CALL ATT, Ext. 234.

AT&T

The right choice.

© 1986 AT&T

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	31

torium, 227 W. 27th St. Saturday, Jan. 31, at 8. For information about tickets, call 279-4200.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall. Erich Leinsdorf conducting a Strauss-Couperin-Beethoven program on Thursday, Jan. 22, at 8; Friday, Jan. 23, at 2; and Tuesday, Jan. 27, at 7:30 (all with Kathleen Battle, soprano). . . . ¶ Kurt Masur conducting a Hindemith-Chopin-Mendelssohn program Thursday through Saturday, Jan. 29-31, at 8, and Tuesday, Feb. 3, at 7:30 (all with Horatio Gutiérrez, piano).

Royal Philharmonic Orchestra—At Carnegie Hall, Vladimir Ashkenazy conducting—Wednesday, Jan. 21, at 8: A Strauss-Rachmaninoff program, with Lynn Harrell, cello. . . . ¶ Thursday, Jan. 22, at 8: A Berlioz-Beethoven-Ravel program, with Mr. Ashkenazy acting as piano soloist.

Detroit Symphony Orchestra—At Carnegie Hall, Gunther Herbig conducting—Friday, Jan. 30, at 8: An Ellen Taaffe Zwilich–Bruckner program, with Marc-André Hamelin, piano. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 31, at 8: An Ezra Laderman–Mahler program, with Jean-Pierre Rampal, flute; Stefania Toczyska, mezzo-soprano; and Rene Kollo, tenor.

New York Pops—Skitch Henderson conducting, with Marvin Hamlisch, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Jan. 23, at 8.)

Juilliard Orchestra—Sixten Ehrling conducting. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, Jan. 23, at 8. For information about free tickets, call 874-7515, Wednesday through Friday.)

Orpheus—With Nikita Magaloff, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Jan. 24, at 8.)

Gregg Smith Singers—A joint concert with the Ensemble Josquin Des Prés, an instrumental group from France. Gregg Smith will direct. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Saturday, Jan. 31, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call 874-2990.)

RECITALS

Nina Beilina—Violin, with Michele Levin, piano, and Gerald Ranck, organ. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 21, at 8.)

Nicanor Zabaleta—Harp. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Jan. 22, at 8.)

Diane Walsh—Piano. (Mannes College of Music, 150 W. 85th St. Thursday, Jan. 22, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Musicians' Accord—The program will feature the première of "Steeds of Darkness," by Miriam Gideon, with Robert Black, guest conductor, and Constantine Cassolas, tenor. Also with Susan Owen, soprano. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Thursday, Jan. 22, at 8.)

Mescal Wilson—Piano. (Greenwich House Music School, 46 Barrow St. Friday, Jan. 23, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Music from Japan—Harvey Sollberger will join an ensemble as featured soloist for a program of contemporary music for flute which includes one of his own works. Also with Rachel Rudich, flute. (Asia Society, Park Ave. at 70th St. 517-2742. Saturday, Jan. 24, at 5.)

Earl Wild—Piano. (92nd Street Y. Saturday, Jan. 24, at 8.)

Juilliard String Quartet—Performing Bach's "The Art of the Fugue." (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Jan. 24, at 8. For tickets, call 586-4680.)

Yale Chamber Music Series—The second in a series of four concerts performed by various faculty members of the Yale University School of Music. (Merkin Concert Hall. Saturday, Jan. 24, at 8.)

Nikolai Petrov—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Jan. 25, at 3.)

New York Philharmonic Ensembles—The second in a series of six concerts. (Merkin Concert Hall. Sunday, Jan. 25, at 3.)

Gerald Ranck—Playing harpsichord works by Bach. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Sunday, Jan. 25, at 3:30. No tickets necessary.)

Anton Nel—Piano. (Weill Recital Hall. Monday, Jan. 26, at 8.)

Bruce Hungerford Memorial Concert—Donald Isler in a program of piano music by Beethoven. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, Jan. 26, at 8.)

New York New Music Ensemble—Robert Black conducting a program of works by Robert Saxton, Louise Talma, Morton Subotnick, and Susan Blaustein. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Monday, Jan. 26, at 8.)

Robert Stallman—Flute. (Weill Recital Hall. Tuesday, Jan. 27, at 8.)

William Blaine—Piano. (Merkin Concert Hall. Tuesday, Jan. 27, at 8.)

Marina Piccinini—Flute. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Tuesday, Jan. 27, at 8.)

Galina Heifetz—Violin, with assisting artists. (Third Street Music School Settlement, 235 E. 11th St. Tuesday, Jan. 27, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Amara Ensemble—With Rosalind Rees, mezzo-soprano; Chris Finckel, cello; Mia Wu, violin; and Edmund Niemann, piano. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Tuesday, Jan. 27, at 8. Admission by contribution.)

Emerson String Quartet—The first three of six concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. (Alice Tully Hall. Tuesday through Thursday, Jan. 27-29, at 8.)

Fast Forward and Robert Rutman—Works composed and performed by Mr. Forward and by Mr. Rutman, both of whom will be accompanied by guest artists. (Paula Cooper Gallery, 155 Wooster St. Tuesday, Jan. 27, at 9. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Cyprien Katsaris—Piano, in a Schumann-Grieg-Schubert program. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 28, at 8.)

Grant Johannesen—Piano, in the last in a series of Schumann-Fauré programs, this one with Kaaren Erickson, soprano, (Merkin Concert Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 28, at 8.)

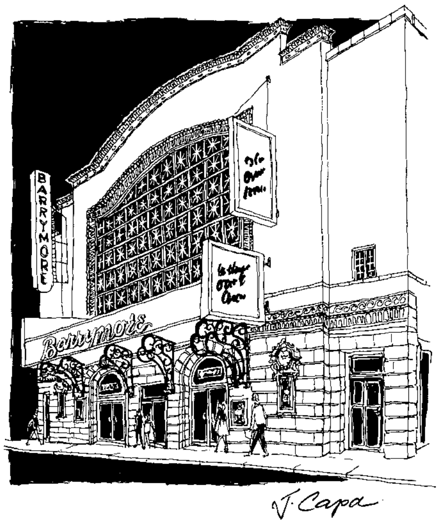
Mitsuko Shirai—Soprano. (92nd Street Y. Wednesday, Jan. 28, at 8.)

Israela Margalit—Piano, in an all-Liszt program, with Carole Farley, soprano, and Jerome Lowenthal, piano. (Weill Recital Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 28, at 8.)

Pauline Oliveros—Accordion, performing her own compositions. Also, Tina Marsh and Robert Price will perform their own works for, respectively, voice and clarinet. (Alternative Museum, 17 White St. Wednesday, Jan. 28, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Edmund Niemann—Piano. (Third Street Music School Settlement, 235 E. 11th St. Thursday, Jan. 29, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

New Music Consort—A program of premières, mostly, including works by Elliott Carter and Ruth Meyer, both of whom will speak. (Weill Recital Hall. Thursday, Jan. 29, at 8.)



Patrick Mason and David Starobin—A joint one-hour recital by a baritone and a classical guitarist. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Saturday, Jan. 31, at 5. For information about tickets, call 874-2990.)

Cynthia Raim—Piano. (92nd Street Y. Saturday, Jan. 31, at 8.)

MISCELLANY

Schubert Birthday Concerts—**WALL-TO-WALL SCHUBERT:** A free twelve-hour marathon, with, among others, Dawn Upshaw, soprano; Ruth Laredo, André-Michel Schub, and Gilbert Kalish, all piano; Ani Kavafian, violin; and the Mendelssohn Quartet. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. Saturday, Jan. 31, from 11 to 11. From 5 to 6:30, amateur instrumentalists will be invited to sit in with members of the Mannes College of Music Orchestra, conducted by Jorge Mester, for performances of the overture to "Rosamunde" and Symphony No. 8.) . . . **SCHUBERT SOCIETY:** A second free concert. Performers will include Brenda Harris, soprano; Ben Holt, baritone; David Jolley, horn; the Amsterdam Quartet; and the New Amsterdam Singers. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Saturday, Jan. 31, at 7:30.)

Benefit Program—A film of a 1969 performance of Schubert's "Trout" Quintet, with Daniel Barenboim, Itzhak Perlman, Pinchas Zukerman, Jacqueline du Pré, and Zubin Mehta. Isaac Stern will introduce the film. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. Thursday, Jan. 29, at 7:30. For information about tickets, call 864-1414.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is 564-4400, for the Meadowlands 1-201 935-3900, and for Nassau Coliseum 1-516 587-9222.)

Basketball—At **BYRNE MEADOWLANDS ARENA:** Nets vs. Phoenix Suns, Wednesday, Jan. 21, at 7:30, and Seattle Supersonics, Friday, Jan. 23, at 7:30. . . . **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN:** Knicks vs. Philadelphia 76ers, Tuesday, Jan. 27, at 7:30, and Detroit Pistons, Saturday, Jan. 31, at 7:30.

Football—Super Bowl XXI: Giants vs. Denver Broncos. (Pasadena. Sunday, Jan. 25.)

Hockey—At **BYRNE MEADOWLANDS ARENA:** Devils vs. Calgary Flames, Thursday, Jan. 22, at 7:35, and Philadelphia Flyers, Saturday, Jan. 24, at 7:35. . . . **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN:** Rangers vs. Devils, Monday, Jan. 26, at 7:35, and Winnipeg Jets, Wednesday, Jan. 28, at 7:35. . . . **NASSAU COLISEUM:** Islanders vs. Winnipeg Jets, Tuesday, Jan. 27, at 8:05, and Hartford Whalers, Saturday, Jan. 31, at 7:05.

Racing—At Aqueduct: Daily, except Tuesdays, at 12:30.

Track Meet—Wanamaker Millrose Games. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, Jan. 30, at 6.)

Trotting—At **ROOSEVELT RACEWAY:** Nightly, except Sunday, Jan. 25, at 7:30; through Sunday, March 15. . . . **MEADOWLANDS:** Weeknights at 7:30; through Saturday, Aug. 15.

Yachting—United States vs. Australia for the America's Cup. (Fremantle, Australia. Starting Saturday, Jan. 31.)

ET ALIA

Poetry and Prose Readings—Daryl Hine and Alfred Corn reading from their own poetry. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Monday, Jan. 26, at 8:15.) . . . ¶ Gloria Naylor reading from her own prose. (Donnell Library Auditorium, 20 W. 53rd St. Tuesday, Jan. 27, at 6. No tickets necessary.)

Winter Antiques Show—The thirty-third annual show, featuring American and European furniture, paintings, porcelain, and the like, assembled by seventy-four dealers. A benefit for the East Side House Settlement. (7th Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 66th St. Saturday, Jan. 24, through Sunday, Feb. 1. Weekdays, 11 to 9; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

International Cat Show—A three-day competition, presented by the Garden Cat Club. (Madison Square Garden. 564-4400. Friday, Jan. 23, from 3 to 10; Saturday, Jan. 24, from 9 to 7; and Sunday, Jan. 25, from 9 to 6.)

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

EAST SIDE

Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)
Through Jan. 22: At 6, "Aguirre, the Wrath of God" (1972; directed by Werner Herzog; in German); and, at 8, "The Tree of Wooden Clogs" (1979; Ermanno Olmi; in Italian).
Jan. 23-25: At 5, "Don Giovanni" (1979; Joseph Losey; in Italian), with Ruggero Raimondi; at 8:15, "Package Tour" (1984; Gyula Gazdag; in Hungarian); and, at 10, "Weekend" (1968; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Mireille Darc.
Jan. 27-29: At 6, "A Man Escaped" (†); at 8:15, "Package Tour;" and, at 10, "Fox and His Friends" (1976; Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German).
From Jan. 30: At 6, "Angi Vera" (†); at 8, "Mes Petites Amoureuses" (1974; Jean Eustache; in French); and, at 10, "The Aviator's Wife" (1981; Eric Rohmer; in French), with Philippe Marlaud and Marie Rivière.

Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 36 E. 8th. (477-6600)
Theatre 1: "The Mission" (Roland Joffé), with Robert De Niro and Jeremy Irons.
Theatre 2: "Brighton Beach Memoirs" (†).
Theatre 3: "The Color Purple" (†).

New Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1600)
"Little Shop of Horrors" (†).

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
Through Jan. 29: "The Morning After" (†).
From Jan 30: "Outrageous Fortune" (Arthur Hiller), with Bette Midler, Shelley Long, Peter Coyote, and George Carlin.

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "Star Trek IV: The Voyage Home" (†).
Theatre 2: "Critical Condition" (Michael Apted), with Richard Pryor.
Theatre 3: "Platoon" (†).

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Crimes of the Heart" (†).

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"The Color of Money" (†).

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
Through Jan. 22: "The Mosquito Coast" (Peter Weir), with Harrison Ford.
From Jan. 23: To be announced.

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"The Morning After" (†).

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"The Mission" (Roland Joffé), with Robert De Niro and Jeremy Irons.

Manhattan 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "Crimes of the Heart" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Jan. 22: "Assassination" (Peter Hunt), with Charles Bronson and Jill Ireland. From Jan. 23: To be announced.

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: Through Jan. 22: "Wisdom" (Emilio Estevez), with Estevez and Demi Moore. From Jan. 23: "The Fringe Dwellers" (Bruce Beresford), with Justin Saunders, Kristina Nehm, and Bob Maza.
Theatre 2: Through Jan. 29: "Touch and Go" (Robert Mandel), with Michael Keaton and Maria Conchita Alonso. From Jan. 30: "Outrageous Fortune" (Arthur Hiller), with Bette Midler, Shelley Long, Peter Coyote, and George Carlin.

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Round Midnight" (†).

Cinema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: "Defense of the Realm" (David Drury), with Gabriel Byrne.
Theatre 2: "Betty Blue" (Jean-Jacques Beineix; in French), with Jean-Hugues Anglade and Béatrice Dalle.

Gemini 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: "No Mercy" (Richard Pearce), with Richard Gere and Kim Basinger.
Theatre 2: "The Bedroom Window" (Curtis Hanson), with Steve Guttenberg, Elizabeth McGovern, and Isabelle Huppert.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"Little Shop of Horrors" (†).

MOVIES
Westman

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	31

FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 17.

Loews New York Twin, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "Star Trek IV: The Voyage Home" (†).
Theatre 2: "Platoon" (†).

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"My Sweet Little Village" (Jiří Menzel; a Czech film).

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Brighton Beach Memoirs" (†).

U.A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"The Bedroom Window" (Curtis Hanson), with Steve Guttenberg, Elizabeth McGovern, and Isabelle Huppert.

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: Through Jan. 22: "Assassination" (Peter Hunt), with Charles Bronson and Jill Ireland. From Jan. 23: "Crocodile Dundee" (Peter Faiman), with Paul Hogan.
Theatre 2: "The Color Purple" (†).

Loews Orpheum 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: "Critical Condition" (Michael Apted), with Richard Pryor.
Theatre 2: "The Golden Child" (Michael Ritchie), with Eddie Murphy.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"The Morning After" (†).

WEST SIDE

Film Forum 1 and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: "The Hour of the Star" (1985; directed by Suzana Amaral; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese).
Theatre 2: Through Jan. 29: "Cannes Goods: International Festival of Award-Winning Commercials." Jan. 30-31: "Shoot the Piano Player" (1960; François Truffaut; in French), with Charles Aznavour; and "The Conformist" (1970; Bernardo Bertolucci; in Italian), with Jean-Louis Trintignant, Stefania Sandrelli, and Dominique Sanda.

Bleecker St. Cinema 1 and 2, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Theatre 1: "Crocodile Dundee" (Peter Faiman), with Paul Hogan.
Theatre 2: Through Jan. 22: (Separate admissions) "Sherman's March" (Ross McElwee); and "My Beautiful Laundrette" (†). From Jan. 23: (Separate admissions) "My Beautiful Laundrette" (†) and "Men . . ." (†).

Waverly 1 and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "Blue Velvet" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Morning After" (†).

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
The New York Gay Film Festival.

R.K.O. Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "Crimes of the Heart" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Mosquito Coast" (Peter Weir), with Harrison Ford.

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Down by Law" (†).
Theatre 2: "She's Gotta Have It" (†).
Theatre 3: "A Room with a View" (†).
Theatre 4: Through Jan. 22: "Peggy Sue Got Married" (Francis Coppola), with Kathleen Turner and Nicolas Cage. From Jan. 23: "Sid and Nancy" (Alex Cox), with Gary Oldman and Chloe Webb.

23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)
Theatre 1: "Wanted: Dead or Alive" (Gary Sherman), with Rutger Hauer.
Theatre 2: (Matinées only) "Lady and the Tramp" (1955), a Walt Disney full-length cartoon; and (evenings only) "Something Wild" (†).
Theatre 3: Through Jan. 29: "The Bedroom Window" (Curtis Hanson), with Steve Guttenberg, Elizabeth McGovern, and Isabelle Huppert. From Jan. 30: "Outrageous Fortune" (Arthur Hiller), with Bette Midler, Shelley Long, Peter Coyote, and George Carlin.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
Through Jan. 22: "Lady and the Tramp" (1955), a Walt Disney full-length cartoon.
From Jan. 23: "Mona Lisa" (†).

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
Through Jan. 29: Theatre temporarily closed.
From Jan. 30: "Outrageous Fortune" (Arthur Hiller), with Bette Midler, Shelley Long, Peter Coyote, and George Carlin.

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"Sid and Nancy" (Alex Cox), with Gary Oldman and Chloe Webb.

New Carnegie, 225 W. 57th. (582-4582)
Through Jan. 22: "Children of a Lesser God" (Randa Haines), with William Hurt and Marlee Matlin.
From Jan. 23: "Something Wild" (†).

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"The Decline of the American Empire" (†).

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Marlene" (Maximilian Schell), a documentary.

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Brighton Beach Memoirs" (†).

Lincoln Plaza 1, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "Comic Magazine" (Yojiro Takita; in Japanese).
Theatre 2: "Thérèse" (†).
Theatre 3: Through Jan. 22: "Men . . ." (†). From Jan. 23: "Scene of the Crime" (André Téchiné; in French), with Catherine Deneuve.

Cinema Studio 1 and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "El Amor Brujo" (Carlos Saura; in Spanish).
Theatre 2: "Ménage" (†).

Embassy 72nd St. 1 and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: "The Morning After" (†).
Theatre 2: "A Room with a View" (†).

Loews 84th Street Sixplex, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)
Theatre 1: "Little Shop of Horrors" (†).
Theatre 2: "Star Trek IV: The Voyage Home" (†).
Theatre 3: "The Golden Child" (Michael Ritchie), with Eddie Murphy.
Theatre 4: "Crimes of the Heart" (†).
Theatre 5: "Platoon" (†).
Theatre 6: "The Bedroom Window" (Curtis Hanson), with Steve Guttenberg, Elizabeth McGovern, and Isabelle Huppert.

Metro Cinema 1 and 2, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Theatre 1: "Round Midnight" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Mission" (Roland Joffé),

In just one lathering,
this man will like mirrors better.

therapy shampoo
anti-dandruff formula
CLINIQUE
SKIN SUPPLIES FOR MEN

He won't be annoyed whenever he checks his back and shoulders. He knows he won't see them covered with flakes of dandruff.

He'll see his hair looking better, too—not roughed up or dry from the over-medication of some dandruff shampoos. Unique difference here: Therapy Shampoo, from Clinique.

Therapy Shampoo is clinically proven protection from dandruff. Controls excess cell turnover that causes flakes. Relieves itching. Leaves hair glossy, manageable. Is ready at any Clinique counter.

Now, mirrors are more reassuring. They don't spoil your image as soon as your back is turned.

CLINIQUE
SKIN SUPPLIES FOR MEN

© 1985 Clinique Laboratories, Inc.

with Robert De Niro and Jeremy Irons.

Olympia Quad, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: Through Jan. 22: "Critical Condition" (Michael Apted), with Richard Pryor. From Jan. 23: "Native Son" (Jerrold Freedman), with Oprah Winfrey, Elizabeth McGovern, and Victor Love.
Theatre 2: Through Jan. 22: "Touch and Go" (Robert Mandel), with Michael Keaton and Maria Conchita Alonso. From Jan. 23: "Blue Velvet" (†).
Theatre 3: Through Jan. 22: (Matinées only) "Lady and the Tramp" (1955), a Walt Disney full-length cartoon; and (evenings only) "Assassination" (Peter Hunt), with Charles Bronson and Jill Ireland; and "The Kindred" (Jeffrey Obrow and Stephen Carpenter), with David Allen Brooks. From Jan. 23: (Matinées only) "Lady and the Tramp;" and (evenings only) "Critical Condition."
Theatre 4: Through Jan. 22: "Wanted: Dead or Alive" (Gary Sherman), with Rutger Hauer. From Jan. 23: To be announced.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Center, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: "Blue Velvet" (†).
Theatre 2: (Matinées only) "An American Tail" (directed by Don Bluth), an animated film; and (evenings only) "The Mosquito Coast" (Peter Weir), with Harrison Ford.
Theatre 3: "Touch and Go" (Robert Mandel), with Michael Keaton and Maria Conchita Alonso.
Theatre 4: "Heartbreak Ridge" (†).
Theatre 5: "Little Shop of Horrors" (†).
Theatre 6: "Crimes of the Heart" (†).

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"Star Trek IV: The Voyage Home" (†).

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, Seventh Ave. at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "Crocodile Dundee" (Peter Faiman), with Paul Hogan.
Theatre 3: "Native Son" (Jerrold Freedman), with Oprah Winfrey, Elizabeth McGovern, and Victor Love.
Theatre 4: "The Color of Money" (†).

Loews Astor Plaza, 44th St. at B'way. (869-8340)
"Platoon" (†).

Loews State 1 and 2, B'way at 45th. (575-5060)
Theatre 1: "Critical Condition" (Michael Apted), with Richard Pryor.
Theatre 2: "The Golden Child" (Michael Ritchie), with Eddie Murphy.

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320).
"The Color Purple" (†).

New Embassy 49th Street, 49th St. near Seventh Ave. (757-7003)
Through Jan. 22: (Matinées only) "Lady and the Tramp" (1955), a Walt Disney full-length cartoon; and (evenings only) "No Mercy" (Richard Pearce), with Richard Gere and Kim Basinger.
From Jan. 23: "Lady and the Tramp." (No performances Monday and Tuesday, Jan. 26-27.)

R.K.O. National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: "Wanted: Dead or Alive" (Gary Sherman), with Rutger Hauer.
Theatre 2: "The Morning After" (†).

R.K.O. Warner Twin, B'way at 47th. (315-8425)
Theatre 1: Through Jan. 22: "The Kindred" (Jeffrey Obrow and Stephen Carpenter), with David Allen Brooks. From Jan. 23: To be announced.
Theatre 2: Through Jan. 22: "Wired to Kill" (Franky Schaeffer). From Jan. 23: To be announced.

U.A. Twin 1 and 2, B'way at 49th. (247-1635)
Theatre 1: "Assassination" (Peter Hunt), with Charles Bronson and Jill Ireland.
Theatre 2: "The Bedroom Window" (Curtis Hanson), with Steve Guttenberg, Elizabeth McGovern, and Isabelle Huppert.

REVIVAL HOUSES

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Jan. 22: "The Girl Can't Help It" (1957; directed by Frank Tashlin), with Tom Ewell, Jayne Mansfield, and Edmond O'Brien; and "High School Confidential" (1958; Jack Arnold), with Russ Tamblyn and Jan Sterling.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	31

Jan. 23-24: "Eraserhead" (1977; David Lynch); and "The Elephant Man" (1980; David Lynch), with Anthony Hopkins and John Hurt.
Jan. 25-27: "Seven Beauties" (1976; Lina Wertmüller; in Italian), with Giancarlo Giannini and Fernando Rey; and "Swept Away" (1975; Lina Wertmüller; in Italian), with Giancarlo Giannini and Mariangela Melato.
Jan. 28-29: "Harold and Maude" (1971; Hal Ashby), with Ruth Gordon and Bud Cort; and "Being There" (1979; Hal Ashby), with Peter Sellers, Shirley MacLaine, Melvyn Douglas, and Jack Warden.
Jan. 30-31: "In the Realm of the Senses" (1977; Nagisa Oshima; in Japanese), with Eiko Matsuda and Tatsuya Fuji; and "Woman in the Dunes" (1964; Hiroshi Teshigahara; in Japanese), with Eiji Okada.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Jan. 21: "An American in Paris" (1951; Vincente Minnelli), with Gene Kelly, Leslie Caron, and Oscar Levant; and "The Band Wagon" (1953; Vincente Minnelli), with Fred Astaire, Cyd Charisse, and Nanette Fabray.
Jan. 22-24: "His Girl Friday" (1940; Howard Hawks), with Rosalind Russell, Cary Grant, and Ralph Bellamy; and "Auntie Mame" (1958; Morton da Costa), with Rosalind Russell, Forrest Tucker, and Coral Browne.
Jan. 25-26: "Topper" (1937; Norman Z. McLeod), with Constance Bennett, Cary Grant, Roland Young, and Billie Burke; and "The Talk of the Town" (1942; George Stevens), with Cary Grant, Jean Arthur, and Ronald Colman.
Jan. 27-28: "All About Eve" (1950; Joseph L. Mankiewicz), with Bette Davis, Anne Baxter, Hugh Marlowe, Celeste Holm, and Thelma Ritter; and "Dead Ringer" (1964; Paul Henreid), with Bette Davis, Karl Malden, and Peter Lawford.
Jan. 29-31: "The Lady Eve" (1941; Preston Sturges), with Barbara Stanwyck, Henry Fonda, and Charles Coburn; and "Midnight" (1939; Mitchell Leisen), with Claudette Colbert, Don Ameche, and John Barrymore.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
Jan. 21: "The Arabian Nights" (1973; Pier Paolo Pasolini, in Italian); and "The Canterbury Tales" (1972; Pier Paolo Pasolini; in Italian), with Hugh Griffith, Alan Webb, and Jenny Runacre.
Jan. 22: "Breakfast at Tiffany's" (1961; Blake Edwards), with Audrey Hepburn, George Peppard, Patricia Neal, Martin Balsam, and Mickey Rooney; and "Two for the Road" (1967; Stanley Donen), with Audrey Hepburn and Albert Finney.
Jan. 23-24: "After Hours" (1985; Martin Scorsese), with Griffin Dunne and Rosanna Arquette; and "Mean Streets" (1973; Martin Scorsese), with Robert De Niro, Harvey Keitel, and Amy Robinson.
Jan. 25: "The Magic Flute" (1975; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish); and "La Traviata" (1983; Franco Zeffirelli; in Italian), with Teresa Stratas and Plácido Domingo.
Jan. 26: "The Night of the Shooting Stars" (1982; Paolo and Vittorio Taviani; in Italian), with Omero Antonutti; and "Kaos" (1986; Paolo and Vittorio Taviani; in Italian).
Jan. 27: "The Great McGinty" (†); and "The French They Are a Funny Race" (1957; Preston Sturges), with Martine Carol, Jack Buchanan, Noël-Noël, and Catherine Boyl.
Jan. 28: "Dr. Strangelove" (1964; Stanley Kubrick), with Peter Sellers, George C. Scott, and Sterling Hayden; and "Lolita" (1962; Stanley Kubrick), with Sue Lyon, James Mason, Peter Sellers, and Shelley Winters.
Jan. 29: "A Day at the Races" (†); and "A Night at the Opera" (1935; Sam Wood), with the Marx Brothers.
Jan. 30: "Diva" (1981; Jean-Jacques Beineix; in French), with Wilhelmenia Fernandez and Frédéric Andrei; and "Entre Nous" (1984; Diane Kurys; in French), with Isabelle Huppert, Miou-Miou, Guy Marchand, and Jean-Pierre Bacri.
Jan. 31: "Annie Hall" (1977; Woody Allen), with Allen and Diane Keaton; and "Stardust Memories" (1980; Woody Allen), with Allen, Charlotte Rampling, Jessica Harper, Marie-Christine Barrault, and Tony Roberts.

Thalia SoHo, 15 Vandam St. (675-0498)
Jan. 21: "Bloody Mama" (1970; Roger Corman), with Shelley Winters, Pat Hingle, Robert De Niro, and Don Stroud; and "The Little Shop of Horrors" (1960; Roger Corman), with Jonathan Haze and Jackie Joseph.
Jan. 22: "Squeeze" (1981; Richard Turner); and "The Curse of Fred Astaire" (1983; Mark Berger).
Jan. 23-24: "Querelle" (1983; Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German), with Brad Davis, Franco Nero, and Jeanne Moreau; and "Despair" (1979; Rainer Werner Fassbinder), with Dirk Bogarde and Andréa Ferréol.
Jan. 25: "1900" (1977; Bernardo Bertolucci), with Robert De Niro, Burt Lancaster, Donald Sutherland, Dominique Sanda, Sterling Hayden, and Gérard Depardieu.
Jan. 26: "Taxi Driver" (1976; Martin Scorsese), with Robert De Niro, Harvey Keitel, Cybill Shepherd, and Jodie Foster; and "Looking for Mr. Goodbar" (†).
Jan. 27: "The Phenix City Story" (1955; Phil Karlson), with John McIntire, Richard Kiley, and Kathryn Grant; and "The Brothers Rico" (1957; Phil Karlson), with Richard Conte and Dianne Foster.
Jan. 28: "Bizarre, Bizarre" (1937; Marcel Carné; in French), with Louis Jouvet, Françoise Rosay, Jean-Louis Barrault, *Michel Simon, and Jean-Pierre Aumont;* and "The Would-Be Gentleman" (†).
Jan. 29: "Leaves from Satan's Book" (1919; Carl Dreyer; a Danish silent film); and "The Passion of Joan of Arc" (†).
Jan. 30-31: A three-hour program of Three Stooges films.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Jan. 21: "The Hustler" (1961; Robert Rossen), with Paul Newman, Jackie Gleason, Piper Laurie, Myron McCormick, and George C. Scott; and "Cool Hand Luke" (1967; Stuart Rosenberg), with Paul Newman.
Jan. 22: "Cabin in the Cotton" (1932; Michael Curtiz), with Bette Davis and Richard Barthelmess; and "Three on a Match" (1933; Mervyn LeRoy), with Bette Davis, Joan Blondell, and Ann Dvorak.
Jan. 23-24: "Touch of Evil" (1958; Orson Welles), with Welles, Charlton Heston, and Janet Leigh; and "Shadow of a Doubt" (1942; Alfred Hitchcock), with Teresa Wright, Joseph Cotten, Patricia Collinge, Hume Cronyn, and Henry Travers.
Jan. 25: "Crack in the Mirror" (1960; Richard Fleischer), with Orson Welles, Juliette Greco, and Bradford Dillman; and

“Compulsion” (1959; Richard Fleischer), with Orson Welles, Diane Varsi, Dean Stockwell, and Bradford Dillman.

Jan. 26: “The Exterminating Angel” (1962; Luis Buñuel; in Spanish), with Silvia Pinal; and “That Obscure Object of Desire” (1977; Luis Buñuel; in French), with Fernando Rey, Carole Bouquet, and Angela Molina.

Jan. 27: “The Petrified Forest” (1936; Archie Mayo), with Leslie Howard, Bette Davis, and Humphrey Bogart; and “The Man Who Came To Dinner” (1942; William Keighley), with Bette Davis, Ann Sheridan, and Monty Woolley.

Jan. 28: “The Picture of Dorian Gray” (1945; Albert Lewin), with Hurd Hatfield, George Sanders, and Angela Lansbury; and “The Fan” (1949; Otto Preminger), with Madeleine Carroll, George Sanders, and Jeanne Crain.

Jan. 29: “Scarlet Street” (1946; Fritz Lang), with Joan Bennett, Edward G. Robinson, and Dan Duryea; and “Man Hunt” (†).

Jan. 30-31: “My Man Godfrey” (1936; Gregory La Cava), with Carole Lombard, William Powell, Mischa Auer, and Alice Brady; and “Nothing Sacred” (1937; William Wellman), with Carole Lombard, Frederic March, Walter Connolly, and Charles Winninger.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490; a limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Theatre 1: Jan. 22 at 2:30 and 6: “Paisan” (1946; directed by Roberto Rossellini; in Italian, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Jan. 23 at 2:30: “The Innocents” (1961; Jack Clayton), with Deborah Kerr, Michael Redgrave, and Peter Wyngarde. . . . ¶ Jan. 23 at 6: “The Day the Earth Caught Fire” (1961; Val Guest), with Janet Munro, Leo McKern and Edward Judd. . . . ¶ Jan. 24 at 2: “Séance on a Wet Afternoon” (1964; Bryan Forbes), with Kim Stanley, Richard Attenborough, Mark Eden, and Nanette Newman. . . . ¶ Jan. 24 at 5: “The League of Gentlemen” (1960; Basil Dearden), with Jack Hawkins, Nigel Patrick, Roger Livesey, and Richard Attenborough. . . . ¶ Jan. 25 at 2: “The Ipcress File” (1965; Sidney J. Furie), with Michael Caine, Nigel Green, and Gordon Jackson. . . . ¶ Jan. 25 at 5: “The Deadly Affair” (1966; Sidney Lumet), with Simone Signoret, Maximilian Schell, Harriet Andersson, and Harry Andrews. . . . ¶ Jan. 26 at 2:30: “Witchfinder General” (“The Conqueror Worm;” 1968; Michael Reeves), with Vincent Price, Ian Ogilvy, and Hilary Dwyer. . . . ¶ Jan. 26 at 6: “Quatermass and the Pit” (“Five Million Years to Earth;” 1967; Roy Ward Baker), with James Donald, Andrew Keir, and Barbara Shelley. . . . ¶ Jan. 27 at 2:30: “Séance on a Wet Afternoon.” . . . ¶ Jan. 27 at 6: “The Deadly Affair.” . . . ¶ Jan. 29 at 2:30 and 6: “Henry V” (1944; Laurence Olivier), with Olivier. . . . ¶ Jan. 30 at 2:30: “The Ipcress File.” . . . ¶ Jan. 30 at 6 and Jan. 31 at 2: “Gone to Earth” (“The Wild Heart;” 1950; Michael Powell and Emeric Pressburger), with Jennifer Jones, David Farrar, Cyril Cusack, and Sybil Thorndike. . . . ¶ Jan. 31 at 5: “Blow-Up” (1966; Michelangelo Antonioni), with Vanessa Redgrave, David Hemmings, and Sarah Miles.

Theatre 2: Jan. 22 at 3 and 6:30: “Romeria: Day of the Virgin” (1986; Jerome R. Mintz), a documentary. . . . ¶ Jan. 23 at 3: “Muriel” (1963; Alain Resnais; in French, with English subtitles), with Delphine Seyrig, Jean-Pierre Kerien, and Nita Klein. . . . ¶ Jan. 23 at 6:30: “Soft Skin” (1964; François Truffaut; in French, with English subtitles), with Jean Desailly, Nelly Benedetti, and Françoise Dorléac. . . . ¶ Jan. 24 at 2:30: “A Simple Story” (1958; Marcel Hanoun; in French, with English subtitles), with Micheline Bezançon. . . . ¶ Jan. 24 at 5:30: “Muriel.” . . . ¶ Jan. 25 at 2:30: “Soft Skin.” . . . ¶ Jan. 25 at 5:30: “My Life to Live” (1962; Jean-Luc Godard; in French, with English subtitles), with Anna Karina, Sady Rebbot, and André S. Labarthe. . . . ¶ Jan. 26 at 3: “Purple Noon” (1960; René Clément; in French, with English subtitles), with Alain Delon, Marie Laforêt, and Maurice Ronet. . . . ¶ Jan. 26 at 6:30: “Jane” (1985) and “The Loom” (1986), both films by Stan Brakhage, who will be present. . . . ¶ Jan. 27 at 6:30: “Banana Peel” (1964; Marcel Ophuls; in French, with English subtitles), with Jeanne Moreau and Jean-Paul Belmondo. . . . ¶ Jan. 29 at 3 and 6:30: “Growing Up with Rockets” (1984; Nancy Yasecko), a documentary. . . . ¶ Jan. 30 at 3: “Les Liaisons Dangereuses” (1959; Roger Vadim; in French, with English subtitles), with Gérard Philipe, Jeanne Moreau, and Annette Vadim. . . . ¶ Jan. 30 at 6:30: “The Girl with the Golden Eyes” (1961; Jean-Gabriel Albicocco; in French, with English subtitles), with Marie Laforêt, Paul Guers, and Françoise Prevost. . . . ¶ Jan. 31 at 2:30: “Les Liaisons Dangereuses.” . . . ¶ Jan. 31 at 5:30: “Purple Noon.”

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-0537)—“Before Hollywood: Turn-of-the-Century Film from American Archives,” a program of sixty-nine pristine 35-mm. prints, from 1894 to 1915, arranged in six programs. Starting Jan. 25: Program 1, “An Age of Innocence,” contains films from 1894 to 1904, with showings Sunday at 3; Tuesday at 1:30, 4, and 6:30; and Wednesday through Saturday at 11:30 and 2. Closed Mondays.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

Angi Vera (1980)—Pál Gábor directed this modest, wintry, dark-hued account of the political indoctrination and accompanying dehumanization of a young nurse (Veronika Papp) in the early days of the Communist regime in Hungary. Our unfamiliarity with the time and place, and with the film's small cast of fine actors, somehow contributes to a sense of intimate involvement with some distant and miserably straitened lives. This is a quiet, unmistakable work of art. With Tamás Dunai and Erzsi Pásztor. In Hungarian. (Public Theatre; starting Jan. 30, showings at 6.)

Blue Velvet—Written and directed by David Lynch, this is possibly the only coming-of-age movie in which sex has the danger and the heightened excitement of a horror picture. The film is consciously purplish and consciously funny, and the two work together in an original, down-home way. The setting is an archetypal small, sleepy city in an indefinite mythic present that feels like the past, and Kyle MacLachlan is Jeffrey, the clean-cut young man who's scared of his dirty thoughts (but wants to have them anyway). He commutes between the blue lady of the night (Isabella Rossellini, who's a dream of a freak) and the sunshine girl he loves (Laura Dern). The movie has so much aural-visual humor and poetry that it's sustained despite the wobbly plot and other weaknesses. With Dennis Hopper, who gives the movie a jolt of horrific energy, and Dean Stockwell, who is a smiling wonder as Ben the sandman. Also with Hope Lange, Priscilla Pointer, Brad Dourif, and Jack Nance. (Reviewed in our issue of 9/22/86.) (Waverly, and Criterion Center. . . . ¶ Olympia Quad; starting Jan. 23.)

Brighton Beach Memoirs—With Blythe Danner, Bob Dishy, Judith Ivey, and Jonathan Silverman; directed by Gene Saks. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, Loews Tower East, and Loews Paramount.)

The Color of Money—This Martin Scorsese film takes up Paul Newman as Fast Eddie Felson twenty-five years after the close of the 1961 Robert Rossen film “The Hustler,” in which Eddie, the new poolroom champion, quit the game. Now he's a silver-haired Chicago liquor salesman, a likable cynical sharpie who himself stakes young hustlers (for sixty per cent of their winnings). When he sees the raw, cocky upstart Vincent (Tom Cruise), he makes a deal to train the kid. Newman brings off some beautiful smiling deviltry. The kick he gets out of acting is inseparable from Eddie's con artistry, and, with the help of pungent low-life dialogue by Richard Price, who wrote the script, he carries the action along. But about midway the joy goes out of Newman's performance, which (despite the efforts of a lot of good actors) is the only life in the movie. With Mary Elizabeth Mastrantonio, Helen Shaver, Forest Whitaker, John Turturro, and Bill Cobbs. (11/3/86) (Eastside Cinema, and Embassy.)

The Color Purple (1985)—The popular novel by Alice Walker is about the bonding of Southern black women in the first half of the century. The women are generous, hardworking, artistically gifted, and understanding; the men are lazy, lecherous oppressors. Probably the book gets by with its rampant female chauvinism because the story is put in the mouth of the battered fourteen-year-old heroine Celie; it's written in a raw, cadenced dialect and it has a joyous emotional swing to it. Steven Spielberg, who directed the movie version, appears to have taken the novel seriously—inspirational tone, pop-folk religiosity, triumph of the human spirit, and all—and been intimidated by it. This family saga, spanning more than thirty years, is the clumsiest, least confident feature he has done. He sees rural Georgia in 1909 the way a European director might—the picture seems to be taking place in a made-up, faraway kingdom. With Desreta Jackson as the young Celie and Whoopi Goldberg taking over the role, Danny Glover as Celie's brute of a husband, Willard Pugh as her stepson, Margaret Avery as the woman she falls in love with, and Oprah Winfrey as the powerhouse Sofia. The gooey score is by Quincy Jones. (12/30/85) (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, R.K.O. 86th St. Twin, and Movieland.)

Crimes of the Heart—Diane Keaton, Jessica Lange, and Sissy Spacek playing sisters and sparking off each other are something to see. The play, by Beth Henley—a comedy about wacked-out normality, set in Hazlehurst, Mississippi—has its goofy charm; it's thin material, though, and her screen adaptation is just the usual “opening out.” But the three actresses put so much faith in their roles that they carry the movie, triumphantly. They take the play's borderline pathos about heartbreakingly screwed-up lives—it's a mixture of looniness and lyricism—and give it real vitality. These are inspired performances. With Sam Shepard, Tess Harper, David Carpenter, and Hurd Hatfield. Directed (without much flair) by Bruce Beresford. (12/15/86) (34th St. East, Manhattan, R.K.O. Art Greenwich Twin, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Criterion Center.)

A Day at the Races (1937)—The Marx Brothers in a sort of morning after to “A Night at the Opera.” It has something to do with a sanatorium, a group of bankers, a blond siren, and a steeplechase. Groucho is Hugo Z. Hackenbush, a horse doctor posing as a fashionable neurologist. (“Either this man is dead or my watch has stopped.”) He shuffles off with the picture. The total effect is that of highly satisfying derangement; it's not up to “Opera” or “Duck Soup,” but it's better than just about everything else they did. The Brothers are fortified by Margaret Dumont; the cast also includes Esther Muir, Maureen O'Sullivan, Allan Jones, Douglass Dumbrille, and Sig Rumann. Sam Wood directed. (Thalia; Jan. 29.)

The Decline of the American Empire—The French-Canadian writer-director Denys Arcand takes on the subject of sex in a period of social change, without the binding ties of family and religion or strong commitment to the future—sex in a period when the eight principal characters (aging middle-class intellectuals connected with the History Department of a Montreal university) no longer believe in postponing pleasure. On this Friday afternoon in autumn, the women work out together at a gym in the city while the men, gathered at a lakeside cottage, prepare a festive dinner. Both groups talk about sex, and when they're together in the long evening they go on talking about sex, but more discreetly—with less bawdiness and bravura. Arcand isn't out to expose these people as spiritually empty; he's trying to present a truthful look at how they live. There's nothing weighty in his approach; it's a lovely, very unassuming picture, yet there is enough drama so that by the end a subtle shift in all the relationships is necessary. And the foreground action and the flashbacks that had been providing the background begin to merge. In French. (12/15/86) (Paris.)

Down by Law—Jim Jarmusch's low-key minimalist comedy about American anomie, shot in black-and-white. The setting is New Orleans, where two deadbeats—Jack, an ineffectual pimp (John Lurie), and Zack, an itinerant disk jockey (Tom Waits)—become the victims of frameups and are put in the same prison cell, where they vegetate in hostile silence. Everything changes when a little, life-loving Italian, Roberto (Roberto Benigni), is put in with them; the three become pals, grinning and talking together. And, eventually, Roberto devises an escape plan. Jarmusch's passive style has its wit, but the style is deadening here until he brings in Roberto—a character out of folk humor. With Ellen Barkin, Billie Neal, Nicoletta Braschi, Rockets Redglare, and Vernel Bagneris. (10/20/86) (Quad Cinema.)

The Great McGinty (1940)—In this satire of American political corruption—the first picture that Preston Sturges both wrote and directed—the low-life hero (Brian Donlevy) gets in solid with the local boss (Akim Tamiroff) by voting thirty-seven times in one day. He rises to be alderman, then mayor, and finally, governor, but, having fallen in love, he tries to go straight, and his career is wrecked. Not up to the classic Sturges comedies that followed, partly because of Donlevy's lack of personality and partly because of the uneven pacing. There are wonderful patches, though, with the slapstick reversals on Horatio Alger success themes which became the Sturges specialty, and Akim Tamiroff peps up every scene he's in. With Allyn Joslyn, William Demarest, Libby Taylor, and Thurston Hall. (Thalia; Jan. 27.)

Heartbreak Ridge—Clint Eastwood, who directed, plays (so to speak) a Marine gunnery sergeant—a Medal of Honor winner from the Korean War and a decorated Vietnam vet—whose abhorrence of being put in a passive sexual position seems to be what makes him super-tough and manly. The marines in his platoon stand waiting while Old Gunny wraps his jowls around witless scurrilous insults, all involving what he's going to shove up their orifices. In the last half hour, the film presents proof of what Gunny's training does for his platoon: it celebrates Grenada as a victory that evens the score, after a tie in Korea and a loss in Vietnam. This movie is offensive on just about every level. Written by James Carabatsos; with Marsha Mason, Mario Van Peebles, Everett McGill, Moses Gunn, Eileen Heckart, Bo Svenson, Boyd Gaines, and Arlen Dean Snyder. (12/29/86) (Criterion Center.)

Little Shop of Horrors—Jivey, senseless fun. This musical is taken from the Off Broadway show that was based on Roger Corman's 1960 quickie—a junky travesty of sci-fi genetic-mutation pictures (from a script that Charles Griffith threw together). Rick Moranis plays Seymour, the assistant in a skid-row flower shop, circa 1960, who tends the ravenous little flowering cactus that he names after the sexpot clerk Audrey (Ellen Greene). Her steady date is a sadistic biker-dentist (Steve Martin), and Bill Murray plays this brute's pain-freak patient. The Martin-Murray sequence is a classic encounter: a piece of transcendent slapstick. Levi Stubbs provides the deep, rumbling basso of Audrey II, and Tichina Arnold, Tisha Campbell, and Michelle Weeks are the streetwise teen-age girl group who serve as a Greek chorus, commenting on the action. Also with Vincent Gardenia, John Candy, Christopher Guest, and James Belushi. The director, Frank Oz, keeps the action right smack in front of your face and the movie is nothing but blown-up cartoon-style friskiness, but it makes you feel as inexplicably sappy and contented as a kid used to feel on Sunday morning lying on his stomach reading the funnies. Only, this is bigger, brasher, with its own kind of higgledy-piggledy ecstasy. The script and the lyrics are by Howard Ashman; the music is by Alan Menken. (1/12/87) (New Gramercy, Beekman, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Criterion Center.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	31

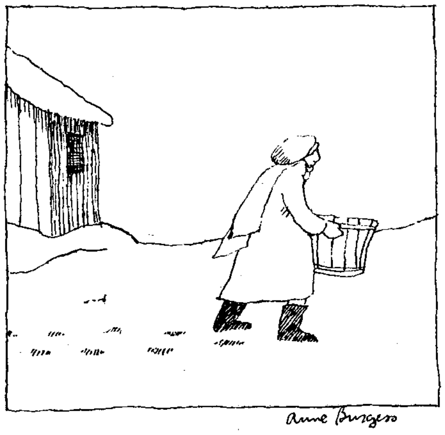
Looking for Mr. Goodbar (1977)—Diane Keaton as Theresa Dunn, a teacher who cruises singles bars and is murdered by a man she picks up. Richard Brooks, who adapted the novel by Judith Rossner and directed, has lost the erotic, pulpy morbidity that made the novel a compulsive read; the film is splintered, moralistic, tedious. With Tuesday Weld, William Atherton, Richard Kiley, Alan Feinstein, Richard Gere, and Tom Berenger. (Thalia SoHo; Jan 26.)

A Man Escaped (1956)—In this country, escape is a theme for action movies, but the French director Robert Bresson is famous for his uncompromising methods, and having been a prisoner of the Nazis himself he is not disposed to treat his material—André Devigny's account of his escape from the Montluc fortress prison—lightly. Bresson's hero's ascetic, single-minded dedication to escape is almost mystic, and the fortress constitutes a world as impersonal and as isolated as Kafka's. François Leterrier, a Sorbonne philosophy student, is the lead. It's a marvellous movie. In French. (Public Theatre; Jan. 27-29, at 6.)

Man Hunt (1941)—Fritz Lang directed the Dudley Nichols adaptation of Geoffrey Household's "Rogue Male"—an anti-Nazi thriller about a broad-shouldered British big-game hunter (Walter Pidgeon) stalking Hitler at Berchtesgaden. It's ingenious, all right, but the direction is too insistent and the plot too tangled. Joan Bennett plays the streetwalker heroine, whom the studio turned into a "seamstress" to get past the Hays office. With George Sanders, John Carradine, Roddy McDowall, and Ludwig Stossel. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 29.)

Men . . .—When the handsome, self-centered Julius (Heiner Lauterbach), a Munich advertising executive, discovers that his wife (Ulrike Kriener) has been having an affair with the oafish Stefan (Uwe Ochsenknecht), a long-haired bohemian, he wants to know what Stefan's attraction is, so he assumes a false name and moves in with him. Julius takes some kind of revenge by turning Stefan into an orderly bourgeois with a regular job; while that happens, whimsical gags are tossed together with a jocular feminist exposé of men's attitudes toward women. The picture is harmless and insipid, in the mode of French farces such as "Cousin, Cousine;" it sags in the middle and then collapses in an absurdist ending. Written and directed by Doris Dörrie. In German. (9/8/86) (Lincoln Plaza; through Jan. 22. . . . ¶ Bleecker St. Cinema; starting Jan. 23.)

Ménage—The first half hour of this sex farce is wonderfully brisk and slam-bang provocative: the writer-director Bertrand Blier violates old formulas and experiments with ideas of subversion and chaos. Gérard Depardieu is the burglar who, one night in a café, overhears the callous bitchy wife, Miou-Miou, bawling out her loving husband, Michel Blanc, because he can't make enough money to please her. Enamored of the mousy husband, Depardieu takes the two along on his surreally easy burglaries, waiting for his chance to bed the man. By the time that Miou-Miou has been sold to a pimp and the two men are in drag, working as prostitutes, Blier is trying so hard to be outrageous that he loses the beat; the outrageousness comes to seem another kind of bondage to formula. In French. (Cinema Studio.)



Mona Lisa—Directed by the Irish novelist turned moviemaker Neil Jordan, the whole movie has some of the potency of cheap music that's represented by the title song (in Nat King Cole's 1950 recording). The short, chunky Bob Hoskins is tremendous as a one-time petty crook, just emerged from prison; given the job of chauffering a black call girl (Cathy Tyson) on her nightly rounds, he falls in love with her. She sets him to searching for a friend she's worried about—a blond fifteen-year-old heroin addict. As he makes his way through the strip joints and whores' hangouts, he's sickened by the way the girls are mistreated, and he sees that his old boss (Michael Caine) is in the rotten thick of it. Jordan shows a gift for making the emotional atmosphere visual, and vice versa. And the way he uses baroque touches and the clichés of old thrillers they become part of a fluid, enjoyable texture. With Robbie Coltrane, Clarke Peters, and Zoe Nathenson. Script by Jordan and David Leland. (6/16/86) (Guild; starting Jan. 23.)

The Morning After—Jane Fonda gives a raucous-voiced, down-in-the-dirty performance that has some of the charge of her Bree in "Klute," back in 1971. As Alex, a former screen actress whose career blew up in scandal, she still has her face and her figure, but she has a hard, tortured look under her fluffy blond hair, and she drinks so much she has blackouts. In the opening scene, she wakes up in bed Thanksgiving morning with a man she can't remember even meeting; he has a knife sticking out of his heart. The director, Sidney Lumet, keeps things efficiently paced, but he doesn't build the thriller elements that would give the film the kick it needs, and he fails to establish a couple of the important characters (played by Raul Julia and Diane Salinger, both miscast). The solid Jeff Bridges, who plays opposite Fonda, could be a good foil for her flare-ups, and if their relationship had been developed maybe they would be more vivid and resonate a little. But all the forced, phony elements come together at the end and bring the picture down. (12/29/86) (Gotham Cinema, 86th St. East, Waverly, Embassy 72nd St., and R.K.O. National Twin. . . . ¶ Bay Cinema; through Jan. 29.)

My Beautiful Laundrette—A startlingly fresh movie about life in South London among the surly white street gangs and the Pakistani immigrants. In the foreground is a love affair between a dark-eyed, softly handsome, almost flowerlike Pakistani teen-ager, Omar (Gordon Warnecke), and a young blond street lout, Johnny (Daniel Day Lewis). They become partners when Omar persuades his slumlord uncle (Saeed Jaffrey) to let him have a ratty-looking failed laundrette, and the two boys, using stolen money, turn it into the laundrette of their flashy dreams. Directed by Stephen Frears, from a witty script by the young playwright Hanif Kureishi, the film catches you up in the racketeering and decay of modern big-city life; you feel that your blinders have been taken off. It's an enormous pleasure to see a movie that's really about something, and that doesn't lay on any syrupy coating to make the subject go down easily. (It's down before you notice it.) The cast includes Shirley Anne Field, Roshan Seth, Rita Wolf, and Souad Faress. (3/10/86) (Bleecker St. Cinema.)

The Passion of Joan of Arc (1928)—One of the greatest of all movies. The director, Carl Dreyer, based the script on the trial records, and the testimony appears to be given for the first time. Dreyer turns the camera on the faces of Joan and the judges, and in giant closeups he reveals his interpretation of their emotions. In this enlargement Joan and her persecutors are shockingly fleshly—isolated with their sweat, warts, spittle, and tears, and (as no one used makeup) with startlingly individual contours, features, and skin. Maria Falconetti's Joan may be the finest performance ever recorded on film. With Silvain as Cauchon, Michel Simon, André Berley, Maurice Schutz, and the young Antonin Artaud. The film is silent, but as you often see the (French) words forming you may have the illusion that you've heard them. (Thalia SoHo; Jan. 29.)

Platoon—Vietnam, as seen by the writer-director Oliver Stone, who dropped out of Yale and, feeling, he says, that he needed to be an anonymous common soldier, enlisted and saw action with the 25th Infantry along the Cambodian border. The film has been widely acclaimed, but some may feel that Stone takes too many melodramatic shortcuts, and that there's too much filtered light, too much poetic license, and too damn much romanticized insanity. Charlie Sheen plays Chris, the autobiographical figure (who, regrettably, narrates the movie by reading aloud the letters he writes home to his grandmother). Chris finds two authority figures in two sergeants who represent good and evil. Willem Dafoe's Sgt. Elias is a supersensitive hippie pothead, who cares about the men—he's a veteran fighter who's kept his soul. Tom Berenger's Sgt. Barnes is a kickass boozer—a psycho, whose scarred, dead-eyed face suggests the spirit of war. There are fine, scary scenes, but there are others where you think, It's a bit much. The movie crowds you; it doesn't give you room to have an honest emotion. And when Chris calmly, deliberately shoots a fellow-soldier, and the murder is presented as an unambiguous, justified execution, you may wonder at the mixture of war elegy and pulp revenge fantasy. With Keith David, Forest Whitaker, and Kevin Dillon. The score, by Georges Delerue, includes a soupy orchestration of Samuel Barber's "Adagio for Strings." Cinematography by Robert Richardson; editing by Claire Simpson. (1/12/87) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews New York Twin, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Loews Astor Plaza.)

A Room with a View—Adapted from the early novel by E. M. Forster, this is a whimsical social comedy about a muddled young English girl (Helena Bonham-Carter) who desires yet fears sexual love; she runs away from the man (Julian Sands) who stirs her emotions, and becomes engaged to a rich twit (Daniel Day Lewis). Bonham-Carter lacks the carriage and presence of a trained actress, and Sands is playing Forster's flimsy—almost abstract—dream of a natural, uninhibited lover, and is rather vague. But the movie is well paced, and it never loses its hold on a viewer's affections, because it's so thoroughly inhabited. It's more than a little precious, but it's a piece of charming foolishness. With Denholm Elliott, Maggie Smith, Judi Dench, Simon Callow, and Rosemary Leach. It was directed by James Ivory, from a script by Ruth Prawer Jhabvala that pares down the text skillfully and takes much of its lively, dizzy dialogue directly from Forster. (3/24/86) (Quad Cinema, and Embassy 72nd St.)

Round Midnight—Most of Bertrand Tavernier's mournful, blue-toned movie, which, an opening title tells us, was "inspired by incidents in the lives of Francis Paudras and Bud Powell," is set in Paris in 1959. The French jazz enthusiast Paudras is now called Francis Borier and is played by François Cluzet, and Powell, the great bebop pianist, who suffered frequent nervous breakdowns and then made a new life abroad, is now the dazed, alcoholic tenor-sax man Dale Turner, and is played by the near-legendary Dexter Gordon. The enthusiast is a saintly groupie. You know what kind of movie it's going to be when you see this guy out in a drenching rain, crouched against the building where the American is playing, because he doesn't have the money to go in. Cluzet is soaking wet, but his eyes shine and he listens to Dexter Gordon's music worshipfully. The French are pretty hard to take when they celebrate how much they love American art. You may come out with the feeling that Tavernier is proud of the gloomy dullness of the movie, that he sees virtue in it. With Sandra Reaves-Phillips, Lonette McKee, John Berry, Martin Scorsese, Philippe Noiret, and many well-known musicians. (D. W. Griffith, and Metro Cinema.)

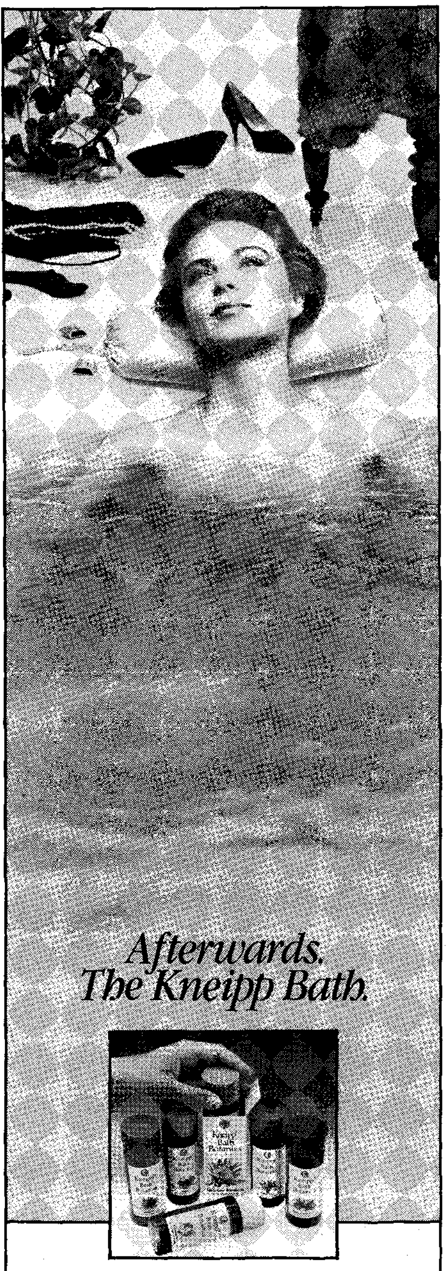
She's Gotta Have It—The voluptuous, easygoing Nola (Tracy Camila Johns), a graphic designer who lives in the black bohemian world in Brooklyn, is happily juggling three lovers when she's faced by a mock crisis: each of the three men has turned possessive and wants to be her one and only. That's the premise of this quick-witted sex comedy written, directed, and edited by the twenty-nine-year-old Spike Lee, who shot it in 16-mm. in twelve days, on an almost nonexistent budget. Nola, her three lovers, and her family and friends explain themselves directly to the camera, and the film's basic set is Nola's bed; you can't shoot a movie much cheaper or faster than that. Lee's economies become part of what's enjoyable about the film, and he keeps it all bouncing along. With Tommy Redmond Hicks, John Canada Terrell, and Lee himself. (10/6/86) (Quad Cinema.)

Something Wild—Jonathan Demme's romantic screwball comedy isn't just about a carefree kook (Melanie Griffith) and a pompous man from Wall Street (Jeff Daniels). The movie is about crossing over—about getting high on anarchic, larcenous behavior and then being confronted with ruthless, sadistic criminality. This rough-edged comedy has a freedom that takes off from its genre framework; it breaks conventions and turns into a scary slapstick thriller. Demme weaves the stylization of rock videos into the fabric of the movie; there are almost fifty songs (or parts of songs), several of them performed onscreen. This is a party movie with both a dark and a light side. With Ray Liotta, Dana Preu, and Margaret Colin. (11/17/86) (23rd St. West Triplex. Evenings only. . . . ¶ New Carnegie; starting Jan. 23.)

Star Trek IV: The Voyage Home—Things are fairly comatose in space, and you may start feeling passive and depressed, but then the seven crewmates travel from the twenty-third century back to twentieth-century San Francisco to save a pair of humpback whales, and the encounters there between the seven and the more primitive San Franciscans allow for a few modest jokes. Here's a typical scene: Chekov (Walter Koenig) has been badly injured and is unconscious in a hospital, where he is about to undergo an emergency operation. In order to save him from the barbarities of twentieth-century surgery, Bones (DeForest Kelley) hurriedly—and furtively—cures him by placing a small disk on his forehead. The scene is meant to be comic, but, with Leonard Nimoy directing, Chekov doesn't wake immediately—he wakes gradually; and when he's asked his name and rank he takes so long answering that any possible humor leaks out of the scene (which has no other reason for existence). Some of the kidding around is fairly lighthearted, and William Shatner's Kirk is less stoic here than in "III"—he's pleasantly daffy. The others in the crew also have an easy, parodistic tone. But the picture doesn't have much beyond the interplay among them and the jokey scenes in San Francisco. The shots are framed like old TV, and you won't find much suspense, or any colorful, villainous adversaries—no one like Ricardo Montalban's fiery Khan in "II" (the only stirring film in the series), and no one as amusing as Christopher Lloyd's funky, hissing Klingon in the generally lethargic "III." There's practically nothing to look at, and almost every effect involving the actors is too slow. The crewmates are supposed to be technical wizards of the twenty-third century, but they deliver their lines as if they were ancient tortoises who had to get their heads out and up before they could say anything. It's a relief to hear two San Francisco garbagemen talk, because there's some energy in their voices, and when Madge Sinclair turns up for a minute, as the captain of the S. S. Saratoga, her crisp, urgent tone is like a handclap. Screenplay by Steve Meerson, Peter Krikes, Harve Bennett, and Nicholas Meyer; story by Nimoy and Bennett. Catherine Hicks is the teary-eyed marine biologist; Jane Wyatt and John Schuck also turn up. (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews New York Twin, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Embassy 1.)

Thérèse—With Catherine Mouchet, directed by Alain Cavalier. In French. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Lincoln Plaza.)

The Would-Be Gentleman (1960)—An enjoyable photographed performance by the Comédie-Française of the famous Molière comedy about a rich man (Louis Seigner) who wants to become a gentleman. Jean Meyer, who directed the play and the film, appears as a valet. The exaggerated balletic movement and the elegant diction are intact; the subtitles are witty and idiomatic. In French. (Thalia SoHo; Jan. 28.)



After a night on the town. After sports. After a hectic day. After anything, enjoy the sweet reward of a Kneipp herbal bath.

Choose from six herbal blends created to pamper your every mood. Waken to the tingle of ROSEMARY. Temper the effects of a stressful day with refreshing MEADOW BLOSSOM. Lift your spirits with SPRUCE AND PINE. Ease tired muscles with soothing JUNIPER. Soften and smooth your skin with CAMOMILE. Or calm yourself for sleep with gentle HOPS.

Comfort your mind and body with nature's herbal bath oils. Kneipp.

Available at fine drug and health stores and at cosmetic counters. To order directly, write: Kneipp Corp. of America, 80 Davids Drive, Hauppauge, NY 11788.

The Kneipp Bath Botanics.

FATHER
SEBASTIAN KNEIPP
(1821-1897)

Baccarat
AT THE SERVICE OF MONARCHS, LUMINARIES, STATESMEN
AND MERE PERFECTIONISTS SINCE 1764
Marshall Field's
Ivey's
Saks Fifth Avenue

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

FOR some months now, the national scandal at whose center the silent Lieutenant Colonel Oliver North sits has mocked assiduous attempts of journalists and others to give it a name. Part of the reason, certainly, is that one earmark of the scandal is its prolific and at times themeless extension, which broadens daily. Someone has said that paranoia is a state in which the mind, grown overbusy, overlogical, starts making too many connections, finding too much pattern in things. In that sense, it is as if in this scandal the events themselves had become paranoid: they are crazier than even the busiest minds that try to comprehend them. To begin with, there was the mind-stretching connection of Iran with Nicaragua (a lumping together of disparate matters which in itself has gone far to defeat would-be name-givers to the scandal). Then, there were the Swiss bank accounts, the Arab and Israeli arms merchants, the Canadian businessmen, the domestic political groups seeking to support the Contras, and so on. One moment of potential mental overload came when it was reported that General Fidel Ramos, of *the Philippines,* was looking into allegations that American money meant for the Philippine military was diverted to Iran. This was a moment when anyone might have feared that he was not reading an actual story in a newspaper but letting overheated speculation run away with him, and, worried about his mental balance, might have looked for professional help.

The press, of course, is trying, as it must when key figures are taking the Fifth Amendment, to follow every lead to its conclusion. Yet each path, instead of leading to some destination—some "smoking gun" or other—seems to branch endlessly into other paths. After a while, however, the reader may look up from these paths and notice that, wherever some particular trail of evidence may or may not lead, the country as a whole has wandered into a shadowy new world. In this world, which appears to have grown up in the interstices between civilian government, the military, and commerce, boundaries that one would like to see kept distinct have blurred—boundaries between private money and public money, between business and government, between foreign policy and domestic policy, between government policy as a whole and politics, between civilians and soldiers. In this new world, a new cast of characters has appeared and begun to operate: retired military men leading supposedly private organizations to intervene in foreign military operations; White House aides acting on their own in foreign policy; former government officials involving themselves in illegal arms sales; arms merchants assuming a quasi-diplomatic role; American soldiers of fortune going off to fight in foreign wars; foreign exiles (often Cuban) involving themselves in all of it. That such a shadow world now exists seems as important a piece of news as anything that has been found to be happening there, and the most important of the boundaries that have been blurred within it is, surely, the one between military people and civilians. It is something new and ominous in American political life; until now, civilian control over the military has, by and large, been strictly observed. No one has been any more successful in naming the shadow world than in naming the scandal that it apparently made possible; yet it is in this new world that the future of our country increasingly seems to be taking shape.

* * *

Cushioned

"BACK in the fifties, we had a guy here making one of those barrels for going over waterfalls," said Jack Kramer, who runs a small boatyard at the Hudson end of Dyckman Street, in uppermost Manhattan. "And later we had a guy who put a two-horsepower motor on a canoe and went up the Hudson to the Great Lakes and then down the Mississippi. And some years ago a carmaker gave a couple of those—what do you call them?—*amphibious* cars to some Yankee ballplayers for publicity. But we never had a Hovercraft." Never until something over a year ago, when Matthew Lass finished building a thirteen-foot Hovercraft (he thinks it is the only Hovercraft in Manhattan to have been built from mail-order plans) in the basement of his Greenwich Village apartment house and hauled it uptown to Mr. Kramer's dock. A while back, he invited us to join him for a spin (after making sure we didn't weigh too much; it's really designed for one person).

"It doesn't have a name yet," said Mr. Lass, who builds theatre props for a living and is nice in a serious way—he seems actually to be thinking before he answers your questions. "I'm looking for a bird name. The Grebe, maybe, or The Ree, which is a small water bird. I built it because I was facing another winter of terrible ennui. I'm a restless person, and I can't stand being shut in. And I choose not to think too far ahead—that's why I was able to get started. I've always been inspired by people who do the unlikely. I did have a close call in the basement. I built the entire hull there; the super was kind enough to look the other way. And I measured one pipe, and just assumed that this other pipe down the hall was the same height. But actually it was a foot lower. I got the hull out with some twisting, though. I've always liked the sensation of floating above water. Or, at least, I'd always imagined I would like it. I'd never actually even seen a Hovercraft until I finished this one. It just seemed it would be a nice feeling. I have dreams of floating above water—not flying high, just skimming along."

We helped him lower the machine—it is white, and he got the plans for it from an Illinois concern for twenty dollars—into the Hudson. He tugged one engine to life, and it lifted the craft several inches off the water on a cushion of air. He switched on a second engine, which drove the giant thrust propeller at the rear, and the boat took off. We felt less as if we were on a boat than as if we were in a car on an icy parking lot. Friction ceases—the craft spins and shimmies as easily as an astronaut in zero gravity. Since it rides above the river, currents bother it not at all; the gust of air from the rear propeller provides both spray and traction. If dimes floated, The Grebe-Ree could turn on one. It swung back and forth like a helicopter; it three-sixtied like a top; it delighted us. It took us under the George Washington Bridge, and up the Harlem River past the Marble Hill train stop, and wow!

"One thing I would like to say is that my girlfriend, Jane Stark, helped me through my nightmares of doubt. She hasn't been out for a ride yet, but that's coming up soon—she's very light," Mr. Lass told us after he'd decided that it was time to hoist the machine out of the water. "The technology of Hovercrafts is really quite old," he continued as he and we walked the boat—which rides nearly as smoothly above ground as above water—back to its berth. "An Englishman invented them in the eighteen-seventies. They have great stability, and because there's so little friction they're very fuel-efficient. Personally, I'd like to see more Hovercrafts on the water. And I'd also like to see the day when the cushion of air is replaced by something else—say, an electrostatic charge. I see the wheel as very ingenious but primitive, and the Hovercraft as an intermediate step between the wheel and what the future holds."

We asked Mr. Lass what the future held for him, and he said he might build a house, but if that idea didn't work out he was going to make some sculpture. "I want to do *something* monumental. I'm thinking of building a giant beaver tail somewhere along the East River and automating it so it can slap the water."

Stuart Leeds

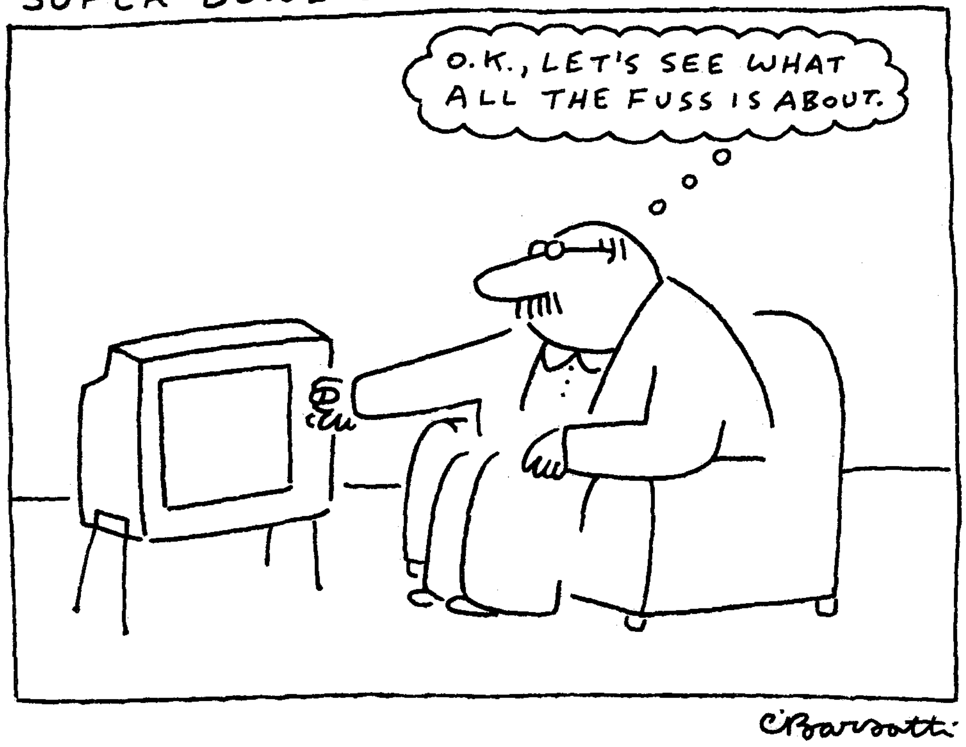
Aquarium News

SPEAKING of water: The New York Aquarium is raising blue lobsters. The New York Aquarium has two playful thousand-pound beluga whales, Winston and Natasha, who have figured out how to blow perfect underwater air rings at each other. (Winston has also learned to stand on his head with his nose buried in a drain pipe and his massive tail waving wildly in the hazy blue water.) The New York Aquarium is working on plans for Sea Cliffs—a big new outdoor habitat for seals, walruses, black-footed penguins, and sea otters—and Discovery Cove, an educational display that will permit visitors to come up behind a plastic barrier and watch real manufactured waves dashing onto a rocky shore as if the visitors themselves were the rocks. The New York Aquarium is, in short, inventive, and is determined to introduce you, in a number of interesting and pleasurable ways, to that mysterious seventy per cent of our globe which is covered by water.

These thoughts were prompted by a visit we made to Coney Island during the recent mild spell, when the trained whales and sea lions were running through their act in an outdoor amphitheatre, and a young walrus named Nuka was trying to climb over a line of low-voltage electric wire that had been installed on some gray boulders at one end of her habitat to keep her from surprising the harbor seals in an adjoining pool. Our host for the afternoon was Dr. George Ruggieri, S.J., a scholarly, ebullient biologist of sixty-one, with gray hair and a permanent tan, who is the director of the aquarium, an authority on invertebrates (he did his doctoral thesis on the effects of a sea-cucumber poison on the development of the sea urchin), and an expert in the arcane science of extracting useful drugs from sea creatures. Dr. Ruggieri met us in front of the whale tank and told us that Winston and Natasha had both been captured at Hudson Bay in July, 1984, with the permission of the Canadian government. They seemed to have invented the bubble-ring game to impress each other. "They're only six years old," Dr. Ruggieri said as an enormous white body slid by the glass and opened its mouth to emit what looked like an underwater smoke ring. A second large white body seemed to stand on its tail and revolve. "That's Natasha twirling," Dr. Ruggieri said. "She often does that after feeding."

With Dr. Ruggieri as our guide, we examined an Amazonian electric eel, which lit up a six-hundred-volt sign with a flick of its tail ("The amperage is low, but even so we pick him up with rubber gloves"); a black-and-white striped Malaysian archerfish, which squirted a stream of water at a target of food particles stuck on a board above the surface of the water ("He uses this technique to zap low-flying insects so that he can grab them"); a flock of egg-shaped baby cuttlefish, which resembled tiny, waterlogged gray hippos; a unicorn tang, with a tiny horn; a fugu, or Japanese blowfish; a brilliant-red South Pacific squirrelfish; a spiky brown-and-white striped Japanese lionfish, which hung motionless and menacing in the water ("When one of our keepers got stung on the thumb by a lionfish, his whole arm swelled. We brought it down with antibiotics"); and an enormous, somewhat horrifying orange-and-white crab. "This is a rather small specimen of the Japanese giant crab," Dr. Ruggieri said. "He measures four feet from arm to arm, but such crabs can grow to twelve feet across." Then Dr. Ruggieri showed us some chambered nautiluses—deep-sea creatures that live in exquisitely curved shells and move themselves around by taking in water and pumping it out through a siphon. "The nautilus is related to the squid and the octopus, and its ancestors may have ruled the sea five hundred million years ago," Dr. Ruggieri said. "Some of the ancient shells are five feet across." Our last stop was at the tank of a giant Pacific octopus, a shy orange-and-brown creature that huddled in an amorphous blob in one corner. "Octopuses are the smartest of the invertebrates," Dr. Ruggieri said, looking at it fondly. "They can be taught to open jars and to go through mazes; they have an eye like ours, and they can change color to blend with their environment. Now Eddie Dols, one of our senior keepers, is going to give her some food." A white lump of fish floated down through the water, and the octopus uncoiled in a flash and grabbed it with a three-foot tentacle. "In the sea, she would bring the prey to her beak, inject it with a paralyzing poison, and eat it," said Dr. Ruggieri. "Here she just eats it. Watch how she changes color. I think she's pleased."

SUPER BOWL SUNDAY


O.K., LET'S SEE WHAT ALL THE FUSS IS ABOUT.
CBarsotti

We walked outside to watch the whale-and-sea-lion show, and afterward asked Dr. Ruggieri to tell us something about the research side of the aquarium. He replied that the Aquarium's Osborn Laboratories, a facility that was set up originally to look after the health of the fish and animals on exhibit, had branched out in a number of different directions. "There is a pathology lab, studying such fish diseases as tumors, cancers, and viral and bacterial infections," he said. "There's a fish-genetics lab, which has inbred seventy-five generations of platy and swordtail; there's the blue-lobster-breeding experiment; and there's a group studying various marine species for their pharmacological potential. Everything that lives in the sea has had a longer evolutionary history than anything on land, and since some of these creatures have persisted for hundreds of millions of years they may constitute one of the last untapped sources of natural medicines. Some very useful drugs have already been extracted from the sea. Protamine sulfate, an anti-coagulant, comes from the sperm of salmon and other fish, and AZT, the new drug that is being used to treat AIDS, comes from the sperm of herring. A number of invertebrates, among them sponges, sea stars, and sea cucumbers, have unique biochemical systems, suggesting chemical constituents that have yet to be explored by man. Here at Osborn, some biologists are working on the Moses sole, a Red Sea flatfish that, when it is attacked, emits a toxin that causes paralysis in the jaws of sharks. The Navy is interested, because the extracted toxin may turn out to be an effective shark repellent."

"Tell us about the blue lobsters," we said.

Dr. Ruggieri smiled, and led us over to a door in an exhibition building marked "Lobster Wet Room." Inside was a series of shallow, open-topped tanks containing thirty cobalt-blue lobsters, which ranged in size from an inch to a foot and were segregated, one per tank. "Blue lobsters are mutants that occur about once in thirty million births," Dr. Ruggieri said. "Ten years ago, Dr. Anthony D'Agostino, a marine biologist on our staff, managed to obtain two naturally blue lobsters—a male and a female—from a group of Long Island fishermen. He started breeding them, and now he has nearly a hundred lobsters here and in a hatchery at Montauk. We're looking for genetic mixtures that will give us faster growth. That one-pound lobster you buy in a restaurant takes seven years to develop, and we're convinced that we can accelerate this process through selective mating." We looked down at a tiny brilliant-blue baby lobster scuttling rapidly across its tank to grab a fleck of shrimp. "The little ones under five years really have to be raised in isolation, because, if you put them together, when one molts his shell the others will eat him," Dr. Ruggieri said. "Lobsters know instinctively that they're tasty morsels. When they're ready to molt in the sea, they hide in rocks to avoid predators—and relatives."

Sections

"I Regularly read the obituaries in the paper, and the column that follows them—the 'In Memoriam' column, where people pay tribute to loved ones who have passed away," Sid Bronsky told us as we sat with him on the sidewalk in front of Zabar's on a cold Sunday not long ago. "One of the items said, 'During the beautiful relationship we had, I'm sorry that I never looked you in the eye and said I love *you*.' This moved me greatly. And it became my idea to practice this *before people die*." At this point, two young men (urban professionals, in our estimation) came up to Mr. Bronsky and handed him parts of their Sunday editions of the *Times*. They started to walk away, but Mr. Bronsky said, "Fellas, fellas—I love you. You are the best—not in the world. The best in the *universe*." Mr. Bronsky needs other people's Sunday *Timeses* in order to operate a business that, as far as we know, has no competitors. For the last three months, he has spent his Sundays in front of Zabar's selling sections of the vast Sunday edition for a quarter apiece. "Read the section you want, and to hell with the rest of the paper!" is his slogan, and it seems to work.

"My only problems are with inventory," Mr. Bronsky told us. "I must turn away eight or ten people a week who want the Arts and Leisure section or the Magazine." Overhead is low, because all his papers are donated or discarded, and business is brisk, because—well, some people just don't have strong enough upper bodies to handle the whole paper, even in January. "I also get many unemployed people who simply want the classifieds," Mr. Bronsky said. "I always remind them that they're saving a dollar, and they're very appreciative. And if they don't have a quarter I give them the section anyway."

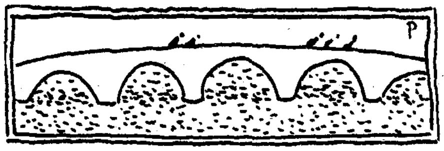
Mr. Bronsky was born in Newark, moved six weeks later to the Bronx, and has spent the remaining sixty-four and three-quarters years of his life there, except for three and three-quarters years he spent as a radio operator in the Army Air Forces. In his youth, he lived two blocks from Hank Greenberg, on Fulton Avenue. "I once got my picture in the paper with him—we also used to shag his flies," Mr. Bronsky said. "I played everything, and I refereed everything. At the age of sixteen, I umpired my first baseball game, from behind the pitcher—the Fulton Avenue Jewish crowd played the Third Avenue Italians. With the score eight to seven in the bottom of the ninth inning, two out, and a full count on the batter, I watched a pitch sail in at eye level, majestically raised my right arm to call the third strike, and ran for my life. The Fulton Avenue crowd won." For twenty-five years, he served for brief spells as the director of softball at the Concord Hotel in the Catskills. "They'd give me room and board, and I'd give them Sid Bronsky," he said. "People returned to the Concord again and again because of Softball with Sid. I'd walk through the pool—I'd say, 'Let's go, Tom. Let's go, Hersh. Down to the softball field.' I sometimes got seventy or eighty players into a single game on the days when they were giving free Budweiser to anyone who played."

Mr. Bronsky remains a sports fan ("If I have a Sports section left on Sunday night, I'll take it home and read it") and considers the *Times* a wonderful newspaper. "Does the *Times* give me any trouble about my business?" he said. "Are you kidding? I am making the *Times* famous."

Special Attention

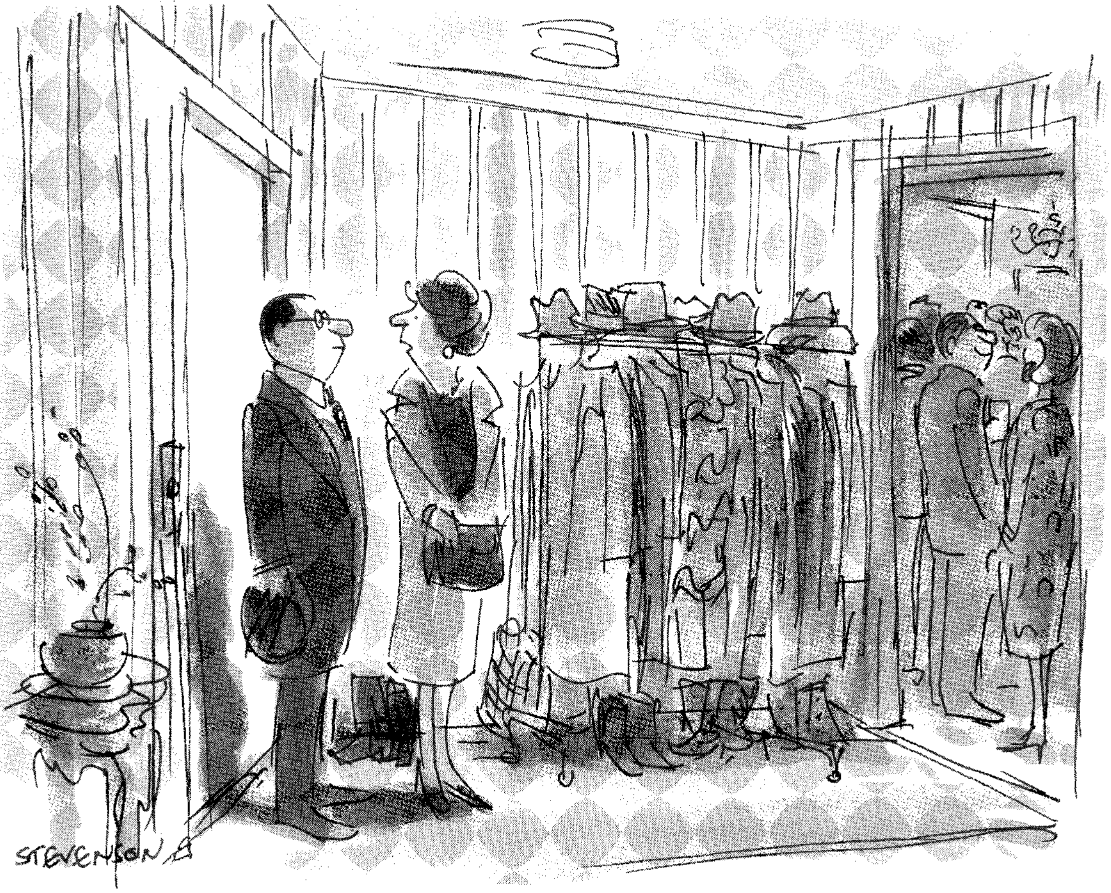
A FRIEND writes:

I'm feeling much better today. For a while there, starting about a week before Christmas and lasting right up until yesterday, I wasn't actually feeling so hot. Today, however, my outlook is chipper. That's because I've been in contact with Phyllis, who is in popcorn out in Illinois. She has sent me a catalogue that informs me, on its cover, "You're *one* in a million!" I can't imagine how Phyllis makes a living distributing a splashy catalogue to so few people, but she has singled me out for special attention, and that doesn't mean nothing. Special attention goes a long way with me. For slightly less than twenty dollars, Phyllis will rush me a two-pound tin of big almonds and pecans and giant pieces of popcorn blended together and coated with a delicious, slightly sweet buttery glaze. I think I'll call her up and order one of those. Then I'll do a little work here in my office and make some money.



When I get home tonight, I'm going to open my mailbox, and I know what I'm going to find: a bunch more catalogues. Probably I'm also going to find a bunch of bills—a by-product of my enthusiastic responses to many of the three hundred or so catalogues that began to arrive in early November and were there to greet me at every mail call in glossy, artificial-log-size clusters. Karin and John, in Rhode Island, sold me a quaint hand-painted cow doorstop that would make a delightfully practical addition to any home. Mel and Patricia, out on the West Coast, got me to order a sweater made from "tiny light-colored nubs obtained by brushing the coats of sheep." A neighbor of Mel and Patricia's named Chuck convinced me I needed a tomato press from Italy that attaches to any table or countertop with a strong mechanical suction cup that can be attached or released in a second. I keep it on the countertop at all times; it provides such an interesting contrast to the concave metal reflecting sconce, for which I am indebted to John, in Massachusetts. But then, a week or so before Christmas, the mail stopped coming. Mel and Patricia, Karin and John, and a lot of other people acted as if they'd lost confidence in me. That's when I started feeling not so hot—until, that is, yesterday.

Yesterday, in addition to Phyllis, I heard from Sam, who can be reached in Tennessee, where he has knocked ten dollars off the price of his fifty-pound-capacity Dog-O-Matic automatic dog feeder. I doubt I'm interested, though—no dog—but I appreciated the thought. And I think I'll also skip the sweet-spice-spray vicious-outdoor-insect repellent—too cold for bugs right now. Meanwhile, I've received a proposal from someone in Ohio—I don't even know whether it's from a he or a she—who has offered me an exceptional deal on a point-d'esprit lace bustier with blue ribbon detailing, adjustable and removable garters, underwire cups, and two rows of back hooks, and also a real bargain on some red silk charmeuse intimates that have been lavishly trimmed in black lace. I might buy one or both of those items, but probably I won't. I'm just an average guy. I don't need that stuff, any more than I need a marked-down stretch-lace teddy with high-cut legs, low-cut armholes, and slightly padded shoulders that would go well with something dramatically cut and sheer. Still, I would feel let down if I got kicked off the mailing list.



"Don't mention Pat Buchanan, pro *or* *con."*

My five-year-old son, a potential big spender in his own right, also pulled in a substantial haul of mail yesterday, including a generous solicitation from some of Dr. Seuss's representatives in Connecticut. If my son can just scrape together a dollar and ninety-five cents—that's roughly equal to eight visits from the tooth fairy—they will send him four timeless books that he will absolutely fall in love with plus a FREE! Cat in the Hat tote bag. Printed on the tote bag is a drawing of the Cat himself and the words "I LIKE TO READ." It doesn't matter that my son doesn't know how to read; someday he might. Right now, he spends his spare time making stuff, and Lisa, who runs an after-school program on the West Side, has somehow got wind of that. She has invited him to enroll in an eighteen-week collage-clay-and-papier-mâché workshop. The fee would be a hundred and ninety dollars. I have no idea how he would finance it; he certainly doesn't have enough loose teeth.

Even if my son were to go out and get a job, he would probably prefer to invest his earnings in hard-to-find tools from the hard-to-find-tools folks in New Hampshire, who have expressed a strong desire to sell him a six-unit voltage-surge protector for forty-four ninety-five or a high-reach chain saw for twenty-five ninety-five or a diamond-dusted nickel-plated file that can be used on metals (even carbide alloys!), glass, wood, Formica, fibre glass, polyvinyl chloride, or ceramic tile and that costs forty-two fifty. I'm worried, however, that at those prices he might have to work two jobs.

My son got one other piece of mail yesterday that makes me feel a little uneasy. It was a catalogue sent by Ann in Arizona, and it was accompanied by a covering letter that began by expressing Ann's sincere commitment to providing nothing but the best possible selection—Ann specializes in fashionable women's clothing and accessories—but then, in boldface type, mentioned that "due to the rapidly rising costs of production, printing, paper, and postage" Ann might not be able to continue sending the catalogue unless my boy commits himself to a significant purchase. Well, the fact is I don't think he should show up at kindergarten wearing a pair of bare and breezy hoedad thongs or an expertly shaped knit dress with a soft cowl neckline, bold V-cut bodice with gathers, and a slimming skirt with back slit, or even a Hawaiian-inspired hibiscus-print swimdress by Ceeb of Miami. If he did that, the other kids in school would laugh their heads off. I wouldn't want that to happen to my child, any more than I want Ann in Arizona sending him threatening letters. But, as I say, the way things look to me today that's just a tiny cloud on the horizon. What I really think is that it's *super*-nice to get so much mail. It makes you realize how many people there are out there thinking about you, even though you might not exactly be thinking about them.

KELOMYAKKI

I

Dumped in the dunes snatched from the witless Finns,
a small veneered burg whose walls let one's sneezing fits
be echoed at once by a "Bless you" cabled from Sweden, yet
sporting no axe to split enough wood to heat
up a dwelling. What's more, certain houses aimed
to warm winter itself, using their back walls, and
bred lush flowers at eventide; and you,
as though plotting a trip to the polar zone,
were falling asleep with your thick socks on.

II

Flat, lapping swells of the sea starting with "B," in curves,
resembling bleak thoughts about oneself, ran course
onto the empty beach and froze
into wrinkles there. The twitching gauze
of the hawthorn twigs at times would compel one's stark-
naked eye to develop a rippled bark.
Or else a few gulls would issue from the snowy haze,
like the curls of the soiled-by-nobody's-fingers page
of a pallid, quietly rustling day,
and no lamps would light up till they flew away.

III

In small towns one recognizes folk
not by face but by their queueing backs that flock
to the store. And on Saturdays the populace strung out, bound
caravanlike for the sandlike ground
flour, or string bags of smelts rending one's balance sheets.
In a little town usually one eats
the same thing as others. And to distinguish one-
self from the rest, one could only try doodling on
a ruble with its sharp-cum-dull hardware,
or seeing your things scattered everywhere.

IV

But never mind all that, they were sturdy, those
abandoned matchboxes, stacked in white bundled rows
with two or three rattling, damp heads inside,
which, when feeding a sparrow, huddled to watch the sight,
family-strong, by the window whose trees as well
strove to merge into some baobab whose spill
of branches would overtake the sky's pink hem—
this would happen indeed round 6 P.M.,
when a book was slammed shut, and where you once sat
just two lips remained, like that vanished cat.

V

This outermost generosity, this—to denote true worth—
gift (to exude, while freezing inside, the warmth
outside) was binding tenants and habitats,
and winter considered the drying sheets its own linen. That's
what would stall conversations. A normal laugh
creaked like snow underfoot, leaving prints above
where it powdered the edges of sighs or shy
pronouns with hoarfrost, or turned some "I"
into a crystal, shot with hard turquoise,
that would melt like your tear to reduce the choice.

VI

Did it really happen, all that? And if yes, then why
now disturb the peace of these has-beens by
recalling details, testing shadowy pines by grip
—aping the afterlife (often accurately) when asleep?
Only those who believe (in angels, in roots) will rise
again. And what honestly could Kelomyakki prize
as such, save its rail and its schedule of tin-plate links,
whistling from nonexistence, by which these things
would be gobbled up, five minutes later, along with blurred
thoughts of love, plus those who have jumped aboard?

VII

Nothing. Winter expanses' slaked lime would duly grab
from empty suburban platforms its daily grub,
leaving by conifer awnings, with their white load,
the present in its black overcoat, whose broad-
cloth, more sturdy than cheviot and *drap d'or*,
shielded one much better against the future or
the past than the station buffet's dim shack.
There is nothing more permanent than black.
That's what unleashes letters, or Carmen's breast;
that's why opponents of change hit their mattresses fully dressed.

VIII

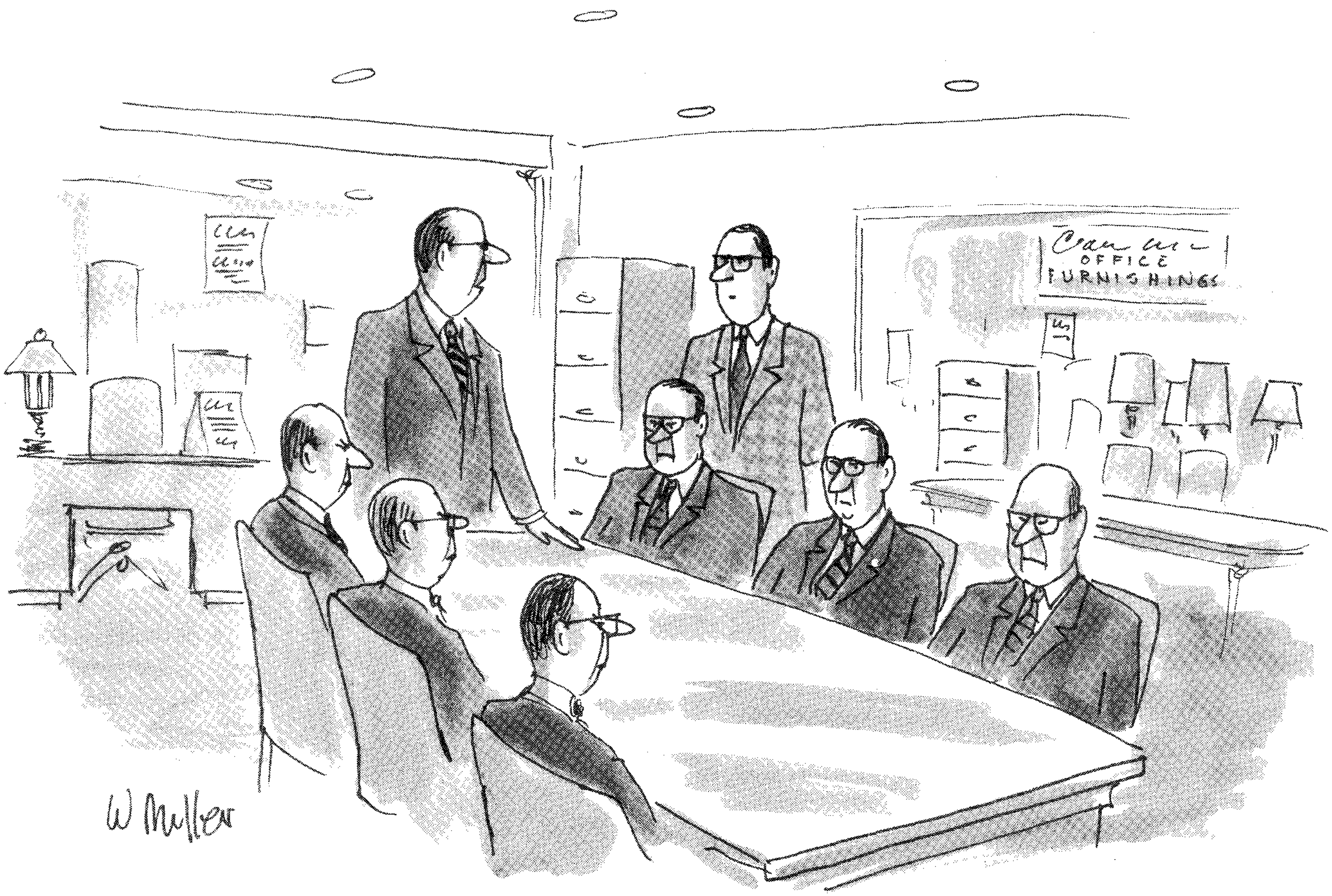
Never again is that door to endure that key
with its curly goatee, or is the switch to be
shoved up by one's heaving shoulder, to blind the stale loaf of bread.
This birdhouse has outlived its bird
and its cirrus or cumulus flocks. From time's point of view
there is no "then," only "there." And "there," through
empty rooms, memory roams like a thief at dusk,
frisking the wardrobe, rummaging through the desk,
knocking over a novel by an unknown
—picking the pocket which is its own.

IX

In midlife's thick forest, in that dark wood,
man, like a runaway or, better still, a hood,
tends to glance backward: now twigs are creaking, now water's sound.
But the past is neither that panther nor some greyhound
that leaps onto one's shoulders and, having thrown
the prey to the ground, strangles it in its brown
furry embrace, for its sides ain't so sweet, alas;
and the liquid, this kind of Narcissus-resistant glass
of the river, gets icy (the fish, having pondered its
tin-can, flickering silver bits,

X

swims away beforehand). Probably you could state
that you simply were trying to dodge the great
metamorphoses, much as those smelts did. That
every point in space is indeed B-flat
and a true express, skipping points A, B, and
C, slows down as a rule at the farthest end
of the alphabet, letting the steam out from



"It's been unanimously decided that we don't like this table. Could you show us another model?"

• •

its comma-like nostrils. That water, too, runs home
from the basin much faster than it pours in
through a couple of pipes, making the bottom win.

XI

One may nod and admit that the Lobachevsky sleds'
lesson was lost on this terrain. Or let's
say that Finland's asleep, nurturing deep disdains
for ski poles, aluminum-made these days—
that is, better for hands, as they say, or turns;
still, they won't teach a youngster how bamboo burns,
won't evoke palm trees, tsetse flies, foxtrot,
monologues of a parrot—i.e., the sort
of parallels where, since the world there ends,
a naked scientist makes naked friends.

XII

In little towns' basements storing all sorts of scraps,
like snapshots of strangers or playing cards, no maps
are ever kept, as though to block the thresh-
old for fate's attempts upon defenseless flesh.
The wallpaper suffices; a populated site
is relieved by its pattern from outer ties
so completely the smoke would in kind decide
to coil in the chimney, whitewashing its pale façade,
so that the blending of two into one would yield
but a cloudy spot on the laundered field.

XIII

It's irrelevant now to remember your name, or mine.
For your blouse or my waistband will do just fine
to confirm in a trifoliate mirror's splits
that anonymity truly becomes us, fits,
as, in the end, all that's alive, that dwells
on the earth, till the aimless salvo of all the cells.
Things have their limits—that is, their length
or immobility. And our claim on that piece of land-
scape extended no farther than, should I say,
the woodshed's sharp shadow, which, on a sunny day,

XIV

wedged a snowpile. Scanning an alien scene,
let's agree that that wedge can be simply seen
as our common elbow, thrust into the outside;
the elbow that neither of us may bite
or, moreover, kiss. In that sense, I bet,
we really blended—although our standard bed
barely squeaked. For it chose, in its turn, to swell
and become the wide world. In which, on the left
  as well,
there is also a door. Which, for all its domestic clout,
may be only good, dear, for getting out.

—Joseph Brodsky

(*Translated, from the Russian, by the author.*)

WORLD AFTER DARK

THEY chose an October day with no wind. The year's accumulation of dry branches and brush was raked into a single pile at the back of the field, and the oldest child, Charlotte, was given the matches. There was a quick blaze, the best part over too soon for the boys, James and Clayton, who went back to tossing a punctured rubber ball into a bushel basket nailed to the old sheep shed.

Because Charlotte got to start the fire, she was chosen to stay and tend the embers. Roma agreed with Abe that they had to give her more responsibility. After all, she was fourteen years old. Where the heat of her young heart was concerned they were being more careful.

Charlotte had been out at night with a neighbor, Gerald Ray, one of the new-style farm boys with long hair. And she'd come home with puffy lips and corn tassels stuck to her clothes. But Charlotte was good about her fire duty—standing there for more than an hour, though Roma knew her thoughts were away across stone fences. Afterward, Roma let her go up to the house alone to use the telephone. In private, as she'd requested. Her brothers were kept outside, where they could not harass.

That night, after dark, Abe looked out their bedroom window for a last check on the fire and saw a small flame licking at the edge of the ashes. "It can't go anywhere," Roma assured him. "There's nothing left to burn." Already in bed, she lifted the covers for Abe.

"Something's burning," he said.

"I want to talk to you about *Charlotte's* flame."

"But what could be burning?"

"We hardly know Gerald. I don't think he wants us to. He's a bit of a sneak."

"It's not going out," Abe said. "It's moving."

He was dressing again, putting on his boots. Roma was left alone. From the window a few minutes later she could see him stamping on the stubborn fire. There. No, it sprang up again. He put it out a second time, and again it came to life, reminding her of the trick candles they put on the children's birthday cakes. She watched Abe walk without urgency to the shed and return with a spade.

Soon Abe was smacking at the flame, which now was advancing in a narrow line. Roma put on her robe and stayed at the window. It was mystifying but hardly dangerous.

When Abe had worked halfway up the field she began to worry—not so much about the fire as about Abe's exertion. He would beat furiously and the little blaze would die away, then burst up again, moving ahead in a straight path. She called out the window that she was coming to help, dressed, and ran outside, waking the children with her commotion.

"Get another shovel," Abe called.

"Why not water?"

Two more flames sprang up from the first line at right angles, burning in opposite directions, one toward their small barn, the other toward the watering trough on the far side of the field. James and Clayton came stumbling out in their underwear, wanting to help, but were told to stand back with Charlotte, who thought the whole thing was going to be blamed on her.

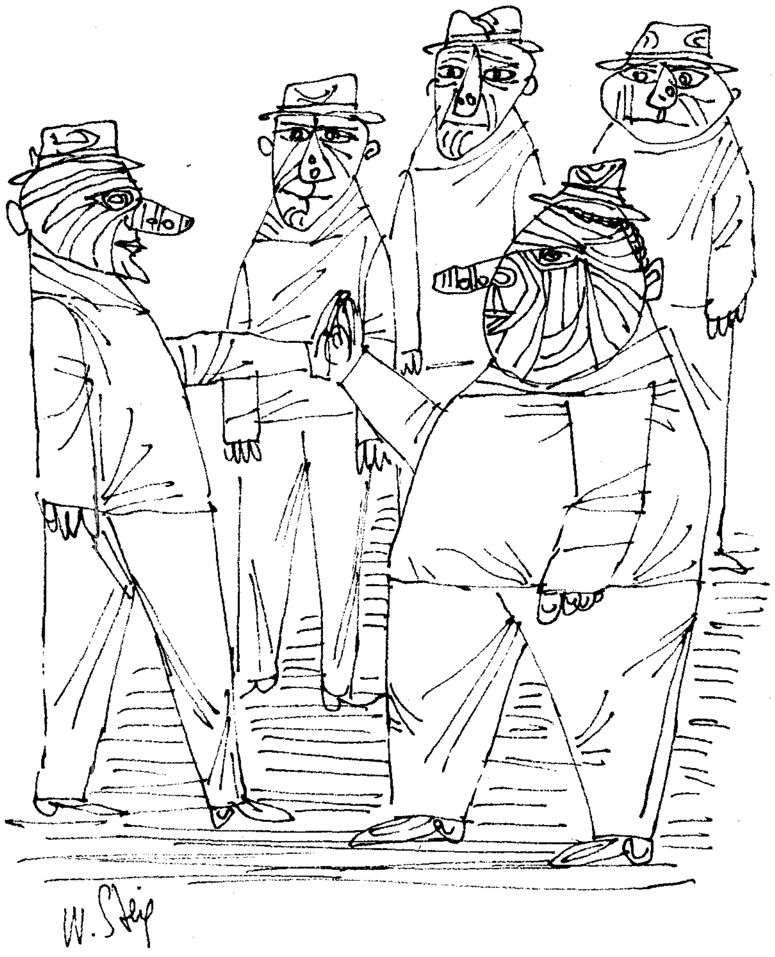
The fire was getting out of hand. The first line was moving up toward the house, and Roma was going for water whether Abe liked it or not. The kitchen faucet ran very slowly. Plumbing by Abe. And while she waited for the bucket to fill she saw that it was leaking. By the time she got back, there was nothing to pour her water on. Abe had dug a little trench in front of each flame and all fires were out.

On his hands and knees, sniffing the ground, he was wondering aloud if he could have spilled gas along the two lines, maybe from the mower. But he hadn't mowed there for months. The fire had come spontaneously out of the earth through a thin cover of honeysuckle.

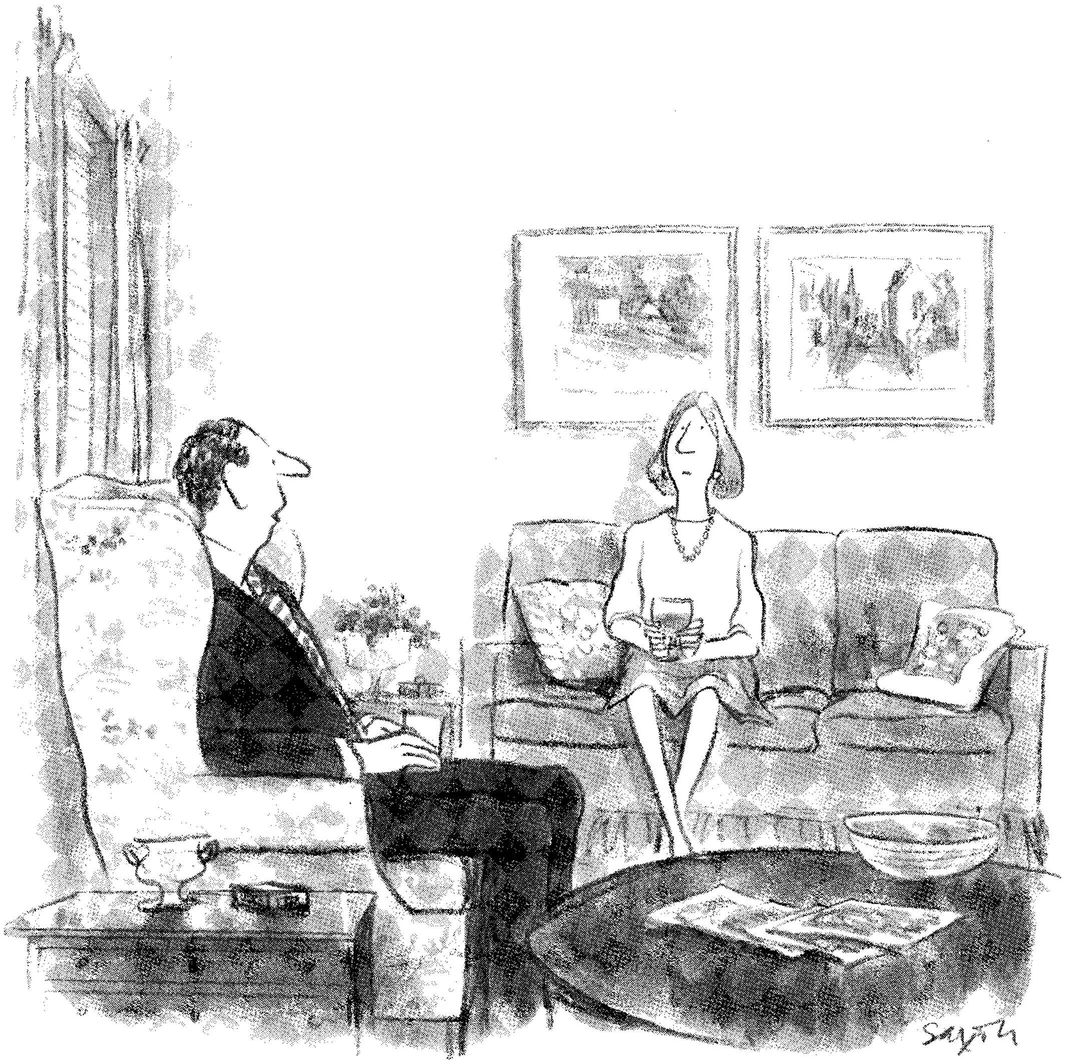
Seeing the black scar in the moonlight, Roma whispered, "Someone burned a cross in our field!"

That night she went to bed with a vision of a can of clear liquid, flammable but odorless, sprinkled on their property by a hateful hand. "Do they think we're Jewish, Catholic, octoroons? Is it Abe's name? Abraham?" she asked herself.

Roma had a history of difficult nights. When she was younger she sometimes walked in her sleep. Lately she just talked. One night, according to Abe, she sat up sud-



Arcane Ritual



"I saw David Letterman on the street today. He looked bemused."

denly in bed and said, "Did someone come for the kitchen steps? The kitchen steps. Have they been taken out yet?"

"We do all our own carpentry," Abe reminded her. "Couldn't we discuss it in the morning?"

"No, Abe! You know I have to make this up as I go along."

Abe's laughter brought Roma out of her trance that night, and she slid back under the covers, awake and without a notion of what had been said.

On the night of the cross she sat up thinking. Her family belonged to no ethnic group or organized religion. They never made a fuss over race. The boys could be horrid and used shocking language but only with each other, and Charlotte was, well, beautiful, a target only of love.

"Do you think it's because we're nothing?" she asked Abe.

"Are you unhappy here?"

"How can you ask?" she said, thinking of the children's secondhand clothes and the peace she had made with slow water in the kitchen and damp spots on the bedroom ceiling that would dry in spring when Abe went up on the roof with a bucket of tar and a broom.

• •

THIS autumn had been very like the one Roma remembered fifteen years earlier, when she and Abe had arrived in Worton, Virginia, and bought the little cottage with the sloping field behind it. The foliage was brilliant and the crystal air a magnifying glass bringing single trees on the distant mountain into focus. Fifteen years ago, she had looked down the lane at a world made for retreat and pleasure. Shining in pregnancy, she was carried by Abe over the threshold of their new home in a village unknown to restoration carpenters and realtors.

They had brought everything they had from their home in Washington in a rental truck—crossing into their new state over Chain Bridge just below the Little Falls of the Potomac. She'd heard the bridge was named for the chain gangs who built it. "Wrong," Abe told her. "It was the chains in the original suspension system." Whatever. She knew Virginia still used prison gangs on the roads. She was coming into a territory, she believed, where criminals had real trouble with the law.

In Abe's loving eyes Roma was a woman "not afraid to use the world after dark." She was going to be a pioneer with him in the new economics, a prosperity that grew from minimal income, no taxes, clever craft, and husbandry. There were young people all over the countryside hiding under the nation's economy. Roma and Abe had come to join this frontier, not as hippies or layabouts but with a vision of a quiet, honorable success.

"Not afraid to use the world after dark." She was proud of that. He meant her former city fearlessness. Muggers be damned, rapists be warned. She would have fought back with tooth, nail, or purse bomb of a blinding spray. She walked to bars on her own, talked to anyone she cared to.

There had been a child coming when she and Abe moved to Worton. That child had been Charlotte. Who now had to be watched. But ever since they'd moved here they'd all been under scrutiny by their neighbors—especially by Mr. Ray, who worked the farm next to them and lived there as a tenant. An unlikely bit of fate that their Charlotte and his Gerald should have matured in the same year. Bio-

MAN FEEDING PIGEONS

It was the form of the thing, the unmanaged
symmetry of it, of whatever it was
he convoked as he knelt on the sidewalk
and laid out from his unfastened briefcase
a benefaction of breadcrumbs—this band

arriving of the unhoused and opportune
we have always with us, composing
as they fed, heads together, wing tip
and tail edge serrated like chicory
(that heavenly weed, that cerulean

commoner of waste places) but with a
glimmer in it, as though the winged
beings of all the mosaics of Ravenna
had gotten the message somehow and come
flying in to rejoin the living: plump-

contoured as the pomegranates and pears
in a Della Robbia holiday wreath that had
put on the bloom, once again, of the soon
to perish, to begin to decay, to reënter
that dance of freewheeling dervishes,

the breakdown of order: it was the form
of the thing, if a thing is what it was,
and not the merest wisp of a part of
a process—this unravelling inkling
of the envisioned, of states of being

past alteration, of all that we've
never quite imagined except by way of
the body: the winged proclamations,
the wheelings, the stairways, the
vast, concentric, paradisal rose.

—Amy Clampitt

• •

logical magnets, that's all it amounted to, Roma hoped. That was dangerous enough.

Even in the beginning Mr. Ray never smiled. He'd turned up their very first day, assigning himself to them as a prophet of misfortune. His work shirt, done up to the top button, made a tight noose at his Adam's apple, so that the veins stood out on his neck. His wife, Roma heard, was housebound with emphysema. There was no formal introduction, but words began to pass as if in acknowledgment of proximate habitation.

"It'll cost some plenty keeping all those horses through the winter."

Roma had allowed that it would.

They were opening a riding stable. "Abe's Choice" they'd named it—which meant any of the seven horses in their barn, first come, first served. From the start, Mr. Ray watched the operation with interest, observing the lameness, tardy shoers, eager vets, and customers who misused the horses, galloping on the gravel roads.

The stable had been a clinker. Even Abe admitted his mistake. The local people who could afford horses already owned them. Roma wound up mucking the stalls and packing sandwiches for city cowboys who came for one-day thrills, the same people who might hire a raft to squeeze excitement from the Shenandoah's meagre rapids, or climb the rocks at Great Falls.

After three seasons the horses were sold to a summer camp. By then Roma had a second child, Clayton, and was pregnant with James. She had little time for stable duty anyway. When Abe announced they would grow grapes in their field it seemed a sensible switch.

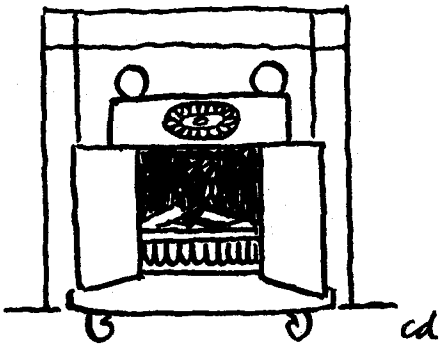
Trellises replaced the horses in the pasture. "Don't fight the earth," they were advised. "Find a grape that's comfortable with your soil." They chose the Chardonnay, convenient for sale to the local winery. Abe pruned and tied his vines with a gentle care. Out of season they looked so sere and brittle it was hard to believe they could bear. And then one summer the grapes appeared, a beautiful canopy of pale green.

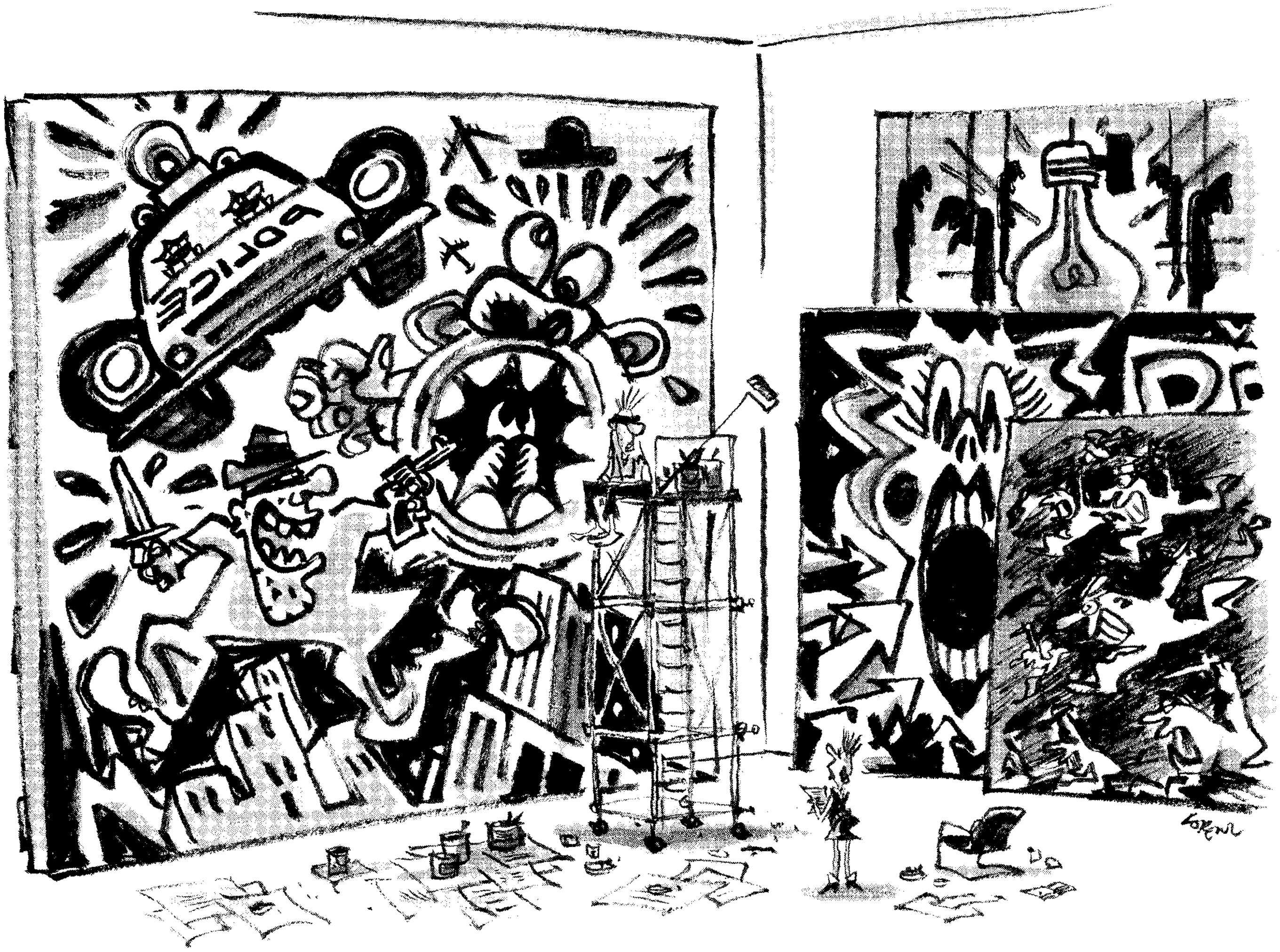
They had some fine years before a fungus wiped out a whole crop and then killed every vine. "The grape cancer," their man at the winery called it. In the midst of their troubles Roma heard Mr. Ray tell a sombre crowd in the corner store, "Enough drunkenness in the country without help from Worton." Telling this to people who would normally ask Roma how Abe was doing and if the children were over their colds. As though he had a stake in their failure.

"Remember," Abe told her, "we didn't come here to get rich." He imported thirty head of sheep from a neighboring county. They would tend an innocent flock and maintain dominion over their property while they waited for a new five-year plan.

Eventually, Abe announced the new crop would be asparagus. He tore out the failed vines, and began to dig long trenches that had to be filled with layers of gravel, sand, and topsoil before he could set in the asparagus crowns. As the shoots came up, he would add more topsoil and fertilizer according to schedule.

To keep the sheep off the asparagus beds, there would have to be paths. This meant fencing the ex-vineyard into quadrants with sheep runs between them. The first run would take the animals from the little barn, where they'd be sheltered at night, to the watering trough on the far side of the field. Another run would go from the pen behind the house, where shearing and dipping would be done, to the adjacent field, a rocky pasture where Mr. Ray's boss had agreed to let them graze for a nominal fee. To hedge their bets and keep their heads above water, Abe started a little classified-advertising sheet, *Abe's Country*





"I said the National Endowment for the Arts is offering you a hundred and fifty thousand dollars to lie fallow for a year."

• •

Trader, hiring the small press in the village to run off his first copies.

WHEN Clayton and James were small, Roma liked to watch them playing among the flock in the far field like little shepherds, trying to make the lambs their pets. But as the boys grew they had no use for the animals.

Of Mary's little lamb, James believed the words to the rhyme were "its fleas was white as snow," and Roma saw that their own sheep and the boy's country grammar school were doing nothing to relieve his confusion. The sheep moved along the paths Abe made for them, not wagging tails but spilling pellets. Grass processors they were, getting themselves jammed up in the lanes between the fences, bleating, their backsides hopelessly matted.

Abe went after the wool himself. In shearing, you had to be quick, nervy, turning the animal over between your legs, immobilizing it while you moved with resolve. Two sheep bled from seven wounds, and a third escaped, its fleece hanging half off its belly. With the children screaming at him to stop, Abe gave up.

No one wanted the sheep slaughtered. Unruly pets with no purpose in the scheme of marginal survival, they were attractive to neighborhood dogs, who chased them into the crossed lanes between the fences, where they cried for help, trapped in gridlock with only one intersection.

For two summers, Abe let all the asparagus grow into willowy ferns. In the third spring, with the roots fully established, he began to cut for market.

In the good asparagus years they sold as many as two thousand bunches to supermarkets, vegetable stands, and city restaurants. Even James was eventually trusted with an asparagus knife. The whole family worked on hands and knees, harvesting the shoots. A warning, passed from Mr. Ray to Gerald to Charlotte, that "the little boy could cut his finger off" was ignored, along with his advice to get their house some lightning rods.

They had always used rock salt for weeds, but what to use for the tiny sticklike insects, iridescent red-and-black beauties, that appeared one summer in the asparagus ferns? A lingering poison would be a crime against the land, Roma said. Instead, she prepared an organic spray of garlic and water. The asparagus beetles took wing. Abe danced a jig with Roma up and down the rows. To think they were showing farming could be a gentle art instead of a deadly science.

Their success was on display for all who passed by. In the early evenings they could see Mr. Ray, on his way to the store, interrupting his walk to stare at their field. "Whatever he wants to tell us," Roma said, "he can't bring himself to come through the gate." She suggested Abe wait beside the road for him and give him an easy meeting to get to the bottom of this.

But what should they do with the sheep? When the animals were not trapped in the fenced paths between the asparagus beds, they were liable to stray through fallen sections of stone wall into the road. Two lambs disappeared, and Roma sent the children to search up and down the road and ask at each house in the village. Everywhere the answer was the same. If *they weren't drowned in one of the* ponds, the dogs must have got them.

In the end it was Mr. Ray who assumed the duty of sheep cop. One day Roma saw him lift a matted ewe over the wall and drop her roughly on her own side, as if the ewe were aware of its trespass.

"We have to sell them," Abe said when she told him what she'd seen.

They couldn't find a single buyer for the whole lot. And the awful bleating as the sheep were herded into a truck for the auction yard let Roma know whole families were being betrayed. Abe was busy tearing down the fencing.

Roma's words woke Abe that night. "When you let the lambs go you have to expect a row from the ewes."

"Roma," he said, "we let them all go."

"I know. But there was enough grass. The table is set for everyone, isn't it?"

"Roma, wake up!"

IT wasn't Abe but Roma who sat on the wall a few days later, waiting to meet with Mr. Ray. She caught him by surprise, and he raised his hand to tip a hat that was not there. "Fine," he said, startled.

"How are you, Mr. Ray?" she asked.

He was avoiding her face, looking beyond her, toward the asparagus. "You want to be careful," he said. "The beetles aren't the half of it." He seemed so tired, probably worn down by his hard life on the farm, and so much grayer than when Roma had first seen him, fifteen years earlier.

"About the children . . . " she said.

"We can't be responsible for what comes over our fences at night, can we?" He gave the issue a contemptuous toss of his hand, and with that he was on his way again.

Back in the house, Roma took Charlotte into her room and shut the door. "What do you talk to Gerald about? Where do you meet him?" Charlotte was face down on the bed. Roma began rubbing her back. "If he's going to see you, sweetie, he ought to come to our door."

"He's afraid of his father."

FOR *the two weeks* of the month Abe travelled the county promoting his suddenly successful *Country Trader*, Roma sat by the phone taking ads, ignoring activity in the field. At the end of the second week she learned what Mr. Ray had meant about the asparagus. First there were the black specks the beetles had left cemented to the ferns, then the slimy larvae, and the plants eaten down to brown skeletons. All while her back had been turned.

After the damage was done, Roma spotted Mr. Ray in the road again, nodding as he went past, agreeing with himself, as if this had been the only just end to it all. Odd, she thought, that the son should go unseen except by Charlotte, while the father was almost daily in view, passing with his slow gait and calculating gaze.

With the sheep fencing down and the asparagus dead, the land went rapidly back to wild seed. There was orchard grass, the honeysuckle, some clumps of wild rose, and locust shoots. Something new for Mr. Ray to cluck at—a neglected field.

One evening that September, the kitchen faucet stopped running altogether. Abe and Roma went out to check the well with a flashlight, and there at the bottom in several feet of water were the carcasses of the two missing lambs. Abe went down with ropes to lift them out. The lambs might have fallen in and drowned. Roma couldn't be sure.

Across the field she saw the silhouette of a great skeletal hand moving in the breeze. As she walked toward it to prove to herself it was only the limb and branches of an old apple tree, Roma saw two figures slip away from her in the darkness. She ran back, calling, "Abe! Is Charlotte with you?," and her daughter came out of the house to ask what in the world was *the matter with her.*

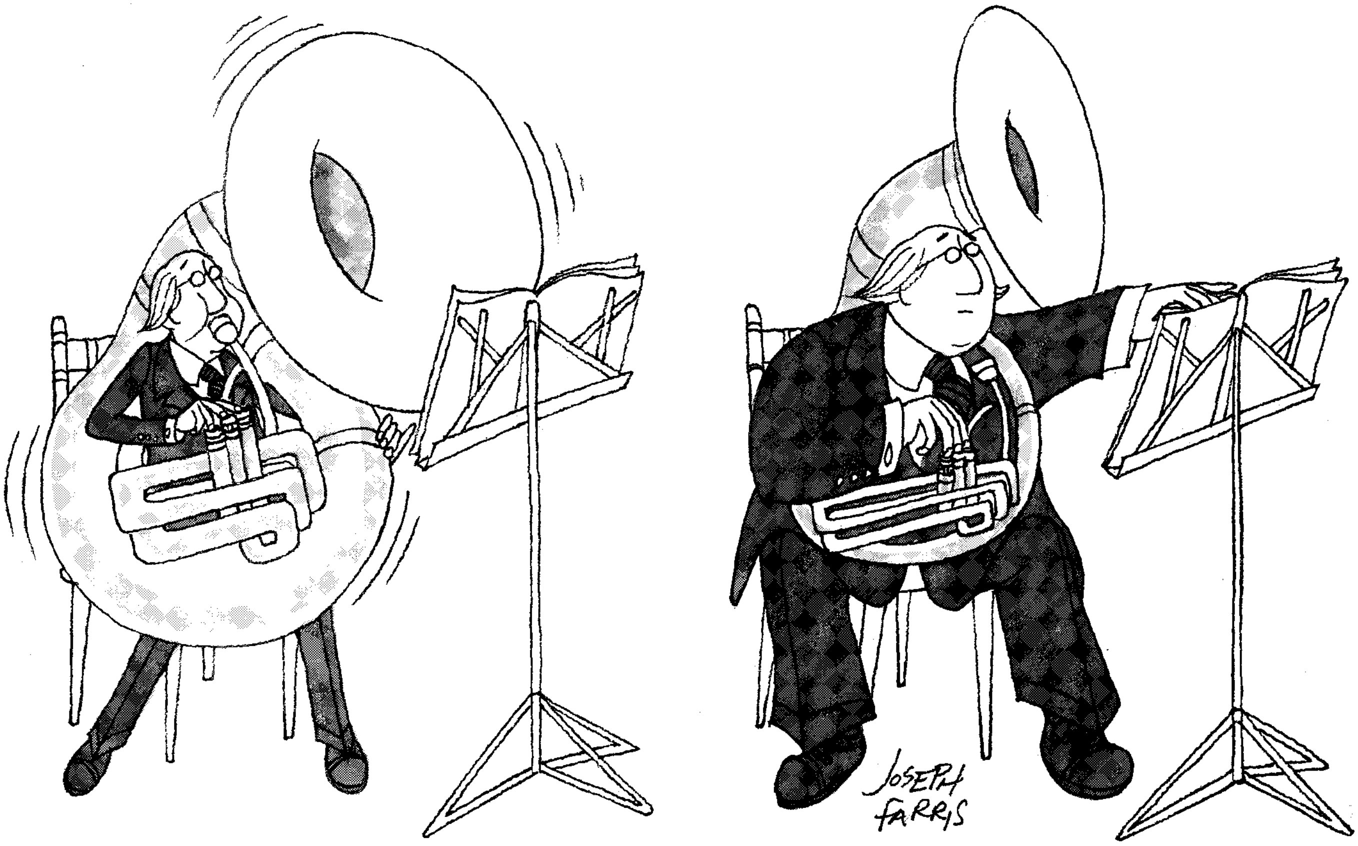
Charlotte had created a new game, Fiction Pictures, played with the family's aging Polaroid. All summer she had staged unlikely events and documented them on film. One, titled "Little Big Man," showed James, not five feet tall, slam-dunking his ball. Actually he was jumping down toward the basket from a platform of cinder blocks. Another, called "Long Way Down," had Clayton falling from a second-story window, his scaffolding hidden from view.

As long as they remain fiction pictures we're safe, Roma thought. But that was before the two lambs, before she began to look for eyes in the village that might be more than unfriendly. That fall the children were especially quarrelsome. Clayton was getting into fights at school. He told Gerald, who was big enough to thrash him, to stay away from his sister, and gave Charlotte bruises on her arm to prove he meant it.

"Stand up for your sister," Roma warned him.

"That's what I am doing," he said.

Charlotte made faces but gave Clay-



ton a wide berth. James, frightened that Gerald might really hurt his brother, stood in the doorway crying out his alarm if he saw Clayton or Charlotte sneaking out after dark.

ON the night of the cross, Roma was surprised and grateful to find that the children were all home. When the fire was out and they were all back in their beds, she went to each of them and said there was nothing to be afraid of. And then, back in her own bed, she asked Abe, "Do you think it's because we're nothing?"

Roma didn't believe Mr. Ray had done it. But she could imagine him nearby in the night, approving. "By his lights," Abe said, "we're dogs in the manger. If we don't know how to use the land, we ought to get off it."

In the light of day things looked no better. Mr. Ray told the clerk at the store that the cross was just the old sheep business. When his words were repeated to Roma they sounded disparaging but mysterious. And ominous. Abe didn't think they should bring the police into it. The culprits would be named in the fullness of time. Easy enough for Abe to say. But for Roma time was already too full, with her children morose and resentful, confined to the house after sunset. She tore to shreds Charlotte's latest fiction picture, a shot of James, goggle-eyed, flat on the floor, with ketchup coming from the corner of his mouth.

Why did Mr. Ray go so slowly past their place? What right did he have to linger that way, passing judgment? She went out to meet him again in the road, and he tried to walk around her.

"There's nothing to talk about," he said. "If you'd just keep your girl home."

"We had a cross burned on our field."

"It was the sheep," he said.

Was this some sort of country shorthand? Were they paying for some perversion he'd witnessed, something to do with the animals?

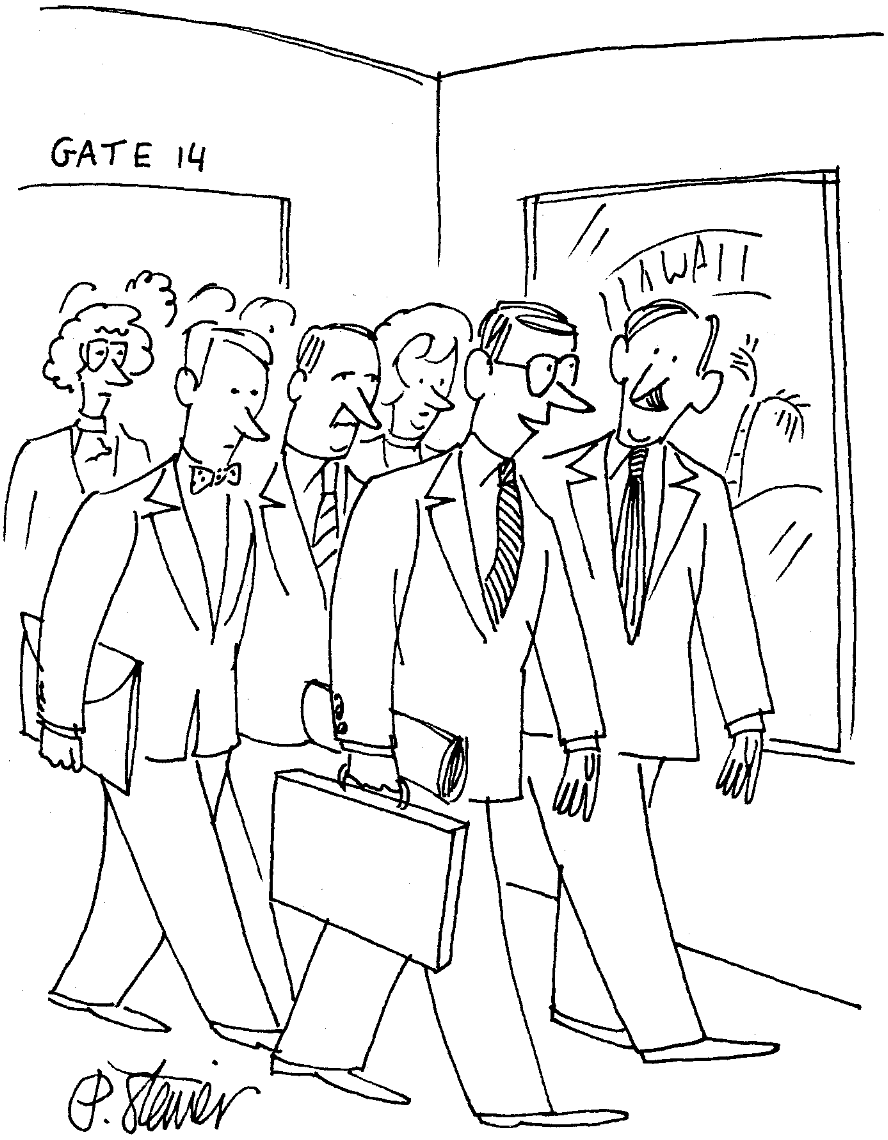
After the fire, Roma had difficulty sleeping at all. She'd wake and leave Abe alone in their bed while she felt her way through the dark house, checking doors and standing at their window. "You can't stay awake every night watching for prowlers," Abe told her. Surprisingly, things were going quite well—maybe too well—with his *Country Trader*, which was selling handsomely. Roma was afraid Abe might not follow through on his success.

"I don't see anything wrong with a taxable income, do you? It wouldn't be immoral or debasing, would it?" she asked, as if their practice of marginal subsistence lay behind their troubles in the community.

"It wasn't part of the plan," Abe said. But he thought they could tidy up around the house, maybe paint the trim and keep the grass shorter in the front yard. A signal to Roma that it would be all right to go through the family bureaus, discard some of the older things, spend something on clothes for once. Nothing virtuous in being down at heel. It could even lead to bad posture, turned ankles.

That year, Roma had suddenly noticed how many farms in the countryside around them were breaking up, the land being cut into convenient shapes whose underlying symmetry was economic. There was horse fencing everywhere, and ten-acre horse people. Not a society for their family to join, though it wouldn't be wrong to get a pony for James, who wanted to ride Western, with boots and a lariat. Why should he have to throw an imitation basketball at a make-believe iron hoop for the rest of his childhood?

THE night Charlotte broke away, escaped after curfew, going out over the porch roof with the help of wisteria vines and the promise of James' silence, Roma was downstairs in the parlor with Abe. She was say-



"Washington, New York; New York, Boston; Boston, Washington. How was your day?"

• •

ing, "We can afford more. Even the children can see the hypocrisy. It's obvious to the neighbors, too."

Abe had come up with a spiritual theory to explain the cross. "What these people see in us," he said, "is people who have no moral core, outsiders who profane the land with silly projects."

"They, they, they!" she said. "We're looking for a *he*. At most a couple of them."

James came down from his bed in his pajamas. Trembling with split allegiance, he informed on his sister, who had already been gone for an hour. Roma ran up to her daughter's room, and called down to Abe that it was true. "Clayton's gone, too!" she said. "I'm calling the Rays."

"What could they tell you?" Abe asked her. "Charlotte won't be there. You'll only make trouble for Gerald."

But Roma was looking for the number. Abe couldn't take the phone away from her. She was dialling.

"This is Charlotte's mother," she said.

There was labored breathing at the other end of the line, probably the sound of Mrs. Ray's emphysema.

"Is Charlotte there?" Roma asked.

She couldn't get Mrs. Ray to speak to her.

"Is Gerald there?"

There was silence, and then Mr. Ray's voice on the phone. "Is this the girl's mother?"

"Yes."

"Don't worry about Gerald," he said. "We'll take care of Gerald." Then he hung up.

Roma was just making plans for a search, dividing up the neighborhood with Abe, when Clayton came back.

"Where have you been?" Roma asked. "Where is your sister?"

"Out there in the fields somewhere. Where she always goes."

Before they could set out after Charlotte, she was back, too. She didn't try sneaking in her window but barged through the front door without apology and sat down beside Roma. With her coat still on, she told Roma she had broken off with Gerald. "All he ever wanted was something at night. Like I wasn't supposed to hang around him in daylight."

ONE fine November morning, standing in his pasture where only the faintest traces remained of the fire, Abe saw that Mr. Ray had been right all along. A cross had been formed by the two narrow aisles that ran between the field's former fences, the paths where the sheep had gone single file between the asparagus beds. Their droppings, ground into the earth by their hooves, had set an organic fuse waiting to be lit by the bonfire.

"Nitrates!" Abe said, delighted with a solution that pardoned all his neighbors.

For the children, that season Roma bought new coats, shiny red and green, all filled with something Abe swore was as good as goose down and cheaper. And they painted every room in the house with an off-brand of latex he found on sale. Cosmetics now, Roma said, quality later. To reshoe the family might cause a few blisters in the break-in period, but this time new leather for everyone.

Mr. Ray's shuffling vigils did not let up. After fifteen years, he was still curious. If we're poor, why don't we work, Roma said. Maybe he wonders if he could get by without a real job, too. After all, it's his life that's in danger when the farms are sold.

Abe said she was talking herself into a solidarity with Mr. Ray and all the other farmers in the neighborhood who might be wondering what would happen next in her tricky field.

But Roma was easy again walking out at night in the country lanes, comfortable with the whisperings and shadows of farm boys and their sweethearts dropping out of sight behind the fencerows. She let Charlotte take a moonlit picture of her in which she appeared ghostly in the semidark, floating over the road behind their wall, though her feet were on solid rock. —JOHN ROLFE GARDINER

PERSONAL HISTORY

THE LIFE IT BRINGS—I

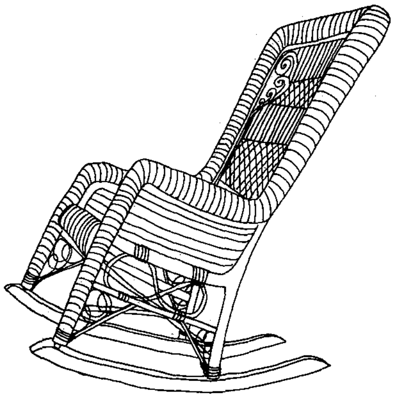
As I write these words, two photographs look down on me—photographs of two of the men I admire most: Albert Einstein and Robert Oppenheimer. The photographs are, in their own way, deeply revealing. Einstein has his tongue out, like a child. I believe that the occasion of this photograph was his seventy-second birthday. He had been asked by the photographers, whom he referred to as *Licht Affen*—"light apes"—to smile, so he stuck his tongue out at them in an amiable way. Einstein sticking his tongue out at the establishment yet once again. Oppenheimer's photograph is equally revealing. He is wearing one of his tailor-made three-piece suits. In his left hand is a burning cigarette. His expression is that odd one of wariness, with a slight edge of feline cruelty, which Oppenheimer often had during the years I knew him, after his trial. Part of his bare neck is visible, and it is the weatherworn neck of someone who has spent a good deal of time in the sun. It would be hard to guess his profession by looking at his face, but it is clearly the face of *someone*. The curious thing about this particular photograph is that if one turns it sidewise to the light one can see that it is autographed and dedicated to my father. No date is given, but the dedication reads "To Rabbi Bernstein, with respect, Robert Oppenheimer." I have no very clear idea of how my father got this photograph, or when. It had nothing to do with me. I am quite sure that at the time Oppenheimer signed this photograph I had never met him. That would come later.

My father, Oppenheimer, Einstein, and myself are four points through which one can draw all sorts of lines. The course my life has taken has drawn these lines for me, and what I want to do is to try to re-create how this came about. I will begin at the beginning, but I will not end at the end. By "the end" I mean that part of my life after I became a proper university professor and then a professional writer. In one of my incarnations as a writer, I invented an entire comic university, and now I have got tenure in it—in the sense that real universities and the one of my imagination have become hopelessly entwined. So I will rather describe how, after an improbable beginning, I became a physicist. Unlike Frank Oppenheimer, I had no older brother to write me a letter such as Robert wrote to Frank in 1926, when Frank was thirteen:

> And still more advice: I don't think you would enjoy reading about relativity very much until you have studied a little geometry, a little mechanics, a little electrodynamics. But if you want to try, Eddington's book is the best to start on. I remember that five years ago you were dressed up to act like Albert Einstein; in a few years, it seems, they won't need to disguise you. . . . And now a final word of advice: try to understand really, to your own satisfaction, thoroughly and honestly, the few things in which you are most interested; because it is only when you have learnt to do that, when you realize how hard and how very satisfying it is, that you will appreciate fully the more spectacular things like relativity and mechanistic biology. If you think I'm wrong please don't hesitate to tell me so. I'm only talking from my own very small experience.

Nor did I have a Robert Oppenheimer to write to me as he did to Frank eight years later: "I take it that Cambridge has been right for you, and that physics has gotten now very much under your skin, physics and the obvious excellences of the life it brings." What a wonderful phrase—"the obvious excellences of the life it brings." That is what this memoir is about—a life in physics and the obvious excellences that it brought.

I HAVE always marvelled at writers who seem to have total recall of their childhoods. I have very little coherent recollection of my own. I think I could make up a childhood by looking at the pictures in my "baby book" and the photograph album that my mother recently put together for her three children. But the little boy staring out of these pictures could be anyone. In many of these pictures, this child who seems to have been me is someone I don't think I would even like very much. He is either smiling for no apparent reason or looking cautious and fearful. I much prefer the pictures of my brother and sister. In any event, I was born on December 31, 1929, in Rochester, New York. My father, Philip, who was also born in Rochester, in 1901, was the rabbi of a large and old Reform congregation called Temple B'rith Kodesh. It was founded in 1848. His parents had emigrated from Lithuania when they were both quite young. I have never been able to get a very satisfactory account of why my paternal grandmother's family—the Steinbergs—settled in Rochester; my grandmother actually came here by herself, at the age of eleven or twelve, but she found a brother in Rochester. Rochester has always seemed like such a typical middle-class, middle-American city that I cannot imagine what would have possessed Jews from a Lithuanian shtetl to choose it over, say, Cleveland or St. Louis.



My father's father had not settled in Rochester, or, I gather, anywhere else. He was an itinerant salesman of one thing and another, having arrived in this country at the age of fourteen or fifteen, and he found my grandmother on one of his upstate-New York orbits and remained. He later became a tailor and had, when I first knew him, a small, incredibly dusty tailor shop near the railroad station. In his later years, he spent a lot of time in the station itself, where he had made friends among the railroad personnel. He sold pants that he said wore "like iron," and what he called "remlets"—bits of cloth left over from the pants. One of the nightmares of my childhood was having to wear my grandfather's pants, which both wore and felt like iron. As far as I know, neither my grandmother nor my grandfather had much, if any, formal education. Nonetheless, my grandmother had apparently taught herself to read while still in the shtetl—a remarkable achievement for a young girl, given the shtetl mores—and she read letters, and wrote them, for her non-literate fellow shtetl-dwellers.

My mother's family—the Rubins—are of Russian descent. My mother, née Sophie Rubin, recently informed me that her mother and father came from the outskirts of Minsk and Pinsk, but she is not sure which came from which. Our family has always had rather little interest in its history. But there is no question about why my Russian grandfather came here. He was escaping from the Czar's Army. He told me more than once about being hidden in some sort of horse-drawn cart and driven to the border—which border I can no longer remember. One of his favorite remarks was "Who can tell it, a thing like this?"—which summarized his feelings about the Czar's Army. He ended up in Brooklyn, where my mother was born. I was always impressed by what he did for a living. He manufactured, in a small factory that was situated for a while under the Brooklyn Bridge, metal plumbing fixtures. I liked to go there, because one could see these things being created out of the raw metal, like sculptures. They trailed great spiral festoons of shiny metal as they were being machined. I liked his work because it was neither spiritual nor cerebral. By the time I became old enough to appreciate what different sorts of work might be like, I discovered that I had four close relatives who were university professors and three who were rabbis. It was a relief to have one or two who actually made something.

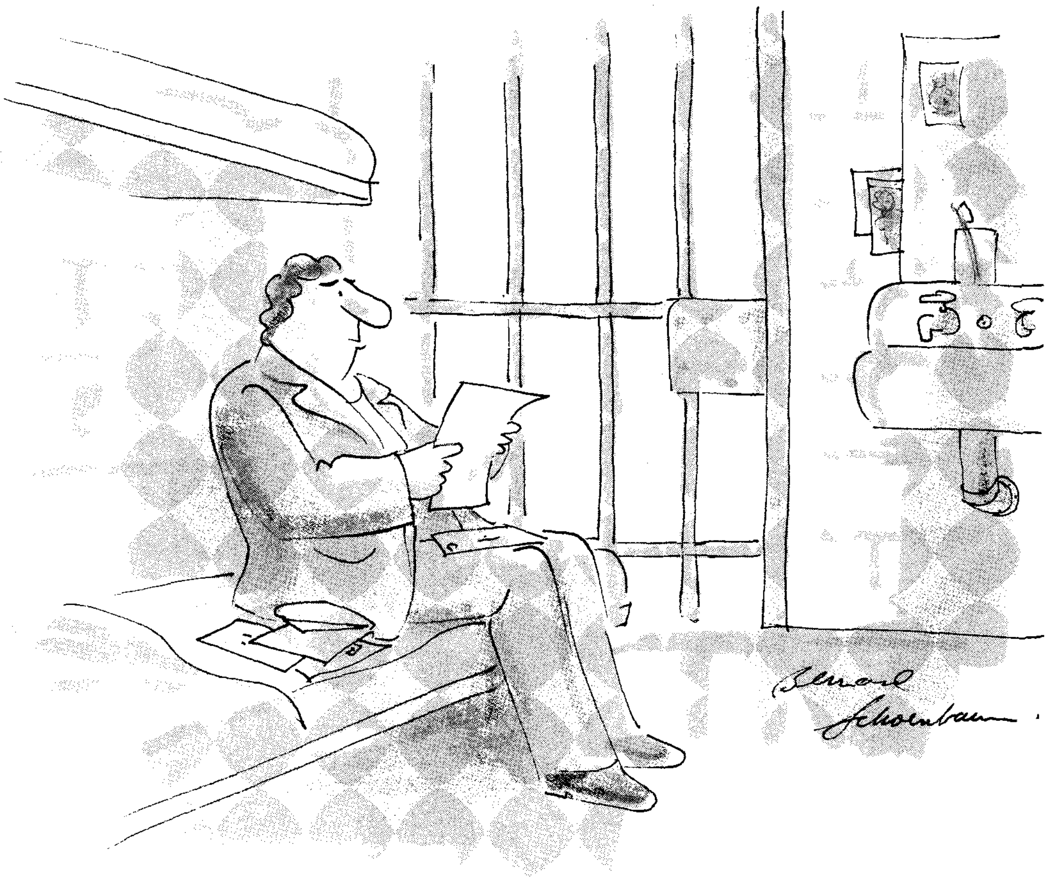
My father was educated in the Rochester public schools, and I gather that he was an exceptional student. When he went to college, he chose Syracuse University. There was precious little money in the Bernstein household, but he did manage to borrow forty dollars toward his tuition. He thought he might go into law—he had been a brilliant high-school debater—and, in fact, he was later accepted at the Harvard Law School. He joined Sigma Alpha Mu, one of the Jewish fraternities at Syracuse, and did various jobs around the fraternity. He sold fruit—his fraternity brothers, in later life, joked that it had been of dubious quality—and my grandfather's pants, which were certainly of dubious quality. To pay for his meals, he waited on tables. During this time, he also taught Sunday School, for a dollar a Sunday, for Rabbi Benjamin Friedman of Syracuse. He acquired both a taste for the life of a rabbi and the love of my mother, who was Rabbi Friedman's niece. She was a student of art and design at Pratt Institute, in New York, and she recently told me that at that time she had won a scholarship to study design in Paris, where she would undoubtedly have gone if she had not met and fallen in love with my father.

I don't really know what my father studied in college—possibly philosophy. He never mentioned any professor there who made a special impression on him. His decisive teacher was Stephen Wise, of the Jewish Institute of Religion, where he went in 1922, after graduation from Syracuse, to study for the rabbinate. My father was a member of the Institute's first class. My brother, Stephen, is named after Wise. My sister, Alice, is named after an aunt, and when she was born either Wise or my father said, "*Das ist alles*"—a pun that went around the family. My father was clearly a highly educated and cultivated man, but in specific directions. He was quite unmusical—or, at least, never discussed music with us—and I don't remember his discussing literature, either. There was, however, a time when he read P. G. Wodehouse aloud to us. On science and mathematics he was a near-cipher. My feeling was that such things made him quite uncomfortable—more so after I got into them. I remember that when I was at Harvard and taking some mathematics courses one summer he came to Cambridge for a visit. A celebrated Eastern European mathematician, whose name I cannot remember, was teaching one of the courses, and my father sat in. At one point, the professor leaned over toward my father, whose provenance must have been something of a mystery, and said, in a thick accent, "Mathematics is not like New York *Times*. We do not give all the news that is fit to print." My father responded to this odd piece of intelligence by passing me a note that contained the formula—of his own devising—"IF2P." We had a large library at home when I was growing up, but I don't think it contained a single book on science.

After his final year at the Jewish Institute of Religion—he was twenty-three—my father won a fellowship, which permitted him to have a year abroad to study. He planned, it seems, to marry my mother upon his return. His notion was that she was not to go out with anyone else while he was away, and he explained this to her. My mother, who was eighteen, told him that although she loved him very much, she had every intention of going out while he was away. He immediately married her, and they went away together. It must have been an extraordinary trip—

NO SMOKING NEXT 10 MILES
Joe Mirachi

those two very handsome young people on a journey of high adventure. They went to the Soviet Union out of curiosity, and then, in 1926, my father enrolled in the first class ever to convene in the Hebrew University in Jerusalem. That was preceded by a time at Cambridge, in England, and out of that—besides his thesis—came, four years later, my name. His thesis was on Jeremiah, and when I was born that is what he wanted to call me. However, my mother thought that Jeremiah was, in her words, "a very long name for a small boy." There had been several Jeremys at Cambridge, and the novel of that name by Hugh Walpole, which she had read, so I became Jeremy—a name that caused me much embarrassment as a child. Neither my schoolmates nor my teachers seemed to be able to get it right. Sometimes I was Johnny and sometimes Germy, and finally Jerry, which my parents disapproved of. I stayed Jerry until I began to write professionally. I signed my articles by my real name and became Jeremy once and for all.



"Dear Sir: You're probably asking yourself, 'Why do I need another credit card?' "

• •

I have absolutely no early scientific or mathematical memories—none. That is why I have been so interested in asking my friends and colleagues about theirs. Freeman Dyson, for example, told me that when he was still young enough "to have been put down for naps" he invented for himself the idea of the convergent infinite series—a series involving an infinite number of terms that nonetheless when added up produce a finite answer—by adding up halved fractions: one-half plus one-fourth plus one-eighth plus one-sixteenth, and so on. And Dyson's teacher, Hans Bethe, told me that when he was four or five he already understood fractions and decimals, and kept a notebook that he filled with such things as the powers of ten. These are what I mean by mathematical memories. My only memories of this kind have to do with playing a game with my father in which he gave me, orally, a list of small numbers to add and subtract in my head. Sometimes he did this when there were guests for dinner, and I used to go under the dining-room table, where I could concentrate better. I still remember the groves of shoes that I crawled among until I found a place to calculate. I also remember being given, when I was in the sixth or seventh grade, a "special problem" to solve. It consisted of finding the circumference of a racetrack with two straight sides closed by two semicircular ends, so I must have known the formula for the circumference of a circle.

I will shortly say something about the neighborhood in which we lived, but just to continue with what passes for scientific memories: Across the street there lived an older boy whose real name now eludes me. We called him Bud, and during those early years I had the nickname of Snookie—Bud and Snookie. Bud was a sort of technological polymath. He built cars out of wooden cartons and raced them in soapbox derbies. He was also a radio ham. He could build shortwave radios and send and receive messages over them. I admired all this immensely and tried to imitate it. I don't recall building cars, but I did build radios. This may sound impressive, but the point that sticks in my memory is that I didn't understand what I was doing and lacked the intellectual discipline to find out. It was no harder to build a radio than to build a model airplane, which I also did. One just followed the directions in a kit or a circuit diagram. There were things called "resistors"—I didn't have the foggiest idea what they were for. Their dimensions were measured in units of "ohms," and they were coded with, as I recall, three colors, designated "body," "tip," and "dot"—the places where the colors were to go. When I needed some to build a radio, I would go to a store that supplied radio parts and order them. I never bothered to ask what they were for or how a radio actually worked. Bud went off to high school and disappeared into the adolescent world, and there was no one else around who had any interest in making radios. I let the whole matter drop.

The neighborhood we lived in had very few Jews in it. I think there were only four Jewish families. Whether it

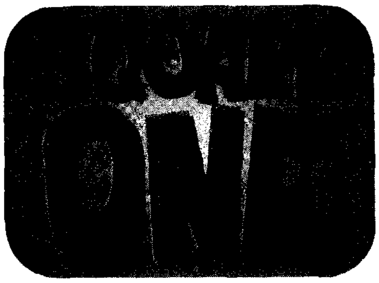
"He's been mentioned as a possible husband."

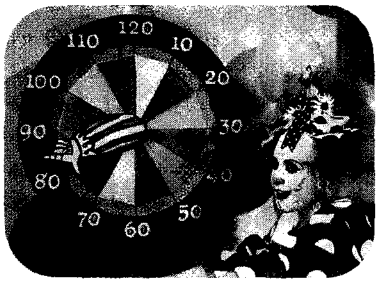
• •

had been my father's conscious intention or not, this choice of neighborhood insulated our family to some extent from his congregation. Perhaps there are children of clergymen who like their role. I didn't. I was a rather private child and found it deeply embarrassing to be scrutinized or fawned over by members of my father's congregation, most of whom I did not know. The last time I felt this was in 1985, at my father's funeral. My mother, my brother and sister, and I were led from a small waiting room into the great hall of the temple in full view of the swelling congregation, to confront, for the first time, my father in his coffin. I felt that our private grief had become some sort of spectacle for the congregation. It brought back all those memories of being "the rabbi's son." Being the rabbi's son meant, in my case, setting certain kinds of example. My father explained many times that I had to go to Hebrew school, to set an example. I had to go to services Friday night, to set an example. I had to have a large, public bar mitzvah, to set an example. And so on. In my own private and sometimes not so private ways, I rebelled. I had a fantasy that at the climax of the Friday-night service, when my father dramatically opened the Ark of the Covenant to remove the Torah, a great, hairy arm would come out and sweep him inside, closing the curtains behind him. I managed to communicate this scenario to my best friend of the time, Richard Epstein, who is now a distinguished microbiologist, and who during the period I speak of was also being sent to temple Friday nights to set an example. The result was that we got ourselves into a state of uncontrollable giggles, the worse for our attempts to suppress them. The example we set was not exactly what everyone had in mind, so we were not allowed to sit next to each other on subsequent Friday nights.

I had ambiguous feelings about my father's work. I knew—I was told often enough—that he was an eminent man. For a time, he was president of the Rochester City Club, and we had people like Clarence Darrow staying at our house. Darrow, incidentally, gave my father a Bible, which he had inscribed "With Compliments of the Author." On the other hand, my father's work was unlike the work done by the fathers of the boys I admired in my neighborhood. Eddie Lays' father, for instance, was a machinist at the Gleason Works, and Jack Poray's father, if I remember correctly, owned a gas station. Both Eddie and Jack were wonderful athletes—Jack was the first person I had ever seen who could hit a baseball from either side of the plate—and what they did and what their fathers did seemed to me to be "real." What my father did seemed strange, almost alien. This whole matter was summarized in my mind by the matter of the sleds. Rochester was, and is, known for its almost interminable snowy winters. As a boy, I rather enjoyed these winters and did all the winter sports. It was necessary to have a sled. It turned out that a member of my father's congregation sold sleds, so we could get them wholesale. The problem was that they were the *wrong* sleds. Eddie Lays, Jack Poray, and nearly everyone else had Flexible Flyers, while I had some strange and not quite correct sled—although no doubt the sled I had was perfectly good if the question was simply sledding. Flexible Flyers came, in my mind, to symbolize everything in that other world to which I felt I did not quite belong. Later on, when I started to go out with girls, long-legged, Scandinavian-

Presenting a math show kids can count on for fun.





MATHEMATICS
'R' US

LET'S DO
A DEAL

Presenting "Square One TV." It's new. It's different. It's a series for children 8 to 12 that makes math fun and interesting.

It's easy to see why. "Square One TV" is produced by Children's Television Workshop, the creators of "Sesame Street." It makes novel use of entertainment forms kids enjoy, such as TV game shows, music videos, animation and magic.

IBM is proud to help support "Square One TV." It's another example of our commitment to education.

The program premieres January 26 and will run every day after school. For the exact time, check your local PBS listing.

"Square One TV." It's a math series that gets high marks for entertainment.

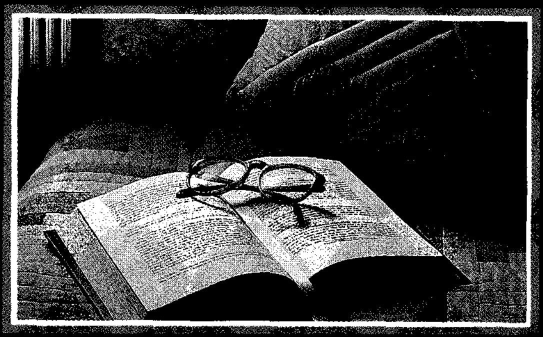
IBM

Funding for "Square One TV" provided by IBM as corporate underwriter, the U.S. Department of Education, The National Science Foundation, the Corporation for Public Broadcasting. The Andrew W. Mellon Foundation, and the Carnegie Corporation of New York.

"Sesame Street" and "Square One TV" are service marks and trademarks of Children's Television Workshop.

CLOSED CAPTIONED FOR THE HEARING IMPAIRED CC

©Copyright IBM Corporation 1987



Introducing the new Oberoi, Bombay

Now there's a new hotel that is one of the most luxurious in the world. The Oberoi, Bombay. Located in the business district, each guest room is appointed with the finest furnishings and fabrics. And our Executive Centre features the latest office equipment. At the new Oberoi, Bombay, you'll discover the best the world has to offer.

The Oberoi
BOMBAY, INDIA

AUSTRALIA, EGYPT, INDIA, INDONESIA, IRAQ, NEPAL, SAUDI ARABIA, SINGAPORE, SRI LANKA
RESERVATIONS THROUGH YOUR TRAVEL AGENT OR LRI (NEW YORK) 800-223-0888 (NEW YORK STATE) 212-841-1111.

Long-stemmed Chocolate Roses™ from Chocolate Whimsey™

This Valentine's Day delight will tastefully inspire your senses and convey a special message to that certain someone.

12 long-stemmed chocolate roses with softly-hued silk leaves are handsomely gift-wrapped in the Brielle Galleries classic style. Specify red mint, milk or white chocolate. **$35. a box.**

Please call toll free 1-800-631-2156.

In New Jersey 201-528-8400 collect.

Visa, MC, AmEx accepted. NY and NJ residents add applicable sales tax.

Brielle Galleries

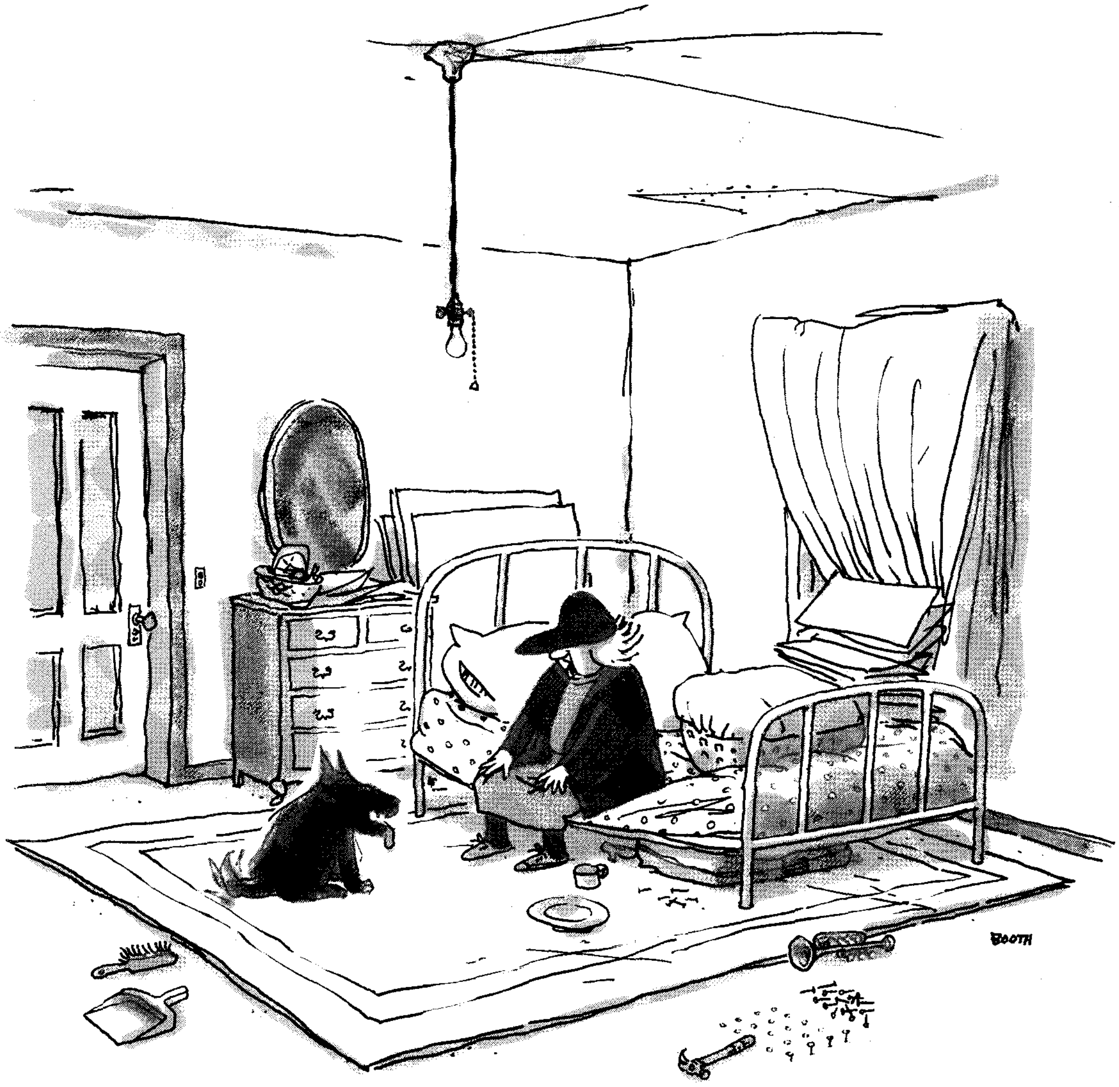
707 Union Ave.
PO Box 475 R
Brielle, NJ 08730

Our full color mail order catalog "A Quest for Excellence" is available for the asking.

looking blondes became Flexible Flyers.

Since my father was a Reform rabbi, I never had the kind of cultural confrontation with him that scientists I know who broke out of the confines of Orthodox Jewry had with their parents. I. I. Rabi, for one, told me that it was his discovery of the Copernican system in a little book in a public library in Brooklyn in 1908 that led him into conflict with his parents' belief that "the earth is flat and that there is a big fish, the Leviathan, which surrounds it, which has its own tail in its mouth, and which will be eaten on the Day of Judgment by the good Orthodox Jews while the others will get nothing." I don't recall ever being asked what I believed—which was just as well, since I didn't believe in anything theological, Jewish or otherwise. The important thing was to behave in these symbolic ways. My father's mother was an Orthodox Jew. (My Russian grandparents were, as far as I could tell, totally nonreligious.) She kept a kosher home and lived in a neighborhood in Rochester where many Orthodox Jews lived. I never asked my father what his becoming a Reform rabbi meant to my grandmother. She did attend his temple—especially on Saturday mornings, when the more traditional services were held. I don't recall ever going to the Saturday-morning services. We went to my grandmother's house on certain of the Jewish holidays, like Passover, when there were traditional family meals. These meals, with foods like matzoh-ball soup and tzimmes, were always very uncomfortable for me. What would Eddie Lays and Jack Poray think? I couldn't wait to get back to my own neighborhood. All this prevented me from ever really getting to know my grandmother until shortly before her death. I spent some time alone with her then and realized that underneath what had seemed an impenetrable layer of grandmotherly platitudes was a woman with an immensely keen mind and a very clear view of the strengths and weaknesses of her family.

One of the things that being a comfortably integrated American Jew in the nineteen-eighties tends to make one forget is just how overt anti-Semitism was in the thirties, when I was growing up. There was, of course, the rabid public anti-Semitism of someone like Father Coughlin, whose radio sermons we used to listen to at home with the morbid attention of someone who has stumbled upon a poisonous snake. But more often there were what my father called "the gentlepeople of prejudice"—playmates one thought of as one's friends, who in a moment of pique would call one a dirty Jew. There were places—country clubs, for example—where Jews were not meant to go, and other places where it was not clear whether Jews were meant to go. I have a vivid recollection of setting off with my parents and my brother to spend a summer-vacation weekend in a hotel in the Finger Lakes, not far from Rochester. It was to have been a festive occasion. My father had made reservations at the hotel, and upon our arrival he left us in the car and went inside to make sure everything was in order. When he came out, he was ashen-faced. It was always my father's policy to confront anti-Semitism head on, and he did not want to patronize a hotel that did not accept Jews, even if we could have got in by inadvertence. So he told the manager that he was *Rabbi* Bernstein. The manager said that we were not welcome, and we returned, miserable, to Rochester.



"*I want two days and one dazzling night on the Orient Express!*"

• •

As unpleasant as this may have been, it was, of course, a minor inconvenience compared with what was happening in Germany. My father had no illusions about that, either. He had visited Germany as late as 1938, when the four of us—my sister was not yet born—took a trip to Europe and the Middle East. He left us in England while he went to Germany to see for himself what was happening in that wretched country. Furthermore, German refugees began arriving in Rochester. My father certainly had a hand in this, and in making them feel welcome when they arrived. Considering what was about to happen in Germany, it was a pathetic trickle that got out, but among them were some extraordinary people, including the physicist Max Herzberger, who was the first physicist I ever met. I am persuaded that Herzberger, who died a few years ago, was a genius. He had been trained in Berlin. Einstein had been one of his teachers and, I think, had examined him on his Ph.D. thesis. Herzberger was one of the foremost designers of optical lenses, and had been employed by Zeiss before he and his family were forced to leave Germany. He had written the book on geometrical optics in the famous "Yellow Peril" series, put out by Springer-Verlag in Germany and so called because all the books had yellow covers. He was also a very eccentric man. I remember once being with him when he had to make a phone call, during which he spoke German. After the call, he did not realize that he was still speaking German. I simply could not get him to switch back into English, and finally stopped trying. He was a very strong chess player, and gave me some chess lessons. He was employed in Rochester by the Eastman Kodak Company, where, I believe, he made some very important innovations in lens design.

My relationship with Herzberger went through three distinct phases. Before the war, when I was still a child, I remember him only because he talked about Albert Einstein. In our family, Einstein was a symbol of everything that was best. My father made no pretense of understanding any of his physics. I am not sure that he had any interest in doing so. In later years, he would ask me about it, but when I started to explain he would change the subject. Herzberger was ready to explain the theory of relativity at the drop of a hat, and once he started he was relentless. The second phase of my relationship with Max was the happiest. For reasons I will explain later, by the time my freshman year at college was over I was determined to learn the theory of relativity. When I went home to Rochester, I sought Max's help. In retrospect, I can see how naïve this was. I did not have the remotest background even to understand what motivated Einstein to formulate relativity, let alone what the theory was all about. Furthermore, I did not realize until much later that Herzberger had his own idiosyncratic formulation of the theory, based on a geometrical-optics model. To Max, it was all so self-evident that he simply could not put himself in my place as a novice. It was a total intellectual mismatch. Nonetheless, our conversations fascinated me. I was also much taken with Max's views on the quantum theory, which I understood even less. Max was even more of a classical physicist than Einstein. He was very troubled by the fact that in the quantum theory one makes use of so-called complex numbers—numbers that can be represented as points in a plane rather than points on a line. This concern is now completely incomprehensible to me. It was also incomprehensible to Einstein. Max sent him some sort of paper in which he had found, he said, a "solution" to the complex-number problem. Einstein wrote back a terse letter in German, which Max translated. It said, "Since I do not understand your problem, I also do not understand your solution." But Max was so persuasive, and I was so ignorant and so eager to help Max persuade other people of the soundness of his ideas, that some years later I helped arrange for him to give a colloquium at Harvard. I am afraid that it was not much of a success, and that the Harvard physicists didn't understand what Max's problem was, either. The sad thing for me was that within a year or so I, too, no longer understood what it was. This led to the third phase of our relationship. I have never been very good at simulating enthusiasm that I do not feel. The more I got into physics, the less meaningful Herzberger's ideas on relativity theory and, above all, on the quantum theory were to me. I tried to avoid discussing these subjects with Max, but —surely—he knew. There was nothing I could do about it.

All this came much later. During my Rochester years, I became convinced that I had a serious mental affliction that went under the name "grasshopper mind." I was an avid reader of comic books of all kinds, and in the back of these wonderful magazines were classified ads. One of the recurrent ads showed an unfortunate man with a cartoon balloon coming out of his head. Inside the balloon there was a riot of indecisive thoughts. The man was suffering from this terrible grasshopper mind. I was sure I also had it, since I seemed to be so unfocussed. It was radios one day, skis the next, and Harriet Dorsey, a next-door neighbor with whom I had rigged a bedroom-to-bedroom telegraph system, the third. You could send away for a treatment for grasshopper mind, but for me it was prohibitively expensive. I simply resigned myself to suffering from it—probably forever.

On Sunday, December 7, 1941, we were all at home, and my Lithuanian grandmother was visiting us. The news came over the radio that we were at war, and my grandmother began to cry. I could not understand what she was crying about, and she told me that it was the war. She was sure that her sons, and perhaps her grandsons, would be getting into it. My father had been a pacifist, but he gave that up with the rise of Hitler, which he had witnessed on his visits to Germany. He welcomed our entry into the war if it meant stopping Hitler. Soon after Pearl Harbor, my father was offered the job of civilian head of all the Jewish chaplains in the armed forces. The formal title was executive director of the Committee on Army and Navy Religious Activities of the National Jewish Welfare Board. He accepted, and within a few months we moved to New York City.

I have often asked myself just what I would have become if the war had not come along and we had not moved to New York. I have no idea whether I would have followed them, but in a certain sense my future plans had already been laid out. Several things were clear to me. The first was that I was not going to become a rabbi. Even though I was not yet in my teens, I knew I had no vocation for that. I saw that my father had a wonderful rapport with people. He was at ease with people, and they sought him out. I already knew that my vocation, whatever it was, would require keeping people at a certain distance. Besides, the formal religious aspects of being a rabbi were beyond me. I also knew that I was not going to be a doctor. A few frog dissections, which I had carried out as part of the "educational activities" at a hated summer camp outside Rochester, had convinced me of that. One of my mother's brothers was a distinguished biochemist, and in one of my grasshopper states I had tried chemistry with one of those hobby chemistry sets. It was better than cutting up frogs, but I soon lost interest in it. I didn't even know what a physicist was, notwithstanding the family admiration for Einstein. Despite all this, I thought I could see the future shape of my life.

It seemed so clear. I would go to East High School, as my father had done. I would go to Syracuse University, as he had, and I would join his fraternity. In fact, during one of my visits with him to Syracuse I had signed a book in his fraternity pledging my future—"Jerry Bernstein, S.A.M. 1951." I would then study law, as he had thought of doing. I would return to Rochester and marry one of the Flexible Flyers—Harriet Dorsey, Jean Schmanke, or Virginia Baker. This was the plan for my life, and none of it came to pass.

IN New York, my father found us an apartment on the corner of Central Park West and Eighty-fourth Street. For my parents, this was meant to be an interval. My father had every intention of going back to Rochester once the war was over. I suppose I thought I would be going back, too, but, as it turned out, I never did—at least not to live. The area along Central Park West was known then as the Golden Ghetto. That part of New York—the upper West Side—is now so gentrified that it is hard to imagine what it was like then, or what it appeared to be like. There were the big apartment houses along Central Park, and then, immediately to the west, brownstones—the kind that are now worth fortunes—which were thought to contain every variety of dangerous riffraff. I have no idea who really lived in them. In any event, in those early years in New York I always felt scared when I walked west to Broadway, where once again the buildings became large and grand. New York was perceived to be a dangerous city, and in the mythology of our family this dangerousness extended above all to the public schools. In Rochester, it would have been unthinkable for any of us to be educated in a private school. Apart from the cost, it would have violated my father's democratic principles. But given the potentially traumatic move to New York my parents decided that my brother and I should go to a private school. The one that had been recommended to us was Columbia Grammar School, on West Ninety-third Street, not far from Central Park. Nearly all the students were from upper-middle-class Jewish families. I was enrolled there in the eighth grade, in the spring semester of 1943.

I still have the yearbooks—the *Columbianas*, as they were called—for the years 1944 through 1947, the four years I attended high school there. The pictures that look out at me from these yearbooks are even stranger to me than the ones in my baby book. Almost none of the names mean anything to me now. What ever has happened to, for example, Paul S. Newlinger, of the class of 1946, who signed my book in Spanish with a reference to himself. "*Soy muy terrifico*," he wrote. Or Robert B. Schwaid, of the class of 1947, who wrote "The Hell with the rest, remember Robert B. Schwaid," and whom I do not remember at all. A few names do mean something. There is Henry Steiner, my closest friend in school, with whom I later went off to Harvard, and who remained there, on the law faculty. There is Gary Graffman, who was already a piano virtuoso, and whom we called Graflex. And, above all, there is Murray Gell-Mann. I shall have a great deal more to say about Murray Gell-Mann in what is to come. Suffice it to say here that he dominated my field of physics—the theory of elementary particles—for well over a decade. He was awarded the Nobel Prize in Physics in 1969 for, among many other things, inventing the quark. He appears only in my 1944 yearbook. We are essentially the same age, but at fourteen he was a senior. Under Senior Statistics, along with Most Popular (Howard Weinstein) and Most Likely to Succeed (Bill Goodman), there is Most Studious: "In a shower of votes, Murray Gell-Mann, the 'wonder boy,' easily won the title." At fifteen, he matriculated at Yale.

I don't recognize myself in these yearbook pictures. I became very fat in high school, finally weighing, in my sophomore year, over two hundred pounds—forty pounds more than I weigh now. I do not think I gained all that weight because I was unhappy. I wasn't. I gained it simply because I did not know any better, and because I came from a background in which—at least as far as my father was concerned, since the real problem when he was growing up had been to put food on the table at all—health and prosperity were equated with girth. When I say that I was not unhappy, this requires some qualification. The adjustment to my new school was not easy. Indeed, the first day I was there I was beaten up. We were being taken for a walk around the reservoir in Central Park when a sort of rat-faced kid, a member of my new class, jumped me without warning. It was not a severe beating, but I was thoroughly shaken up. My parents reacted characteristically. My mother went to the school and made it quite clear that this was not what she was paying private-

Florida's most exciting harbortown resort village.
Charming waterfront residences. Golf course homesites. Tennis villas.
And that's just the beginning.

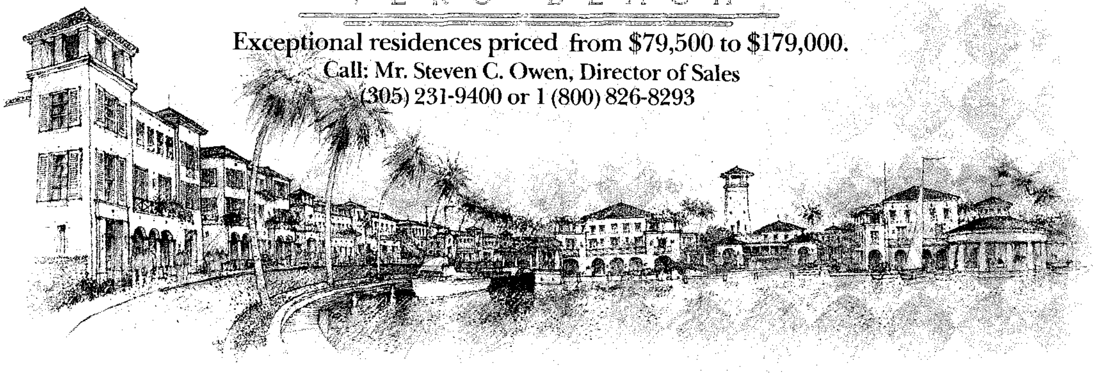
There will also be a private ocean Beach Club, a deepwater marina, a superb resort hotel, a Health Club, a Joe Lee designed 18-hole championship equity golf course, a 14-court Tennis Club, a Swim Club and The River Club—an exclusive equity membership golf club featuring an 18-hole championship course by Pete Dye.

Then there'll be Grand Harbor's charming Bermuda-inspired waterfront village where you'll walk or bike to outdoor cafes, elegant boutiques, open-air fruit and flower markets, gourmet food stores, fine restaurants, and romantic piazzas overlooking Florida's Indian River.

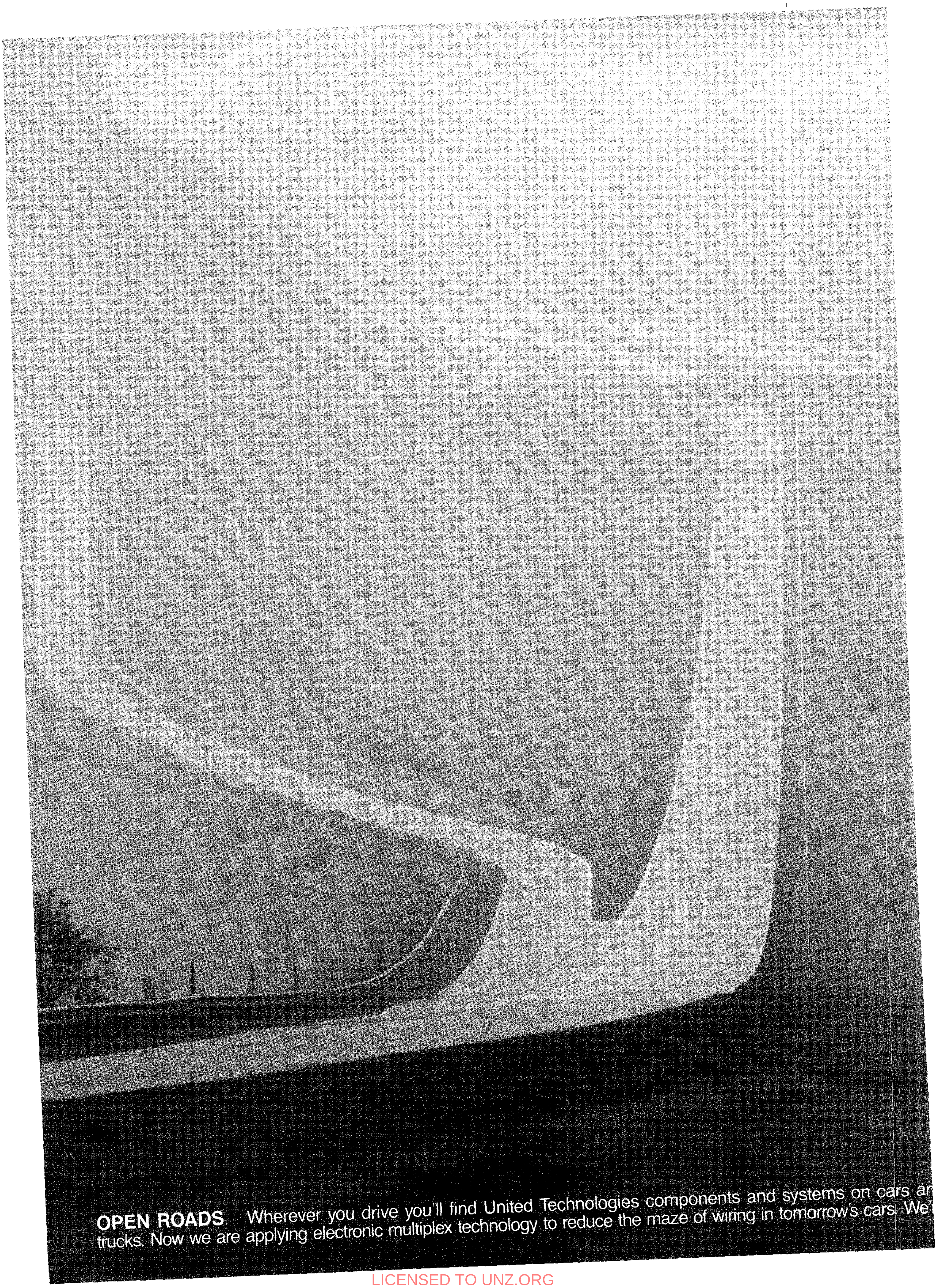
To learn more about Florida's unique 855-acre island community, call or write for our brochure today. But don't wait. Grand Harbor has already achieved $20 million in sales in less than a year.

GRAND HARBOR
VERO BEACH

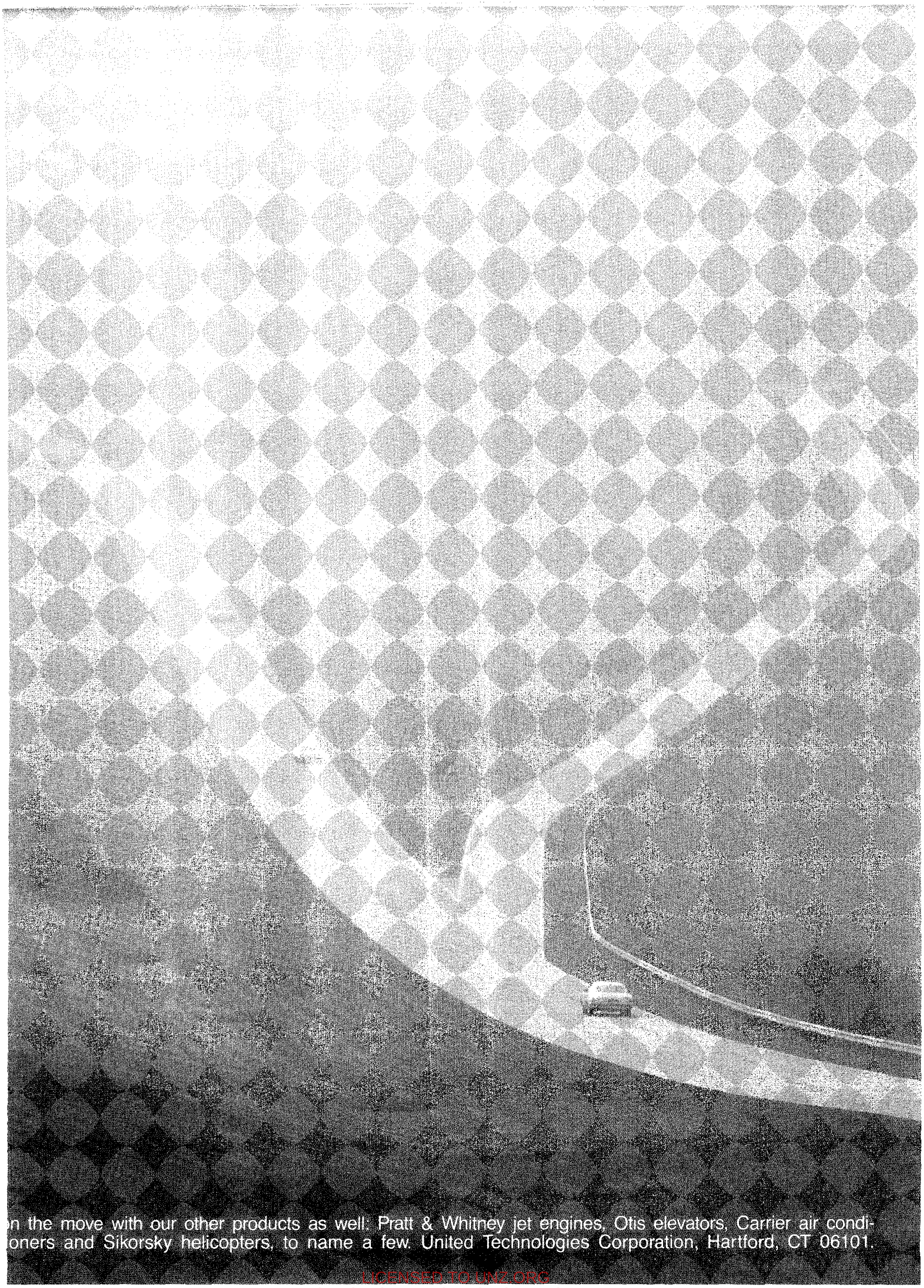
Exceptional residences priced from $79,500 to $179,000.
Call: Mr. Steven C. Owen, Director of Sales
(305) 231-9400 or 1 (800) 826-8293



The Schaub Communities, Dept. NY-1, 8400 North A1A, Indian River Shores, FL 32963
Offer void in states where prohibited.
This advertisement is not an offering to Illinois, New York or New Jersey residents. Prices subject to change without notice.



OPEN ROADS Wherever you drive you'll find United Technologies components and systems on cars ar
trucks. Now we are applying electronic multiplex technology to reduce the maze of wiring in tomorrow's cars. We'

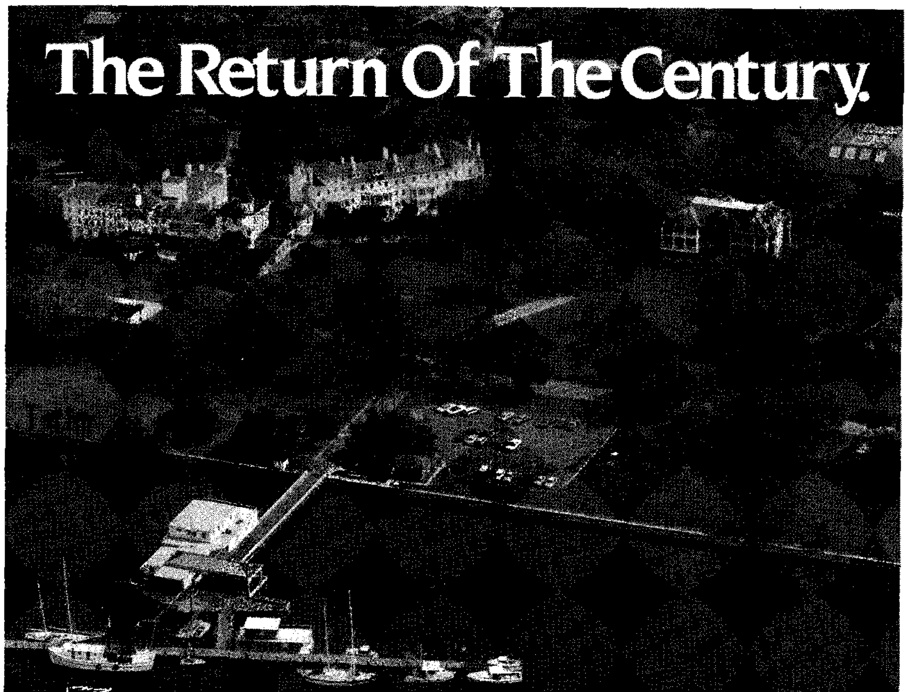


n the move with our other products as well: Pratt & Whitney jet engines, Otis elevators, Carrier air condi-
ioners and Sikorsky helicopters, to name a few. United Technologies Corporation, Hartford, CT 06101.

school tuition for. My father, on the other hand, said that I had better learn how to take care of myself—to fight back. My father was always a fighter. He was beyond intimidation. In 1932, for example, when no public auditorium in Rochester would give Margaret Sanger a platform from which to discuss her views on birth control my father gave her the auditorium of the temple, despite the fact that the Catholic Diocese of Rochester accused her—and, by implication, him—of breaking the law. I do not remember whether I was given boxing lessons, but I do remember that I was strongly encouraged to take part in every kind of team sport, including tackle football.

Football and swimming became a big part of my high-school life. In football, I had an advantage and a disadvantage. The advantage was my size. I played the line and could more or less stand there and keep people from running in our general direction. The disadvantage was my myopia, which had been discovered several years earlier when I rode my bicycle into a tree. As contact lenses were a rarity, I played football with the naked eye, which meant that hostile, looming shapes came and went in a sort of haze. I stood on the line like some befuddled, myopic sloth, grabbing at the odd human form as it went by. When the football season ended, the swimming season began, and from December to April my eyes were a pleasant pinkish hue, because of their exposure to the chlorine in various swimming pools. Our swimming team in my sophomore year placed third in the National Interscholastic Championships and was easily the best team in New York City. We also tied the Yale freshman team—a remarkable accomplishment, since Yale was then the preëminent power in collegiate competitive swimming. My own event was the two-hundred-and-twenty-yard freestyle, and I took a third in that meet—which is less astonishing, since, I am obliged to report, there were only three of us swimming.

Team sports were just one part of my newly discovered life in New York. Besides my studies, which occupied the minimum possible time, my life was a peculiar combination of music and show business. To illustrate this, I have to backtrack a little. One of the wonderful features of the Rochester public-school system was its music program. We were all tested for musical aptitude, and if one had any, one was encouraged to take up a musi-



The Return Of The Century.

For relaxation with refinement, America's highest society came to The Jekyll Island Club. Today, you can recapture the spirit of elegant and exclusive living at our world-class hotel, resort and meeting facility.

136 rooms and suites; classic cuisine; indoor and outdoor tennis; a surfside Beach Club, and 63 holes of Golf are just a few of our attractions.

For more information on how you can relax in the grand tradition, call 1-800-228-9822. Or write: The Jekyll Island Club, Jekyll Island, GA 31520.

The Jekyll Island Club
A Radisson Resort

ELIZABETH PAXTON (1880-1972)

WE SOLD OUR FIRST PAXTON IN 1917.

Elizabeth Paxton belongs with the best of the Boston School Painters. She received her early training at the Cowles Art School under Joseph DeCamp and Ernest Major. This is where she met William M. Paxton, whom she married in 1899.

Both artists were to share the same preoccupation with color and light. Unlike any other artist of this period, Elizabeth Paxton's keen affection for rather ordinary objects enabled her to endow a painting with extraordinary and highly developed artistic sensibilities.

In 1915 Elizabeth Paxton won a silver medal at the Pan-Pacific Exposition, and was later to receive a National Gold Medal from the Council of American Artists' Societies. She exhibited her work at the Guild of Boston Artists, the Pennsylvania Academy and the Concord Art Association. Today, works by Paxton are quite obscure as are the details of the artist's life. The very unusual qualities of her work attracted purchasers immediately, and thus we are only beginning to understand the contribution which Elizabeth Paxton has to make.

Now offered, three rare oils. Prices ranging from $8,000-$18,000.

Vose GALLERIES OF BOSTON, INC. ESTABLISHED 1841
Dealers in fine paintings for five generations.
238 NEWBURY ST., BOSTON, MA. 02116 • (617) 536-6176

cal instrument. In my case, buying a lot of different instruments to try out was out of the question, but that didn't matter, because one could rent them. I began with the clarinet and got so I could play some elementary tune on it, and then I lost interest. I took up the trombone and learned to do an imitation of an automobile horn, and then gave up on that. I took up the baritone horn but decided that it sounded foolish. I then took up the trumpet, and that stuck. I took trumpet lessons in Rochester and worked fairly hard at it, and when we moved to New York I took more trumpet lessons—these from an amicable man named Edmund Treutel, who taught at the Ninety-second Street Y.M.H.A. There was a pool at the Y.M.H.A., so I could combine a trumpet lesson with the thirty-odd practice laps I swam daily.

Mr. Treutel was a classical trumpet player, and I studied classical trumpet, which, in those days, meant working through the Arban book of trumpet exercises. Finding a place to practice was a problem. My brother and I shared a room in the back of our apartment which looked over a large airshaft—or small courtyard, depending on how one viewed it—with wonderful acoustics. However, after the neighbors complained I got a mute. I then discovered Harry James, and that was the end of my interest in the classical trumpet. I tried to teach myself to play jazz. Harry James, who was at the height of his celebrity, actually had an apartment a block or so south of us on Central Park West. I wrote him a note offering to set up music stands, if necessary, in order to learn from the Master. I got back an agreeable postcard from the manager of the orchestra, Frank Monte, noting that "we already have a man to set up the stands," and adding, "The best of luck with your trumpet, and just practice as long as you can." By the time I got this card, it was all but irrelevant, since I had begun a friendship with Duke Ellington and several members of his orchestra which lasted several years.

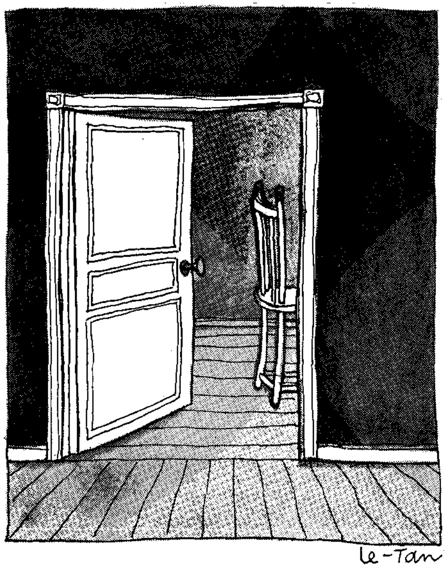
This very significant aspect of my high-school—and, to a lesser extent, university—life requires some explanation. When I was a high-school sophomore, I began writing a column for our school newspaper which I called "Seeing Stars." This column consisted of various interviews that I arranged with celebrated show people who came through New York. Our newspaper issued some sort of press card, and, armed with it and a good deal of nerve, one could get to interview people like Tommy Dorsey, Edgar Bergen, Benny Goodman, and Henry Morgan. I have a vivid recollection of my interview with Morgan. He was then living in a suite in one of the hotels on Central Park South. When I showed up, after arranging the interview over the phone, he was somewhat taken aback. He had thought that the *Columbia News* was a publication of Columbia University, and had not expected to be interrogated by a high-school sophomore. I, in turn, had not expected him to be an intellectual—something I ascertained by noting a living-room table covered with very serious-looking books. I asked, in all innocence, if he had actually read those books. He said that he had not but that the table was filled with helium and he had put the books on it to weigh it down, "because otherwise it has a tendency to fly up and stick to the ceiling." I duly reported this in my column. Many of my interviews were conducted in the radio studios—the NBC Red and Blue Network studios—in Radio City. On those rare weekdays when I didn't have football or swimming practice, and often on the weekends, I would take the subway from Central Park West to Radio City and haunt the studios, looking for people to interview and generally soaking up the ambience. It was on one of these Saturdays that I discovered Duke Ellington and his orchestra.

I wandered into a large studio and noticed a number of musicians sitting around in various parts of it with their instruments casually propped beside them. I sat down and waited to see what would happen. A few minutes before an hour that I recall as four, an announcer appeared on a stage at one end of the room, and precisely at four a piano player appeared. It was Billy Strayhorn. He began a solo opening chorus—those chords that became the anthem for my high-school years—and then from all sides of the studio the musicians got up from their chairs and began playing "Take the 'A'-Train" while they walked to the stage. I was completely stunned by both the music and the musicians, and, I am afraid, instantly abandoned Harry James. "The Flight of the Bumblebee"—one of James' virtuoso turns on the trumpet—seemed pretty trivial compared with what Cootie Williams could do with a plunger mute. Having made this wonderful discovery, I was determined to come back every Saturday, and not only that but to get to know these amazing musicians well enough to be able to write about them in my column. My chance came on my third or fourth visit. I noticed two of the musicians playing chess. Not only had I had a few lessons with Max Herzberger but I had also read a few chess books. After watching the game for a while, I was persuaded that here was a classic case of potzerism. I didn't say anything, but when one of the musicians left, the other asked if I would like to play. It was a Walter Mitty dream come true. We played several games, with many of the members of the orchestra gathered around making snide comments at the expense of my opponent, who turned out to be Al Sears, the tenor-saxophone player, who had replaced the great Ben Webster. Sears, whom I got to know pretty well over the years, had two personalities. Offstage, he was a quiet, studious man given to chess playing and pipe smoking; onstage, he was a wild man. He had just written a jazz piece called "Castle Rock," and I was puzzled by the etymology of the title. "You see, Jerry," he explained carefully, "a rock is a [sexually explicit], and a Castle Rock is a great big [sexually explicit]!" At the time, I had not had a [sexually explicit], but I wrote down this information in my notebook.

Sears introduced me to all the members of the orchestra, among them Johnny Hodges, the magnificent alto-saxophone player, who was known as Rabbit; Harry Carney, a deeply religious man, who played a wonderful baritone saxophone and really anchored the orchestra; the trumpet player Ray Nance, "the man who dance;" Sonny Greer, the drummer, who always seemed to be in a world of his own; and Al Hibbler, the blind singer. Apart from Sears, my closest friend became William Alonzo (Cat) Anderson, who died in 1981. Cat got his name because of his feline appearance. He was a short, very powerful man with the broad face of a large cat. He played the trumpet, and was noted for his solos, which featured soaring high notes. He was soft-spoken and immensely kind. I finally worked up the courage to tell him that I, too, played the trumpet, and he insisted that I bring it down to the studio so that he could hear me. I was in truth a very mediocre trumpet player, but Cat was kind enough to give me some hints, especially about playing jazz. This collaboration reached a high point when Cat—probably with the permission of Duke Ellington—let me sit in with him during a stint that the band was playing at the old Hurricane Club, on Broadway. I blew a few notes and felt very grand.

I got to know Duke Ellington as well. I have no idea who he thought I was or what he thought I was doing there—"there" being everywhere in the New York metropolitan area where the band was playing—but it was clear that I was full of admiration and good will. I wrote an affectionate and admiring column about him for our newspaper. Several years later, when I was in college and was visiting my parents in Rochester, the orchestra came to Batavia, New York, to play an engagement. I am not sure that Cat Anderson was with it at that time, but Al Sears stayed at our house in Rochester. My father and I then drove him to Batavia. My father had never met Duke Ellington and was not, to put it mildly, much of a jazz fan. However, he agreed to stay and listen to the concert. Sears thought that my father and Duke Ellington should meet, so he arranged for the four of us to have lunch together at a restaurant in Batavia called the Berry Patch. My father and Ellington had a pleasant talk, during which Ellington asked my father what he would take to a desert island if he could take only two things, adding that, as for himself, he would take the Bible and Lena Horne. I do not remember my father's choices.

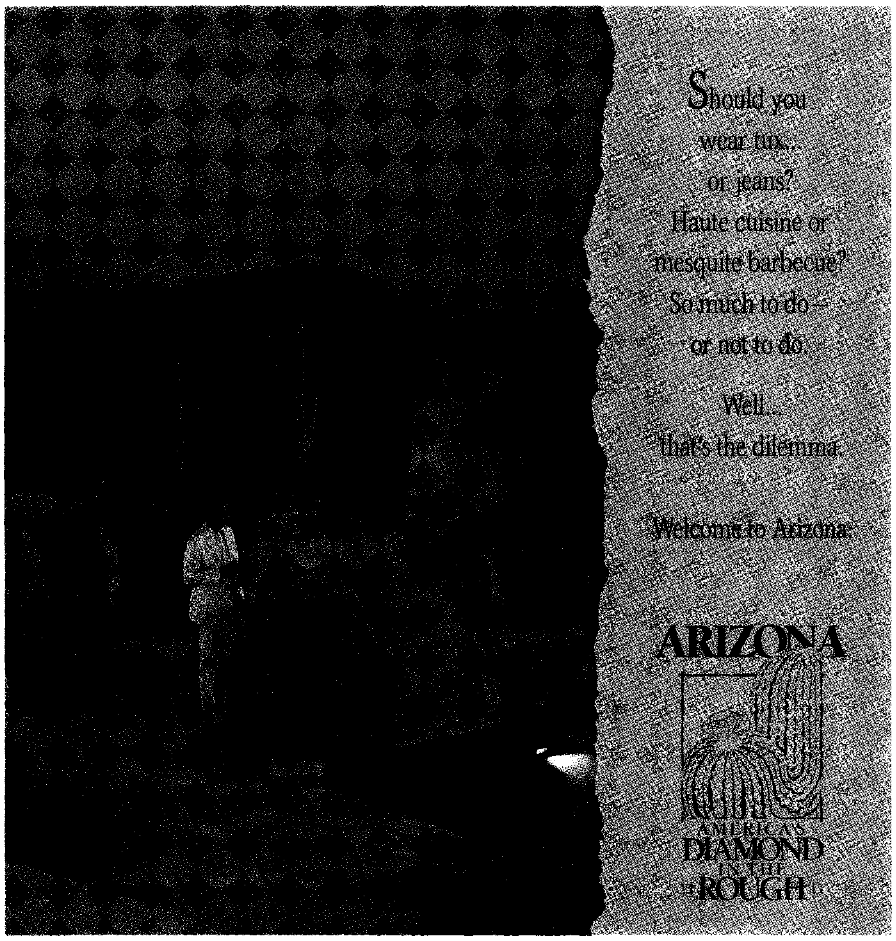
During the first year in which I was following the orchestra, my parents did not pay any special attention, and then, in my senior year, when I was really spending a lot of time at it—including nights when I would go to Harlem or midtown—I was not under parental supervision at all. In 1946, President Truman made my father a special assistant to General Joseph T. McNarney, the commander of the remaining American forces in Europe. My father was to help arrange the resettlement of some two hundred thousand displaced Jews, largely from Central and Eastern Europe, who were the last survivors of the Jewish population there. Most of these people had been in concentration camps during the war and did not wish to—or could not—return to their native countries. It is sometimes forgotten that after the war there were pogroms in Poland. My father was with the headquarters of the United States Armed Forces in Europe, in Frankfurt. Thus, at the end of my junior year in high school, the rest of the family decamped for Germany. It was felt that if I went along my education would be so disrupted that I might have difficulty getting into college. This was a time when colleges were overcrowded, with returning soldiers joining the new high-school graduates, and the competition to get into college was intense. So I was left in New York, which suited me fine. I was not completely on my own, since my plumbing-fixture-manufacturing grandfather owned a brownstone off Central Park West a few blocks north of my school. He and my grandmother lived on one floor. On the floor below was a cousin, and on two floors above lived my biochemist uncle and his wife and family. There was a spare room on the lower floor of my uncle's apartment, and it became mine. I had my own key. There were no rules. I simply came and went as I pleased. I was doing reasonably well in school, and seemed healthy enough, so no one asked me any questions about what I did when I was away from the house. I wasn't in fact doing anything very recherché, apart from spending a few nights a week in Harlem or elsewhere listening to jazz. Indeed, when I went to Harlem Cat Anderson or Al Sears would act as chaperon to see that I didn't get into any trouble. These activities went on happily during my senior year, along with football, swimming, and column writing.



One may well ask where in all this was the science. The answer is nowhere. My mother has saved my report cards all the way back to the nineteen-thirties. I would defy anyone to look at her records and predict that this child would become a physicist. I showed ability in things like "oral English," an eighth-grade subject whose precise content I cannot imagine. For the year 1939-40, which must have been at the height of my grasshopper phase, my teacher, one F. H. Calbout, noted, "Jeremy seems to have taken more interest in his work." The use of the word "seems" here tells all. The only subject that I demonstrated any special ability in, according to Ms. Calbout, was reading. In my four years of high school, I took one science course. This course made so little impression on me that until I looked through the collection of report cards I could not remember whether it was chemistry or physics or biology. It turned out to have been physics, in which I got a grade of seventy-five—the lowest grade by far in anything that semester. I do remember the teacher, Mr. Randel. He was a very nice man. I believe he had been an equipment demonstrator in a department store before he became our science teacher. I have no idea what his training in science was. I do not think it would have made the slightest difference in my case. My teacher might have been Richard Feynman himself and it wouldn't have mattered. I wasn't interested. There was a mathematics club, which was run by a sulfurous mathematics teacher named Mr. Reynolds—a club that, needless to say, I did not join. Mr. Reynolds had high standards, and he kept comparing us with prior students, like Murray Gell-Mann. After making the comparison, he would add, "In Tarrytown"—where he lived—"we bury our dead," no doubt a reference to the poor lot he was now confronted with. As far as I was concerned, mathematics was a series of exercises and puzzles which had no purpose other than to lead to a final examination. That it was a subject with intellectual content and beauty I had no inkling. In fact, in some profound sense, I don't think I had any intellectual interests at all, and, of course, I hadn't the slightest idea what I wanted to do with my life.

On the other hand, it was a foregone conclusion that I would go to college. If anyone had asked me why, I am sure I would have answered, "Because everyone in our family goes to college." It would not have occurred to me how wrong this observation was. Prior to my father's generation, few if any of my family had had a higher education, and most of the women of my father's generation—and some of the men—had no higher education, either. Mine was the first generation in which it was somehow axiomatic that one went to college. But what college? Columbia Grammar had a very good college adviser, Mr. Hugh Merson. To this day, I think of Mr. Merson with affection and respect. He signed my report cards with statements like "Promoted to the High School. Hugh Merson. Director gr. 5-8. Good luck to the freshman!" and "Good work, Jerry!" I think he really felt I might be able to get everything together in one place and make something of my life, and he encouraged me to apply to the best colleges, even though my academic record was somewhat mixed.

On the subject of colleges, the counsel was diverse. There were those who said I should be a big fish in a small pond, and there were those who said I should be a small fish in a big pond. The small-pond people said I should go to Swarthmore, so I duly spent a weekend at Swarthmore. There was a track meet, and after one of the events in which a Swarthmore man placed somewhere, a group of girls came out of the stands and put a laurel wreath on his brow. I decided, on the spot, that this was not the place for me. Too "kissy," as Duke Ellington would have put it. I had visited Syracuse many times with my father, and in view of his connection I applied there. I also applied to Harvard. An uncle who had done graduate work there said that he had found it socially uncomfortable. That was in the thirties, when the club system, which was uncomfortable for Jews and other minorities, was in full swing. On the other hand, I thought, Harvard was at least in a city; moreover, my best friend, Henry Steiner, had applied, and as he had been a brilliant student he was certain to get in. So I applied, even though Mr. Merson had warned me that it would be unlikely that our small private school—my graduating class consisted of forty-eight students



Should you
wear tux...
or jeans?
Haute cuisine or
mesquite barbecue?
So much to do—
or not to do.
Well...
that's the dilemma.
Welcome to Arizona.
ARIZONA
AMERICA'S
DIAMOND
IN THE
ROUGH
Arizona Office of Tourism, 1480 East Bethany Home Road, Phoenix, Arizona 85014

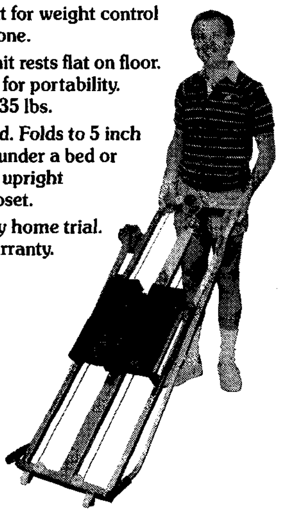
All rights of the producer and of the owner of the work reproduced reserved · Unauthorised copying, hiring, lending, public performance and broadcasting of this record prohibited
Deutsche Grammophon
HOROWITZ
COMPACT disc DIGITAL AUDIO
DIGITAL RECORDING
419 217-2 GH
Made in West Germany
℗ 1986
Polydor International GmbH
THE STUDIO RECORDINGS
NEW YORK 1985
Schumann: Kreisleriana • Scarlatti: Piano Sonatas L. 33 & 224
Liszt: Impromptu (1872); Valse oubliée no. 1
Scriabin: Etude op. 8 no. 12 • Schubert: Impromptu D. 935, no. 3
Schubert/Tausig/Horowitz: Marche militaire D. 733, no. 1
VLADIMIR HOROWITZ, Piano

Fitness Master LT-35

TOTAL SYSTEM FOR CARDIOVASCULAR FITNESS.

Simulates cross-country skiing, regarded by fitness authorities as the top cardiovascular exercise. Rated higher than jogging, swimming, biking or rowing.

- Fluid motion — no jarring impact on bones and joints. Avoids running related injuries.
- Excellent for weight control and body tone.
- Stable, unit rests flat on floor. Lightweight for portability. Weighs only 35 lbs.
- Easily stored. Folds to 5 inch height. Slips under a bed or stands upright in closet.
- 30 day home trial. 2 year warranty.
- Can be used by men and women regardless of size or weight. Height and resistance adjustable.



For a Free Brochure call:
TOLL FREE 1-800-328-8995
In Minnesota 1-612-474-0992
Fitness Master, Incorporated
1387 Park Road Dept. XD
Chanhassen, Minnesota 55317

China

Four great ways to see the China of your choice.

Top-of-the-line to more affordably priced, our four great programs with nearly 50 itineraries and over 1,000 departures let you see the best of China at the pace and price you want. Tour China, Hong Kong, Japan, Tibet, Southeast Asia, even cruise the Yangtze River on our fully escorted programs, all featuring the must-see Golden Route cities. Choose China Experience® with the newest, luxury hotels, value-priced China Focus® an all-China Escapade® or new deluxe China Vistas® As #1 to China and the Orient, Pacific Delight delivers the most quality, value and variety. Send for our color brochures.

GO WITH THE REAL EXPERTS NY1/26
Pacific Delight Tours, Inc., 132 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10016
(212) 684-7707 (NY) or toll-free: (800) 221-7179 (U.S. & Canada)
Please rush me your 1987 China Vacations brochures.

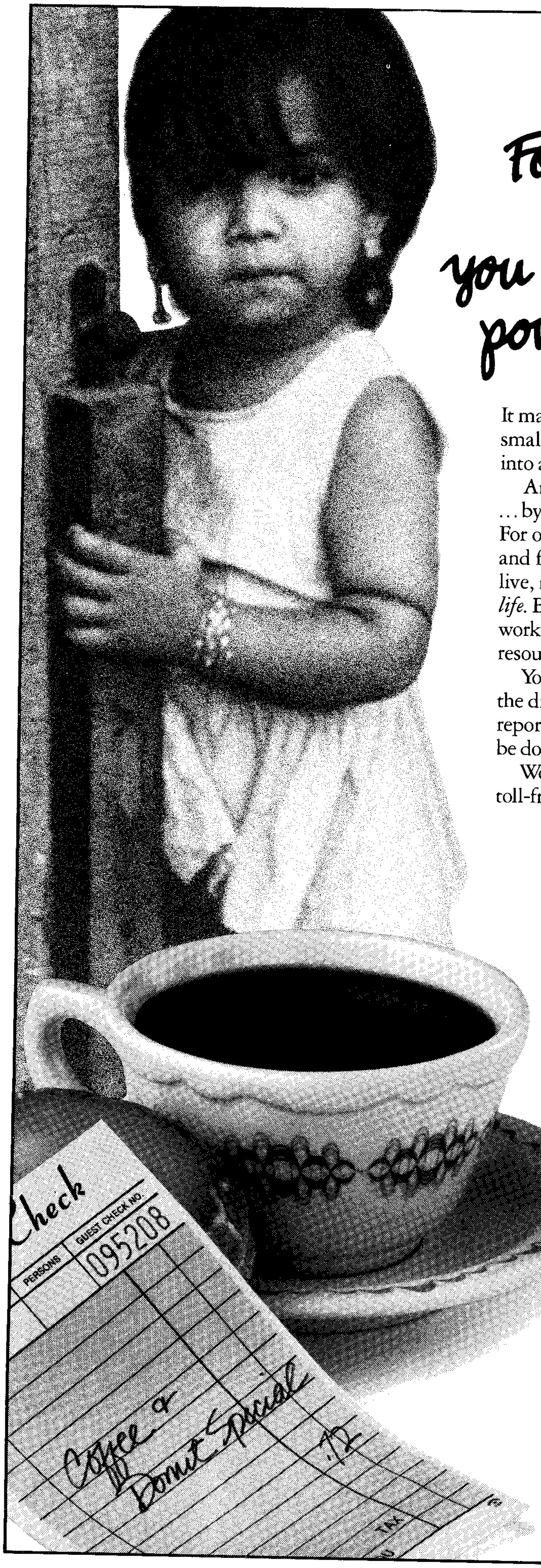
Name__________
Address__________
City__________ State__________ Zip__________
My Travel Agent is__________

PACIFIC DELIGHT TOURS, INC.

—would receive two acceptances from Harvard.

As expected, Henry Steiner was accepted at Harvard, and on May 26, 1947, I received word that I had been accepted as well. I decided to give it a try, big pond and all. As I will explain, it transformed my life. If this needs any proof, all I have to do is to look at the *Columbiana* for my senior year. In many ways, this is the strangest souvenir I have kept of my childhood and youth. The forty-eight of us are "looking our best" in the senior-class pictures. Under our names are captions that are supposed to provide insight into our characters. Henry Steiner's caption reads "Hail to the Chief." Henry was the editor of the newspaper for two years. Under my picture it says "Young Man with a Horn." Then, there are the special pictures showing the Least Selfish, Most Popular, Most Likely to Succeed, and so on. Henry appears under "Did Most for Columbia Grammar." I do not appear. Then, there is the prophecy made for the year 1967, twenty years after our graduation. Most of these prophecies contain references to school gossip whose significance I do not remember. They are also written with a nasty edge that was supposed to pass for wit. Of Henry Steiner it says, "Yes, and speaking of voices, I read in the latest *Police Gazette*, owned and edited by Henry Steiner, an article written by the notorious Nikki that Jonathan (Nightingale) Goldberg has been elected President of Anderson." I don't anymore understand these references, but in 1967 Henry Steiner was a professor at the Harvard Law School. My prophecy reads "I heard the other day from Jerry ('Blimpo') Bernstein, the new arranger for the blue-black rhythms of Rastus Keller, who, by the way, left a donation to the Leonard School upon graduation for the propagation of more Irises." I don't understand the last part of this prophecy, either, but by 1967 I had been working as a professional physicist for over a decade.

IT was September of 1947. I was seventeen and had been in Cambridge for about two weeks. I was homesick. On second thought, I don't think "homesick" is exactly the right word. I had not been living at home for over a year while my parents, my brother, and my sister were in Germany. I was not so much homesick for home as for New York: the New York



For the cost of a morning coffee break, you can break the cycle of poverty for one small child.

It may not seem as though 72¢ will go very far these days. But for a small child like this, it can lead her out of desperate poverty and into a future of hope.

And right now, you can reach out and make that future happen ... by sponsoring one child overseas through Foster Parents Plan. For only 72¢ a day, you can make it possible for your Foster Child and family to have adequate food and clothing, a decent place to live, needed medical care, education ... *and the chance for a better life.* Because while you're helping, the child's own family will be working with Foster Parents Plan to develop the skills and resources they need to help themselves.

You'll be amazed at the difference you can make. And you'll see the difference for yourself. In photographs. Detailed progress reports. And heartwarming letters from your Foster Child. You'll be doing so much for that child ... and for so little.

Won't you help now? Simply mail the coupon today or call toll-free. It could be the biggest break a child ever got.

Foster Parents Plan was founded in 1937 and this year will aid over 280,000 Foster Children and their families in more than 20 countries. We are non-profit, non-sectarian, non-political, and respect the culture and religion of the families we assist. A copy of our financial report, filed with the New York Department of State, is available on request. Your sponsorship is tax-deductible.

To start helping even faster, call toll-free:

1-800-556-7918

In RI call 401-738-5600

Send to: G350

Kenneth H. Phillips, National Executive Director
Foster Parents Plan, Inc., 157 Plan Way, Warwick, RI 02886

I want to become a Foster Parent to:

☐ **The child who has been waiting the longest,** or as indicated:

☐ Boy ☐ Girl ☐ Either

Age: ☐ 6-8 ☐ 9-11 ☐ 12-14 ☐ Any age

☐ Bolivia
☐ Burkina Faso
☐ Colombia
☐ Ecuador
☐ Guatemala
☐ Honduras
☐ India
☐ Indonesia
☐ Kenya
☐ Liberia
☐ Mali
☐ Nepal
☐ Philippines
☐ Sri Lanka
☐ Sudan
☐ Thailand

☐ Enclosed is a check for $22 for my first month's sponsorship of my Foster Child. Please send me a photograph, case history, and complete Foster Parent Sponsorship Kit.

☐ I am not yet sure if I want to become a Foster Parent, but I am interested. Please send me information about the child I would be sponsoring.

☐ Mr. ☐ Mrs.
☐ Miss ☐ Ms.

Address Apt.#

City State Zip

Foster Parents Plan®

You can do so much ... for so little.

Give him the actual newspaper printed the day he was born

Herald Tribune
Lindbergh Lands Safely in Paris at 5:21 P.M.
3,600 Mile Flight in 33½ Hours Thrills World

Ideal Gift For Valentine's Day!

It's the ORIGINAL COMPLETE EDITION! Not a reprint

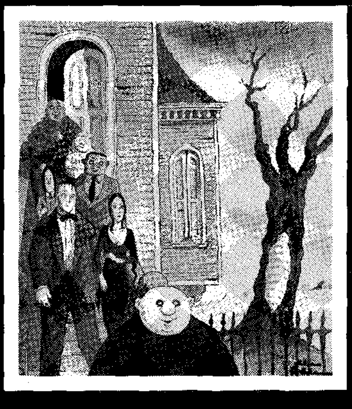
Just think how he or she will thrill when reading of the other events that occurred on the day they were born or married. Valuable and rare, these **old, original** papers make unique gifts **for birthdays, anniversaries**—every occasion! Not just front pages or reproductions, but ***ACTUAL*** and complete* editions of newspapers printed in major US cities 1880—1986. Each comes with a certificate of authenticity.

Authentic Newspaper only, **$29.50†**
Authentic Newspaper with **Personalized Leatherette Presentation Case, $65.††**
Enclose name of recipient to be embossed in gold.
Authentic Newspaper in **Gold-Leaf Frame, $89.50†††**

ORDER TOLL–FREE
1-800-221-3221, Ext. 651
In New Jersey 1-201-381-2332, Ext. 651

By Mail: HISTORIC NEWSPAPER ARCHIVES
Dept. 21, 1582 Hart St., Rahway, NJ 07065.
†Add $2.50 UPS. ††Add $4. UPS. †††Add $6 UPS.
(NJ residents add 6% tax). Major Credit Cards Accepted.
*Sat/Sun papers (news sects only). Historical dates priced higher.

THE ART OF
THE NEW YORKER
A 60 YEAR RETROSPECTIVE

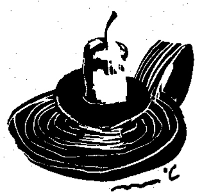


© Copyright 1986 Charles Addams

"We're On Our Way To The New Yorker Art Show"

November 18th through
January 31st
The New York Public Library
Fifth Avenue at 42nd Street

jazz, Broadway, and—above all—the food. By this time, I had managed to lose the forty-odd pounds of excess flab, thanks largely to a summer-camp counsellor. In the summers of my high-school years, I went to a camp in Maine—Camp Kohut—which had some relationship to my high school. During my last summer there, one of the counsellors was training for the fall football season, and he offered to take me and another fat camper, named Fred Bernard, and run us until the fat came off. When I returned to Columbia Grammar for my senior year, I was almost unrecognizable. But I still loved to eat, especially in those marvellous delicatessenlike places on the upper West Side, such as Barney Greengrass ("The Sturgeon King"), and the Tip Toe Inn, which featured a banana-cream pie the thought of which makes my mouth water forty years later.



Now, for the first time in my life, I was confronted with dormitory food. It was not bad, despite the rumor that on Friday nights the meat course featured animals who had died in the Boston zoo during the week. But it had no character. After about two weeks of this food, I decided to try to forage in greater Cambridge. It was a Sunday night. I was by myself and feeling, as I said, homesick. It was a lovely autumn night, and I was walking along Massachusetts Avenue nursing my melancholy when I spotted what appeared to be, at least from the outside, a delicatessen restaurant. I saw a counter with stools, and I said, somewhat foolishly, to the proprietor, "Can people eat at the counter?"

"Sonny," he answered, with a familiar, Yiddish accent, "what do you think they are doing there?"

I could have embraced the man—more so after a rousing portion of cheese blintzes rounded off with a generous slice of cheesecake. I walked slowly back to Harvard Yard with the certain feeling that I would get through the semester.

The year before, the chairman of the Committee on Admission at Harvard had written to my father in Germany to alert him to the difficulties of admission. "We are expecting probably four times the number of satisfactory applicants in proportion to the number we can take," he had noted. "There are so many veterans still left that our freshman class will be about three-fourths of the normal size instead of full-size." One effect of this was that the housing was somewhat more crowded than usual, and various classmen were jumbled together. I lived with three other students, among them my high-school friend Henry Steiner, in a small suite of rooms in Matthews Hall which, I imagine, in more normal circumstances would have accommodated two or three of us. The first thing that struck me about dormitory living was that there were rules. I don't think they were very Draconian. They involved things like visitation hours. But they were clearly stated and prominently posted. This seemed to me a step backward, since I had been on my own in New York for over a year. The rules were administered by a proctor—in this case, a young law student named Richard Kleindeinst, later the Attorney General of the United States under Nixon. I don't have any very clear recollection of him from this time except that he spoke with what struck me as an odd accent. He was from Arizona. Like all law students, he was drowning in work.

Fortunately, as a freshman I had very little choice in the courses I was to take. There was an English-composition requirement, so I enrolled in English composition. There was a "humanities" requirement, so I enrolled in a huge general-education course in the humanities which was taught by I. A. Richards. And then there was the science requirement. If there had not been this requirement, I would never have become a physicist—that is why I say "fortunately" in referring to the lack of choice of courses. When I entered Harvard, my determination not to take another science course ran a close second to my strong feeling about not getting back into any more swimming pools. But there was this science requirement. Upon closer examination, I saw that general-education courses in science were being offered in various subjects at various levels. One could find one's level, in the way that one might join classes in a ski school. The lowest possible level seemed to be a course taught by the historian of science I. Bernard Cohen, which was called Natural Sciences 3. This course, it was said, was for people who were semi-literate in science. That, I decided, was just right for me. Cohen turned out to be an ample, comfortable man with magnificent handwriting.

There was something immensely reassuring about the way in which he wrote the formulas. They had round, nonthreatening shapes. He drew beautiful diagrams, and the classroom demonstrations were entertaining and equally nonthreatening.

The course began with the ancient Greeks. We learned Aristarchus of Samos's argument for finding the distance of the sun from the earth, and Eratosthenes' argument that gave him very nearly the correct circumference of the earth. We moved through the Middle Ages and on to Copernicus, Kepler, and Galileo. Cohen was a Newton scholar, so we spent a good deal of time on Newton. I remember being surprised to learn that Newton had a nervous breakdown at the age of fifty which essentially put an end to his scientific life. The course then turned to chemists, like Robert Boyle, who founded the atomic theory of chemistry, and to the nineteenth-century physicists Michael Faraday and James Clerk Maxwell, who created the modern theory of electromagnetism. We scattered bits of iron filings in the neighborhood of an electromagnet and mapped the field lines the way Faraday had done. Cohen then displayed the method by which, at the end of the nineteenth century, J. J. Thomson discovered the electron. None of this involved any mathematics beyond the high-school variety, at which I had been fairly proficient, and none of it was of sufficient interest to me to have turned me into a physicist. Then came relativity.

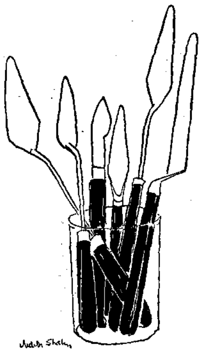
I no longer remember how Cohen introduced relativity. He certainly told us that the mass of the electron increases with its velocity, and that rulers shrink. I found both of these revelations absolutely mind-boggling. As I look back on it, I am hard put to it to say exactly why. After all, until I took Cohen's course I knew nothing about electrons, so why should I have been surprised that their mass increased as they went faster—especially since I had not had, prior to the course, a very clear idea of what mass was in the first place? It is an example of how deeply embedded certain common-sense ideas are. A non-physicist may have only the vaguest idea of what mass is; nonetheless, a variable mass seems like an oxymoron. These revelations really caught my attention, the more so when Cohen said—possibly as a joke, although I took it seriously—that only nine, or twelve, people in the world understood the theory of relativity. I forget whether he included himself. Years later, I discovered that this was a paraphrase of a celebrated colloquy involving the British astronomer Sir Arthur Eddington, whose early book on relativity—the one that Oppenheimer recommended to his brother—is still a classic. He was asked if it was true that only three people in the world understood relativity, and after thinking for a minute he replied, "Who is the third?" In any event, I decided, with that bravado characteristic of a Harvard freshman, that I would become the tenth, or thirteenth, or whatever person to understand relativity.

I did not tell anybody about this chimera, which was a good thing, because if I had I would no doubt have been told that any competent graduate student in physics understands at least some of the theory, and that, given my background, I didn't have a chance in the world of understanding it. Either of these observations would have stopped me in my tracks. But now I was armed with this secret ambition. So I went off to Widener Library to see if it happened to have a book on relativity. I decided that I might as well start with a book by Einstein, since he, at least, was certain to understand the theory. There were two. One was called simply "Relativity," and the other was called "The Meaning of Relativity." I liked the sound of the second title, so I took it out. It was the wrong choice. It could not have been a worse choice. "The Meaning of Relativity"—something I did not realize at the time—is a series of lectures that Einstein delivered in German in 1921 to an audience of physicists at Princeton. The lectures were later translated and published as a small book. From my point of view, the great advantage of the book was its size. The main text is only a hundred and eight pages long. I reasoned that I would read one page a day and at that rate would have mastered the book in a little over three months. I thought of approaching the matter in somewhat the same way we had learned poetry, such as Scott's "The Lady of the Lake," in high school; that is, by memorizing certain lines, if necessary, so that one could repeat them to oneself until one thoroughly understood them. My feeling was that one could understand anything written in English, if only one read it slowly.

CAFFE ESPRESSO
CAPPUCCINO
CAKES·PASTRIES·PIES
SALERNO
HEROS SANDWICHES
ITALIAN FOOD
PIZZA
M.IAN

The book begins straightforwardly enough. "The theory of relativity is intimately connected with the theory of space and time," Einstein writes. So far so good. He then describes the nature of time, and what is meant by a clock. Thus endeth page 1. For five days, I proceeded with my plan and, if not understanding everything, at least understood enough to be encouraged. Then, on the sixth day, the whole thing collapsed. In the middle of the page there stood a formula of which I could understand nothing. The symbols were completely meaningless to me. It was not going to be like reading "The Lady of the Lake" after all. I did not know what to do, so I went to speak to Cohen. I thought he might ridicule the whole enterprise, but instead he made what turned out to be one of those suggestions that can change one's life. He said that in the spring the Physics Department would be offering a course called Physics 16, which concerned itself with philosophical and historical questions connected to modern science and, most particularly, the theory of relativity. He told me that it would be taught by Philipp Frank—a name that meant nothing to me—and that Professor Frank was a friend of Einstein's. *That* meant something. He said that the course was normally open only to students who had had the equivalent of something like his Natural Sciences 3 but that there would probably be no objection if I took Physics 16 and the second half of his course concurrently. Nothing ventured, nothing gained, so I enrolled in Physics 16 for the spring.

The course was scheduled to meet late Wednesday afternoons in the large lecture hall in the Jefferson Physics Laboratory. I went there not knowing what to expect. The room was nearly full, as Professor Frank's course attracted a number of scholars from various departments. I took a seat toward the rear and waited. A few minutes after the hour, he walked in, limping slightly—years later, I learned that this was the result of a childhood encounter with a Viennese streetcar—and put an ancient-looking set of notes down on the large lecture table. He was a short, somewhat oval man, largely devoid of hair. The hair he did have floated in white wisps in various directions, as if in a breeze. Without meaning any disrespect, if I had to describe his face I would say it resembled that of an exceedingly intelligent, Middle European basset hound. The corners of his mouth were turned up in an expectant smile. In later years, when I would talk for hours with Professor Frank, I learned that it was very important not to say anything during this smile phase. It meant that Professor Frank was recalling the details of what was often an extremely funny anecdote, and if one interrupted this process the anecdote would get lost. In this instance, the anecdote had to do with the fact that some Cambridge urchins had fired on him with a few snowballs, and that during the not very damaging assault one of the assailants had declared himself to be "from the fourth dimension"—a remark that proved, Professor Frank said, just how deeply Einstein's ideas had penetrated popular culture. This anecdote was told in an extraordinary accent. After thinking about it for several years, and after learning that Professor Frank was fluent in French, Italian, German, English, Spanish, Russian, and Czech—not to mention being able to read Persian, Arabic, Hebrew, Latin, and Greek—I decided that each of the languages he spoke had been built on top of the last, like the cities of Troy. English was the topmost language, but all the others were buried underneath at various levels that emerged at different moments in Professor Frank's conversation. His mother tongue was German, since he was born in Vienna, in 1884. He once explained to me the politics of studying English at the German University in Prague in the mid-nineteen-thirties. He had succeeded Einstein as the professor of theoretical physics there in 1912. In the nineteen-thirties, there was a group at the university whom Professor Frank described as "the Nazis," who lived in fear that the Russians would invade Czechoslovakia and put them in prison. Then there were the Communists, who were afraid that the Germans would invade and put *them* in prison. And, finally, there were the Jews, who were sure that either event would be a disaster. The only thing that the three groups could agree upon, Professor Frank told me, was that they should hire an English teacher, so that they could all learn English and emigrate to the United States.



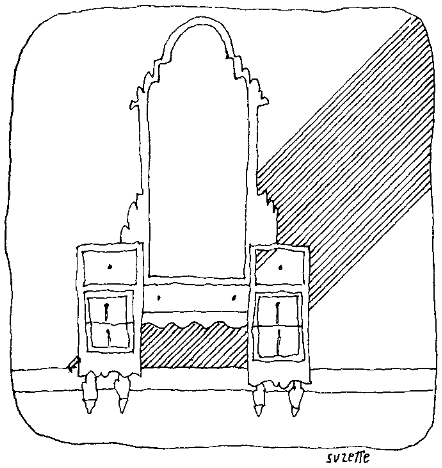
My conversations with him came much later. First, there was the course. I still have the notes from this course, and when I teach the theory of relativity, especially to undergraduates who have a minimum of mathematics, I use Professor Frank's notes. In the course he taught us in the spring of 1948, relativity was not discussed until we were well into the subject matter. The course began with a discussion of geometry—the logic of geometry. Professor Frank wanted to make sure that we understood the distinction between geometry as a series of statements about the physical world which could be tested experimentally, and geometry as a system of logic which could not be refuted as long as it was internally consistent. Understanding this is crucial if one is to understand how there can be non-Euclidean geometries that are logically consistent but appear to defy common sense. For example, in non-Euclidean geometries, there can be many lines drawn through a point which are parallel to a given line. These geometries may or may not have anything to do with the real world, depending on what the real world turns out to be. We then studied the history of the relativity principle, which in its modern form can be traced back at least as far as Galileo. Galileo was convinced that the laws of physics would appear the same to someone on the deck of a ship moving smoothly and uniformly through the water as to a person on land—something that we now call the Galilean relativity principle (a term apparently invented by Professor Frank). Then Professor Frank described the development of the theories regarding the propagation of light, which led to the attempt—unsuccessful—by Albert Michelson and Edward Morley in 1887 to measure the velocity of the earth through the putative "luminiferous ether."

I had no real standard by which I could compare Professor Frank's quality of explanation with anyone else's. All I knew was that I understood, or thought I understood, what he was talking about. The lectures seemed very clear to me while I was listening to them, and I would walk from the Jefferson Laboratory to my room in Matthews Hall and try to reconstruct them for myself. It was only then that I realized how subtle they were and how much effort was required on my part to really understand them. This was especially true of Professor Frank's discussion of Einstein's theory of relativity—a discussion that proceeded from the "operational definitions" of space and time in terms of measurements made by clocks and rulers to how these measurements appeared to observers who were in motion with respect to each other; this comparison, when quantified, leads to the transformation equations of relativity. Each lecture was divided into two parts, separated by what Professor Frank characterized as "a certain interval." After the interval—usually ten minutes—we had a question period. It was during this question period that Professor Frank revealed the full range of his erudition, including, on one memorable occasion, his writing down a quotation from some obscure author in Persian—a language that, he later told me, he had studied decades before, in Vienna. The thing that struck me most, though, was the mathematics. The ground rules of the course were that during the first hour—the material that we were responsible for—no higher mathematics was ever used. However, some of the questions that came up after the interval were best answered using mathematics like the calculus. Professor Frank would always preface these answers by saying to the questioner, "If you know a little of mathematics . . ." It became increasingly clear to me that I could never progress beyond the dilettante stage without knowing "a little of mathematics."

I had no intention of becoming a professional mathematician and still less a professional physicist. I had been to Professor Frank's office in the Jefferson Laboratory several times, and had found the general atmosphere of the Physics Department—which was full of what seemed to me to be drone-like shades armed with two-foot-long slide rules—gloomy and intimidating. I had absolutely no idea what I was going to become. I did want to study further with Professor Frank, and I did want to understand relativity on a deeper level, and I felt that this could be done only if I learned some higher mathematics. A few of the freshmen I met had taken the calculus and had found it very difficult—a kind of watershed in one's mathematical education. I decided that I had better see my freshman adviser, so that he could look up my mathematical-aptitude tests to see if I had sufficient wits to learn the calculus. I suppose if he had reported that my test scores were low I would have given it up. But he said they were quite adequate, so I no longer had an excuse not to enroll in the first-year calculus course as a sophomore. I was also able that year to take a reading course in the philosophy of science with Professor Frank. It was a little unusual for a sophomore to take a reading course, but the splendid thing about Harvard, at least in those days, was that one could do almost anything in the way of taking courses if one could give a sensible reason for it.

During my undergraduate years, I had the good fortune to run into a few teachers of great consequence, Professor Frank being the first, and the mathematician George Mackey being the second. In time, Mackey became for a small group of my mathematically inclined contemporaries at Harvard not exactly a father figure—he was not very much older than we were—but a sort of legend. Mackey stories abounded. He was totally devoted to mathematics—a kind of mathematical monk, of a singularly benign variety. He was always at work on two or three problems simultaneously, alternating from one to the other. On one occasion, he told us, he dreamed that he had become a "partial derivative"—a dream that we tried for weeks to analyze. As a teacher, he was the antithesis of Cohen. It was not that Mackey's lectures were not prepared; in fact, "Mackey's notes," especially those for the more advanced courses, often circulated as texts. It was—or so I think, because I suffer from the same thing—that considerable time elapsed between the preparation of the notes and the time the lectures were delivered. When I am preparing a new course, I tend to write the whole thing out in advance, in order to put the structure in perspective, and I suspect that Mackey did this as well. But by the time I give the actual lectures I have forgotten, unless I have written them down carefully, the detailed arguments for various elementary steps. Unless I can figure them out on the spot, I get stuck—a circumstance that I am sure gives students a great deal of satisfaction. This used to happen frequently to Mackey. When it did, he would turn red with embarrassment and smile in silent futility. On one occasion, he said that he thought he had the proof in his notes, but when he looked for it all that the notes said was "The proof of this theorem is trivial," which Mackey read to us with a puzzled grin. There were usually enough sharpshooters in the class for one of them to see the trouble and get him started again. If not, Mackey would assign the offending theorem as a problem—something I do myself. All his courses, from the most elementary to the most advanced, were entirely original and very deep. The Harvard *Confi Guide*, that fount of student wisdom on courses and teachers, reported that Mackey "talked too fast and wrote illegibly, according to one student." There was some truth to this, no doubt, but it was also beside the point. In any event, in my sophomore year I enrolled in Mackey's section of elementary calculus.

I began my reading course with Professor Frank in the fall. Our idea was to read together a certain number of the classics in the philosophy of science. We began with Aristotle and then got into the Middle Ages, with philosophers like Thomas Aquinas and William of Occam. We read some Hume, Locke, and Mill. We concentrated mostly on the positivists, such as Comte, Stallo, Charles Sanders Peirce, and, above all, Ernst Mach. Professor Frank had had some contact with Mach in Vienna and, in a certain sense, had been Mach's heir in Prague, at the German University. Mach was a professor there, and later Rector, from 1867 to 1895, when he returned to Vienna, where he had taken his doctorate. In 1912, Professor Frank arranged a meeting between Einstein, with whom he had been in contact since 1907, and Mach. Mach disbelieved in the existence of atoms, whereas Einstein's early scientific career was devoted to the statistical mechanics of large assemblies of atoms. Neither man succeeded in changing the other's mind. Professor Frank also told me about some aspects of his own intellectual life. He had been a physics student in Vienna, and had studied there with Ludwig Boltzmann. Boltzmann was one of the founders of the discipline of statistical mechanics; in that sense, he was a predecessor of Einstein. Boltzmann and Mach often argued about the atomic hypothesis—the question of whether or not atoms "exist." Mach's favorite question to Boltzmann concerning atoms was "Have you seen one?" Boltzmann committed suicide in 1906, and it has been said that a proximate cause was his disagreement with Mach. Professor Frank thought this was nonsense, and pointed out that, apart from the matter of the atoms, Boltzmann considered himself a philosophical disciple of Mach. I once asked Professor Frank who was the most impressive mathematical physicist he had ever met. I thought he would say it was Einstein, but instead he said it was Boltzmann. He also told me that the young Einstein was much given to jokes and what Professor Frank referred to as "cracks."



Early in Professor Frank's career, his main interest—even when he was writing papers in mathematical physics—was the philosophy of science. In 1907, he and a small group of equally brilliant young men began meeting every Thursday night in one of the old Viennese coffeehouses to discuss the connection between philosophy and science. Professor Frank was then twenty-three—about the same age as the others. They tried to learn everything. One of their number, the economist Otto Neurath, enrolled for a year in the Divinity School of the University of Vienna in order to learn Catholic philosophy; he won a prize for the best paper on moral theology. In 1929, the group decided to become a movement, and Neurath invented the name "Vienna Circle," because—as Professor Frank wrote in the introduction to his collection of essays, "Modern Science and Its Philosophy"—"he thought that this name would be reminiscent of the Viennese waltz, the Vienna woods, and other things on

'S MARVELOUS,
'S JULIE WILSON.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

In the Ritz-Terrace with two shows nightly, at 8:30 & 10:30 pm. Tuesday through Saturday. Reservations recommended. Minimum charge. 202-293-2100 Coming soon . . . Michael Feinstein and George Shearing.

The Jockey Club for dining ~ A favorite haunt of Washingtonian decision makers.

THE RITZ-CARLTON
WASHINGTON, D.C.

RITZIEST OF THE RITZ
FRIDAY ~ SATURDAY

WASH., D.C.	NEW YORK
LUXURY SUITE $77 50* each + tax	PARK VIEW $77 50* each + tax
LUXURY ROOM $57 50* each + tax	CITYSIDE $62 50* each + tax

THE RITZ-CARLTON
Home of the Jockey Clubs

Washington, D.C.
2100 Massachusetts Ave., N.W.
800-424-8008
202-293-2100

New York City
112 Central Park South
800-223-7990
212-757-1900

the pleasant side of life." The style of philosophy that the group expounded became known as logical positivism; it was an attempt to rid the interpretation of science of what Professor Frank used to refer to as "school philosophy"—raw metaphysics. The group had common interests with logicians such as Ludwig Wittgenstein and Bertrand Russell, both of whom Professor Frank had known. As part of our reading course, we read Wittgenstein's "Tractatus Logico-Philosophicus," with its alternating pages of German and English translation, which Professor Frank would search for linguistic nuances. The Vienna group also had common interests with the physicist Percy Bridgman, who had introduced the notion of operational definitions—the defining of terms such as "field," "space," and "time" by specifying the methods needed to measure them. We read Bridgman's book "The Logic of Modern Physics," and, as Bridgman had been a member of the Harvard physics faculty since 1908 and was still active, we discussed some aspects of the book with him. My first published paper was a consequence of this interaction. It was a brief critical account of some of the aspects of Bridgman's philosophy, and Professor Frank arranged for its publication in the Dutch journal *Synthese*. After reading it, Bridgman called me into his basement laboratory to debate some of the points in it.

One of the crazier ideas I got that year was that I should visit Einstein in Princeton to discuss the philosophy of relativity with him. Looking back, I'm embarrassed by the whole notion. At the time, I had not had one single proper course in physics, and only one course in mathematics. But I had a lot of nerve. Moreover, Professor Frank was in fairly frequent contact with Einstein. He had just written his wonderful biography "Einstein, His Life and Times," and was making regular visits to Princeton. He must have brought up the subject of my coming to Princeton, because just after the close of the spring term I received the following remarkable letter, written in English:

> DEAR MR. BERNSTEIN:
>
> I am sending you enclosed a paper in which I expressed opinions from an epistological point of view. I do not give oral interviews to avoid misinterpretations.
>
> Sincerely yours,
> A. EINSTEIN

The paper was "Physics and Reality," and I still have the copy he sent me, although by now it is worn thin from repeated reading.

During that year, I got to visit Professor Frank and his wife, Hanya, in their apartment fairly often. It was a small, comfortable apartment near Harvard Square, its walls covered with photographs of Professor Frank in the company of various dignitaries. Hanya had been a student of his in Prague. She often made fun of his apparent lack of interest in the arts. She had been a member of the circle in Prague that included Kafka, she said, and she once told me that at the time she did not think that Kafka was as gifted a writer as some of the other young writers she knew. The Franks had originally come to this country in 1938 for a lecture tour, in the course of which Professor Frank spoke at something like twenty universities. In 1939, when the war came, Harvard found him a sort of half-time lectureship. He earned the rest of his living from guest professorships and his writing. They lived very modestly.

At the end of my sophomore year, I still had no clear idea of what I would become, or even of what I would major in. The only thing that was clear was that one course in mathematics was essentially nothing, and nowhere near enough to begin to understand Einstein's relativity book. I decided that I had better stay on over the summer and take more mathematics. Professor Frank gave me a part-time job collecting material for some research he was doing on how intellectuals in various countries reacted to Einstein's theory of relativity; he had a small grant from somewhere, and that enabled him to pay me. By the fall, I had decided that I had three possibilities for a major: the history of science, the philosophy of science, and mathematics. Physics was out of the question, since up to that point I had not taken a single course in it. I decided that I should have at least one course in physics, so in my junior year I took freshman physics. The course was taught by Wendell Furry, of whom more later. He was certainly a lucid teacher. But, as I saw it, the whole thing lacked poetry. It was real, bread-and-butter classical physics, with hardly a mention of things like the theory of relativity and the quantum theory. It was teaching to the convinced. There was a lot of experimental work, which I intensely disliked. This was the era of the slide rule, and I found that, with my myopia, I could never quite read mine. I simply did not, and do not, have the patience or the manual dexterity for experimental physics.

That year, counting the previous summer, I took six mathematics courses, three philosophy courses, and the course in physics, and by the end of the year I had decided that I would major in mathematics. With all the extra courses I was taking, I had begun to catch up with some of my contemporaries who had *entered* Harvard with the idea of going into mathematics. I say "some" because I had also begun to meet a few of the really extraordinary mathematically inclined undergraduates whom Harvard attracted. The two who made the greatest impression on me at the time were Marvin Minsky and Charles Zemach. Minsky, who a few years later became one of the creators of the discipline of artificial intelligence, was a little older than the rest of us, because he had spent a year in the Navy. He was, when I first knew him, collecting a distinctively erratic set of A's and D's in various courses, depending on how much they interested him. The following year, he produced a brilliantly original thesis, which he never bothered to publish, and then went off to Princeton and began his work on the mathematics of artificial intelligence. Both he and Zemach, who is now at Los Alamos, had had their high-school education in New York public schools. Minsky was a graduate of the Bronx High School of Science, and Zemach of Peter Stuyvesant High School. I find it ironic that these two public schools, which my family would have regarded a priori as dangerous places for educating me or any other child, had superb programs in science and mathematics, which gave these budding geniuses everything they could absorb.

I will never forget my first meeting with Charles Zemach. I was looking for someone to play chess with. A friend suggested that I try Zemach. I did, and we made a date to play that afternoon at his Harvard house. It happened that I had spent the entire previous night solving the problem of the twelve balls. One is given twelve identical-looking balls and a balance scale. One of the balls is either lighter or heavier than the others. The problem is to find a method of making use of three, and only three, weighings to determine which is the "guilty" ball and whether it is lighter or heavier. It is not an easy problem, and it took me all night to solve it. In the afternoon, feeling triumphant, I went to play chess with Zemach. As we were setting the chess pieces up, I asked him if he had ever heard of the problem of the twelve balls. He hadn't. But by the time he had finished setting up his pieces he had solved it. Not only that but he was beginning to generate a formula to determine, given n balls, how many weighings it would take to find the guilty ball. To me, this was incredible. It turned out that although he was a junior, he had already gone through essentially the entire undergraduate physics and mathematics curricula at Harvard—and, indeed, had entered Harvard already knowing most of the standard mathematics curriculum. He was totally unassuming about all this—almost embarrassed—and lent me various books that he thought might help me catch up. Even better, he told me about an informal seminar on the theory of relativity that a young physicist named Bryce DeWitt (now a professor at the University of Texas) was giving once a week at night. I started going, and, for the first time, began to understand Einstein's book.

I graduated from Harvard in the spring of 1951. I had done well enough in my undergraduate mathematics program to be admitted to the Harvard Graduate School as a graduate student in mathematics. My thought was to do a thesis with George Mackey, who had always been interested in the relation between higher mathematics and physics. I also planned to take a few of the more mathematically oriented graduate physics courses. As things turned out, I did the latter but never got to the former.

My senior year had been a watershed in another sense. It was the last time I had any real contact with the jazz and show-business world of my high-school days. The Duke Ellington Orchestra came to Boston. I, of course, went to hear them, and I went out one night after the concert to an Italian restaurant with the Duke and some of my old friends from the orchestra. Cat Anderson wasn't with them, but I invited Al Sears to come to Eliot House, where I was living during my senior year, for Sunday lunch. For me, this was a completely obvious and natural thing to do. During all the years that I was following the jazz musicians, I never gave any thought to the fact that most of them were black and I was white. My father had always put racism of all kinds on the same level of contempt, so it was perfectly natural to him to have Al Sears stay in our house in Rochester. It never occurred to me—and in this I was incredibly naïve—that Sears might feel uncomfortable in the totally white, preppy atmosphere of an Eliot House Sunday lunch. Sunday was the day that the students brought their parents and their girlfriends from Radcliffe, Wellesley, and Smith to lunch, and I brought Sears. He was the only adult black person there who was not waiting table or cleaning up. I sensed, and he certainly must have sensed, that he was being studied as a kind of alien curiosity. He felt, and so I felt, acutely uncomfortable. To make matters worse, I was preoccupied with my senior mathematics thesis. Formulas were jumping around in my head, and I could hardly focus on our conversation. I had quite unconsciously become someone else. I was no longer the teen-age boy following the bands. When Sears shook hands, rather sadly, and took his leave, it was the end of a part of my life. I never saw him again.

SOMETIME during the fall of 1953, two years after my graduation, by which time I was working on my Ph.D. thesis in theoretical physics, I ran into my friend Zemach, who was engaged in a similar enterprise. My thesis concerned the electric and magnetic properties of the nucleus of heavy hydrogen—the so-called deuteron, consisting of a neutron and proton stuck together. I told Zemach that I planned to call my thesis "Deuteronomy." He said, with a wry smile, that he was planning to call his "Exodus." Indeed, we both had four-year plans that involved an exodus after a Ph.D. in physics. From the beginning of my entry into graduate school, I had had a four-year plan, but it was not the one I ended up with; I had planned to do my graduate work in mathematics and to get my doctorate in mathematics. The four-year limit had to do with finances. All during my undergraduate years, I never quite qualified for a scholarship. Even though my father's income as a rabbi was modest, it was considered too high to put me in the category of those who had real need of a scholarship, and, with all the switching around of fields I was doing, my grades were not high enough, until the very end, to qualify me for the few scholarships that were awarded independently of need. I worked during the summers, but this barely paid my summer expenses. It was clear to me that if I was to go to graduate school I would have to pay my way—especially since my brother was about to go to college.

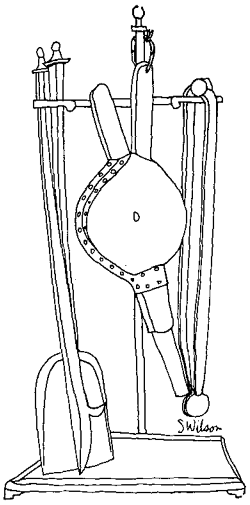
There were two methods by which a graduate student could earn his or her way through graduate school at that time: there were a few fellowships, and there was teaching. The National Science Foundation had created a small number of fellowships for graduate study which were available on a competitive basis, and I applied for one. I got "honorable mention," which was consoling but not edible. Now the only thing left for me was to get a teaching job. I no longer remember how I heard that I. Bernard Cohen was looking for teaching assistants for Natural Sciences 3, the very course that I had taken as a freshman and that had started everything off. I went to Cohen, and, fortunately, he hired me. This brings in the four-year plan. It was, at least as I understood it, a policy of the graduate school to limit teaching fellowships to four years. There were certainly exceptions, but they were rare. I did not think I could—or should—count on being an exception, and I decided that, one way or another, I was going to get out in four years.

Besides taking more graduate mathematics courses, my principal activity the first year was to learn quantum mechanics. I had been flirting with quantum mechanics since my freshman course with Professor Frank. It was clear to me that it involved a much more radical departure from classical physics than relativity did. Relativity is a fairly straightforward extension of the classical physics of Newton and Maxwell, while the quantum theory is something entirely new. I had read a number of books—popular and semipopular books—on the quantum theory, and much of the mathematics I was studying was inspired by it. George Mackey, when I first met him, told me that he had been reading Hermann Weyl's book "Group Theory and Quantum Mechanics" for some fifteen years, and that much of his own work had to do with making quantum mechanics mathematically rigorous. I thought I might like to work on this program, except that I had never taken a solid course in the quantum theory. It was at this point that the third great teacher of my Harvard days—Julian Schwinger—made his appearance.

To the physics-oriented Harvard students of my generation, Schwinger was a mythological figure. To reduce him to human proportions, we all—among ourselves—referred to him as "Julian." "Julian" had been spotted eating dinner with his wife at the Window Shop, or "Julian" had been seen going to the Brattle Street Playhouse, etc. Schwinger was born in New York City in 1918. He was a mathematics and physics prodigy, and taught himself most of the fundamentals by working through the technical articles in the Encyclopædia Britannica. At the age of sixteen, he wrote—but did not publish—a deep paper on quantum electrodynamics. It is difficult to believe that his abilities would not have been recognized eventually, but, as it happened, it was his good fortune to have them discovered early by one of the foremost American physicists—I. I. Rabi, then teaching at Columbia—who was able to do something about the situation. In a series of interviews I did with Rabi for a *New Yorker* Profile, he told me about his discovery of Schwinger. "It was sort of romantic, in a way," he said. "You can fix it to a year—1935." That was the year when Einstein, Boris Podolsky, and Nathan Rosen published a celebrated paper that made it clear just how different the quantum-mechanical idea of reality was from that of classical physics. Echoes of this paper still reverberate. "I was reading the paper," Rabi said, "and my way of reading a paper was to bring in a student and explain it to him. In this case, the student was Lloyd Motz, who's now a professor of astronomy at Columbia. We were arguing about something, and after a while Motz said there was someone waiting outside the office, and asked if he could bring him in. He brought in this kid." Rabi recalls that the kid was wearing knee pants of some kind. "So I told him to sit down someplace, and he sat down. Motz and I were arguing, and this kid pipes up and settles the argument . . . And I said, 'Who the hell is this?' Well, it turned out that he was a sophomore at City College, and he was doing very badly—flunking his courses, not in physics, but doing very badly. I talked to him for a while and was deeply impressed. He had already written a paper on quantum electrodynamics. So I asked him if he wanted to transfer, and he said yes. He gave me a transcript, and I looked at it. He was failing—English, and just about everything else. He spoke well. I said, 'What's the matter with you? You're flunking English. You speak well, and you sound like an educated person.' He said, 'I have no time to do the themes.' I tried to get him admitted to Columbia on a scholarship. I saw the director of admissions. He looked at the transcript and said, 'A scholarship?' He wouldn't even admit him." Rabi is not one to be easily put off, so he had a couple of prominent theoretical physicists—Hans Bethe and George Uhlenbeck—read Schwinger's paper and plead his case. It worked, and Schwinger was admitted. By the time he graduated, he had done all the work necessary for his Ph.D. thesis.

When the war broke out, Rabi went to the Radiation Laboratory of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, where radar was being developed, and so did Schwinger. Rabi told me about Schwinger's career at the Radiation Laboratory. Schwinger worked all night and slept during the day. As Rabi noted, "at five o'clock, when everybody was leaving, you'd see Schwinger coming in." People who had left mathematical problems on their desks or on blackboards would often find them solved the next morning. He lectured twice a week, and, following the lectures, the more experimentally inclined physicists in the audience, such as Rabi, would use Schwinger's ideas to invent new radars. In 1945, Schwinger was appointed an associate professor of physics at Harvard, and two years later, at age twenty-nine, he was made one of the youngest full professors in the history of the university.

Schwinger gave courses in all sorts of branches of theoretical physics. Like Mackey's, these courses were completely original. It was a standing joke in the profession at the time that almost any "unsolved" problem in theoretical physics could be found solved in Schwinger's unpublished classroom notes. As it happened—and this was a piece of luck—in the fall of 1951, the year I entered graduate school, Schwinger was starting a cycle of quantum-mechanics lectures which, in the end, lasted for a year and a half. These lectures were a kind of theatre. Like any great performer, Schwinger would always be slightly late. Since he still worked all night, the classes were scheduled for the late morning. Schwinger drove a blue Cadillac—the make of car also set him apart from the herd—and a scout would watch out for the arrival of the Cadillac, whereupon we would all rush into the classroom. In those days, Schwinger was averse to most forms of physical exercise. Indeed, when I got to know him better he would occasionally kid me about my tennis playing and bicycle riding, although in the seventies, when he left Harvard for the University of California at Los Angeles, he became, I gather, an enthusiastic tennis player. But at the time I speak of he had a slightly oblate look, made more noticeable by the fact that his skin was whiter than that of most of his students, because of his nocturnal hours. To add to the general theatre, Schwinger never used any lecture notes. As one who has spent much of the last thirty years giving lectures in theoretical physics, I find this almost incomprehensible. He did unbelievably complicated calculations on the blackboard without the shred of a note. This goes beyond memorization, though that may have played a part. The individual steps of these calculations were, one gathers, so trivial to Schwinger that he could carry them out more or less spontaneously. However, he did not like to be interrupted, and asking questions, while possible, was not encouraged. One had the feeling that one was assisting at a remarkable performance, and just as one would not stand up in a theatre and ask a question of one of the actors while he was working, so one did not ask questions of Schwinger. Schwinger also had some speech mannerisms, which many of the students began unconsciously to imitate. I don't know how many of the Ph.D.s he had produced—there were sixty-eight by the time he left Harvard, an incredible number for a theorist, since each Ph.D. represents at least one publishable research idea—began to say "nucular" and "We can effectively regard," two of the Schwinger standards. One of my contemporaries constructed what I thought was the model Schwinger sentence. It began "Although 'one' is not perfectly 'zero,' we can effectively regard . . ." In short, Julian was a legend.



My own situation in his course was anomalous. Quantum mechanics was a reaction to the inadequacies of classical physics when applied on the atomic scale. But I was in the odd position of not knowing much about classical physics, aside from parts of the theory of relativity. For example, I had never had—and, as things worked out, never did have—a course in classical electrodynamics, to say nothing of statistical mechanics. I had also not had a conventional course in the quantum theory, so I could not really appreciate the originality of what Schwinger was doing. It took, incidentally, many years for some of his methods to become familiar to the physics community as a whole. Nonetheless, I was fascinated by what I did manage to understand. One consequence was that I decided to take the graduate-level course in classical mechanics, which was nominally the prerequisite for Schwinger's course. Hence, in my second year as a graduate student I took the continuation of Schwinger's course along with its prerequisite. At some point during the semester, rumblings began to be heard in the Mathematics Department—rumblings that, as it happened, coincided with my own feeling about my future in pure mathematics.

To someone whose contact with higher mathematics is essentially nil, it is hard to explain the distinction between being able to create pure mathematics and being able to understand it. Such a person will assume that just because one takes courses in higher mathematics and does well in them one must be a mathematician. Perhaps I can illustrate the difference by something that happened to me at about the time I am describing. I was taking a course in the theory of complex variables, and doing perfectly well in it. What then occurred needs a brief description of my living arrangements if it is to be fully appreciated. I was living in the spanking new graduate center designed by Walter Gropius. The center provided us with small sleeping accommodations that resembled tiny modern studio apartments but had no facilities other than a bed and a desk. One Sunday evening, I had gone to the communal bathroom to take a shower. These were relatively innocent days, so I had left the door to my room open. When I returned from the shower, I was startled to discover a small, bright-eyed Indian sitting cross-legged in the middle of my bed. He looked like something one would call forth by rubbing a lamp. He said that he, too, was taking the complex-variable course but that he never went to class and would therefore like to glance through my notes. Later, when I got to know him, he told me why he didn't go to class. When he first came to Boston from India, he had endured a very ugly racial incident in which he had been taken for an American black. It was so distressing to him that he had decided not to go out again during the daylight hours. He slept or kept to himself during the day and came out at night, like some sort of nocturnal animal. We got into the habit of discussing first the course and then anything else that came to mind, and we ended up quite good friends. As I listened to him talk about the course, it became extremely clear to me just what it meant to be a real mathematician. My friend moved among the

As Luxurious As A Fine Turkish Towel

Terry Wrap Robe is fluffy, absorbent terry both inside and out . . . it's snuggle soft. With three-quarter-length kimono sleeves, shawl collar and patch pockets. Self belt. Made in USA. Thick and thirsty as a Turkish towel. In all-cotton woven terry. Machine wash and tumble dry. White. Sm(8-10), Med(12-14), Lg(16-18).

$53.95

Add $2.50 shipping charges

Send for free 128-page color catalog of women's fashions.

Order by mail or call 912-924-9371

THE TOG SHOP

681 Lester Square, Americus GA 31710

You Never Outgrow the Beach!

Sandcastles and footprints wash away, but time stands still at the beach. Bring back your best memories and make some new ones at the premier resort hotel on Daytona Beach.

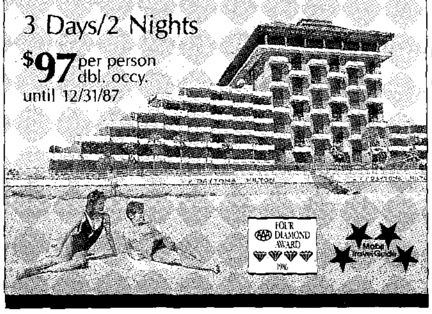
Write or call for a brochure today.

For information and reservations, call your travel agent, corporate travel department, or Hilton Reservation Service at 1 800 HILTONS.

2637 South Atlantic Avenue
Daytona Beach, Florida 32018
(904) 767-7350

DAYTONA HILTON
The Best on the Beach

3 Days/2 Nights
$97 per person dbl. occy.
until 12/31/87



abstract ideas as if they were familiar flowers in a garden. He saw the concepts as vividly and effortlessly as if they were living things. He knew instinctively what things were true long before he came to proving anything. The proofs, which he could also supply if needed, were secondary to the truth. I, on the other hand, had to proceed systematically and, usually, without that kind of sure-handed intuitive guidance. Given this, I didn't see how I was going to be able to create anything in mathematics. I did not see where the new ideas would come from, and I didn't see any purpose in becoming a mathematician if one could not create the stuff. Although I knew very little about physics, it seemed to me that one could do useful things simply by working at it. One would never become a Schwinger, but one might become a useful physicist. Besides, the more abstract mathematics became, the less interesting I found it. If it did not have some application to reality, it seemed to me to be a sort of game. This may have been a corollary of my feeling that I could not create it, or it may reflect a basic distinction between having the temperament for pure mathematics and not having it. In any event, that was the dilemma.

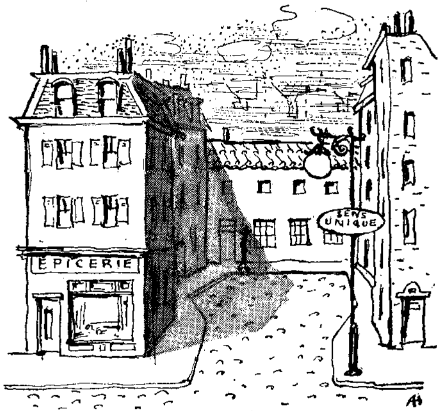
I once heard a story about a monk who left the Benedictine order. He was asked why. He gave seven reasons, the last of which was "They kicked me out." The Mathematics Department certainly did not kick me out, but its then chairman, Garrett Birkhoff, told me that I would have to choose—now that I was about to get my master's degree—between doing physics and staying in the Mathematics Department. I simply could not go on in the department while taking most of my course work in physics. I was not at all sure that the Physics Department would have me, considering my bizarre list of courses—a list that, apart from anything else, did not contain a single course in experimental physics. In retrospect, I am not entirely sure why the Physics Department did agree to admit me. I suppose that it had relatively little to lose, since I was paying my way by working as an instructor for Cohen in Natural Sciences 3. However, some conditions were imposed. I was to agree to spend a summer working as an assistant at the Harvard Cyclotron learning something about experimental nuclear physics, and then, the following fall, I was to take an oral examination in experimental nuclear physics. With a good deal of misgiving, I agreed to do this.

IT was now the spring of 1953—a beautiful spring, as I recall, marred only by the fact that I. Bernard Cohen fired me as an instructor in his course. In a certain sense this was not, I suppose, altogether unexpected. The course that had enchanted me as a freshman was still being taught by Cohen in the same way, with the same phrases, and the same round handwriting on the blackboard. Except now it all seemed a little trivial. The students seem to have felt something like this, too. The *Confi Guide* of 1955 reports that although Cohen "was praised by all for his remarkable organization, particularly at the beginning of the year," the textbook used (Cohen's "The Nature and Growth of the Physical Sciences") was found by the class of 1958 "to contain largely the same material as the lectures, and hence attendance could be readily substituted for by reading—and vice versa." It is very hard to fool undergraduates. I imagine that my attitude toward the course must have been fairly transparent. To add to it all, Cohen had just engaged a young instructor, who had recently left the Navy, to oversee the rest of us and the administrative details of the course. This fellow had several brainstorms, such as making the instructors' attendance at the lectures obligatory, and devising a new way of keeping the grades of the four hundred or so students. There was the "Big Book," in which all the grades were kept, and each of us was to keep a "Little Book," with the grades for our own sections. It seemed to me that this simply doubled my bookkeeping chores, since all that really mattered was what was in the "Big Book." It was a small point, but I had a lot on my mind, and I didn't feel like keeping an extra set of grades for nearly a hundred students because of some whim. I was scrupulous about putting the grades in the "Big Book," but my "Little Book" was blank. I do not know how this came to Cohen's attention, but late that spring we had an instructors' meeting, and Cohen asked to see my "Little Book," which was safely reposing in my room in the graduate center. I was sent to fetch it. It was a lovely day, and I recall sitting under a flowering tree with my "Little Book" and desultorily putting in the odd grade, for lack of any better ideas. I finally got up from beneath the tree and returned to the meeting. Upon looking at my book, Cohen announced stentoriously that I would not be continuing with the course the next semester.

This was a potential disaster—not only for my four-year plan but for my whole program of graduate study. It was at this point that I had one of those strokes of good fortune that can decide one's future. I had got to know Gerald Holton reasonably well during my undergraduate years. Like myself, he was a disciple of Philipp Frank, whom we always referred to privately as "Uncle Philipp." He had taken his doctorate with Percy Bridgman, and was doing experimental work on the physics of high pressures. But he was also a historian of science, with an interest in the philosophy of science. He was, in some degree, a model for what I thought I would like to do. Furthermore, he was sharing the teaching responsibilities in another Natural Sciences course—Natural Sciences 2, which was a more serious version of the sort of elementary course that Cohen was teaching. It attracted people with some scientific orientation who were not science majors. The course was run by Edwin C. Kemble, a theoretical physicist who in the nineteen-twenties became one of the first American physicists trained in the then new quantum physics. I always thought of Mr. Kemble as "old Mr. Kemble," although in 1953 he was just sixty-four. He seemed very ancient. (He died in 1984, at the age of ninety-five.) Mr. Kemble had a gravelly voice. He was slow of speech and looked like a New England sea captain. He did not do things lightly or hastily. I think it was Holton who told me that Mr. Kemble was looking for a new section man. I went at once to see him.

It was clear that Professor Kemble had heard of my difficulties with Cohen and had decided that I might be some kind of flake. After our interview, he went around to my fellow graduate students to see if I was considered a serious person. The reports were, apparently, favorable, and I was hired provisionally, with the clear understanding that if I did not take my responsibilities to heart I would be let go. Fair enough. That now left the summer at the Harvard Cyclotron. The Harvard Cyclotron was the first particle accelerator I ever saw. As these machines go, it was relatively small, having been completed in 1948. It was situated in a brick building not far from the Yard. I knew nothing about how such machines were run, so I was in no position to realize just how simple the operation of this one was. It was run mainly by graduate students and a few postdoctoral fellows and junior faculty. It was an ideal teaching tool, because the graduate students could get their hands on everything; the big machines now have an entire corps of engineers who actually run them, and the physicists confine themselves to planning experiments and analyzing the data recorded by computers. At the cyclotron, we did everything. In fact, we did so much of everything that I really had no time to understand what it was that we were doing. We piled up the lead bricks that were used for shielding, and sometimes we actually sewed together by hand the pieces of material that were to be used for targets. The cyclotron circulated protons at moderate energies, and these impinged on the targets we sewed. Some years later, I finally grasped the point of what we were doing. The protons were allowed to pick up a neutron on passing through a nucleus, thus forming my beloved deuteron. This was a process known as deuteron pickup. To me, it was piling lead bricks and sewing targets. Whatever it was, the summer passed both without incident and without my learning much about experimental nuclear physics, the subject of my coming oral examination.

The year 1953-54 was, for me, a very complicated one. I was still determined to get out in not more than four years. Since I had already spent two with the Mathematics Department, that left two. The most obvious thing, I suppose, would have been for me to try to work with Schwinger. But every Wednesday afternoon there was a line of graduate students outside his office, each of them hoping to get a few minutes of his time. I simply did not see how, given my background, I was going to be able to work on a thesis problem without more help than that—assuming that Schwinger would take me on in the first place. There were, however, some junior faculty members who did not have any students and who were closer to my age than Schwinger was, and seemed quite willing to have students. In particular, there was Abraham Klein, who was a Harvard Junior Fellow, a highly regarded postdoctoral fellowship—he is now on the faculty of the University of Pennsylvania. He was very energetic, and full of ideas for calculations, so I signed up with him to do a thesis. He had a straightforward-sounding problem involving the electromagnetic properties of the deuteron. At that time, there were several competing models of the nuclear force—the force that binds the nucleus together—and each of these models could be tested by trying it out on the deuteron. Klein was interested in one of the models, and he proposed that we try it out on the deuteron's electromagnetic properties. Thus I was launched on a thesis.



Meanwhile, there was the oral examination to worry about. That is simply discussed. I failed it. My failure was of a very particular kind. I was asked a number of questions that someone with a modest grasp of physics would have answered very simply. I had no grasp of physics, so insofar as I could I answered the questions in a roundabout mathematical way, provoking much mirth among the examiners. A less flexible institution might have simply flunked me out, and that would have been that. Instead, I was told that if I took a course in experimental physics the following spring and passed it that would satisfy the requirement. I agreed. Then an experimental physicist named Kenneth Bainbridge, who had played a key role at Los Alamos during the war and had recently become the chairman of the department, suggested that I take a reading course with Wendell Furry in the theory of electromagnetic radiation. He told me that Furry had been one of Oppenheimer's students and that I could learn a great deal from him. I signed up with Furry.

Wendell Furry, as I have noted, had been the professor in the freshman physics course I took as a junior. It is, I think, important for this sequel to give some idea of Furry's appearance. He was a solidly built man with a large stomach that seemed to spill over his pants. He looked, and talked, like someone from a small Midwestern town who might own a garage. He seemed to cultivate the image of a small-town eccentric—a bit of a bumpkin. He was, though—especially in the nineteen-thirties—a superb theoretical physicist. Even now I keep learning about contributions that Furry made, particularly to the quantum theory of radiation. He appeared to be the most apolitical person imaginable. Both during the course I took with him as a junior and during the reading course, when I was alone with him for many hours, there was never the remotest hint that he had any interest in politics—or, indeed, in anything very worldly. Hence it was a total shock to learn that Furry had for a time been a member of the Communist Party, which he had joined in 1938, and that even as I was taking his reading course he and the university were under siege by Senator Joseph McCarthy.

One of the most peculiar documents I have saved from those years is a reprint of the stenographic transcript of the public hearings of the Permanent Subcommittee on Investigations of the United States Senate Committee on Government Operations, in Boston, Massachusetts, on January 15, 1954. What is especially odd about the copy I have is that it is signed by the principal participants. Furry has signed "Best regards, W. H. Furry." Leon J. Kamin, another witness, has simply signed, in a careful script, "Leon J. Kamin," and McCarthy has signed with a bold flourish, in very large letters, "Joseph R. McCarthy." I have no memory of being at this hearing, let alone asking for the autographs. But there they are. It is very strange that McCarthy should have signed so flamboyantly just under the signatures of the two men he had pilloried. But he did. This was Furry's second appearance before McCarthy's subcommittee. He had appeared at a closed hearing on November 4, 1953—unbeknownst to me, although it was in the middle of our course together—and had refused on constitutional grounds to answer any questions. The university took no formal position with regard to the invocation of the Fifth Amendment by its faculty members who were called to testify; nevertheless, there seems to have been a subtle pressure on Furry to answer questions about his Communist past. This put him at risk of being cited for contempt, since if he agreed to answer some of the questions—those about his own past—he would, in effect, be giving up his right to remain silent about the identities of his associates. McCarthy, of course, understood this, and exploited it for all it was worth.

Furry began the hearing with a statement, in which he waived his Fifth Amendment rights:

> Though its real purpose has always been to shield the innocent, many people have been misled into believing that the exercise of the privilege is an admission of guilt. I have now come to the belief that for me to continue to claim my Constitutional privilege would bring undue harm to me and to the great institution with which I am connected. Although I am sure that my past claims to the privilege have been both legally justified and morally right, I now intend to . . . give this committee all the evidence it may legitimately seek concerning my own activities and associations. I hope that by telling my own political history I can help to dispel suspicion and contribute to public understanding.
>
> Experience has taught me that the inquiry is likely to concern other persons than myself. I feel obliged to state now that I shall respectfully refuse to answer questions that bring in the names of other people. I wish to make it clear, however, that if I knew of any person whose conduct as I saw it was criminal, I should feel bound to reveal the facts. I am not seeking to protect the guilty from prosecution. I wish merely to shield the innocent from persecution. I hope that on this matter the committee will respect my conscience.

In his response, McCarthy made clear what he thought of Furry's conscience. "May I say, Mr. Furry," he declared, "that a man who has been a member of the Communist conspiracy is not exactly the last word on who is guilty and who is innocent." (Furry claimed during the hearing—and I have every reason to believe him—that he had ceased to be a member of the Communist Party some years before this confrontation took place; in fact, from his testimony one gets the impression that he had become thoroughly disillusioned with Communism by then.) "It is not up to you to decide that," McCarthy went on, "it is not up to us to decide that. It is up to this committee to expose the facts. It is up to the law-enforcing agencies to decide who should be prosecuted. I want to assure you right now that you will not be allowed to protect any member of the Communist conspiracy because you think that they are only innocent conspirators. You will be ordered to answer the questions that we ask you, and we will now proceed."

There then followed a kind of deadly cat-and-mouse game, in which McCarthy tried again and again to trick or coerce Furry into naming names. At one point, the exchange began to resemble something out of Ionesco. Furry admitted that there had been about "half a dozen" members of the Communist Party working with him on radar during the war. He added, "By my observation, they were among the more security-minded members of this laboratory. They never in any way departed from the rules, to my knowledge, or showed any inclination to regard any outside connections, including that with the Communist Party, as having any bearing on their work. They were devoted to the war effort, they work loyally, and I shall not reveal their names." McCarthy then decided that Furry might talk if he gave the six men numbers instead of names. The extraordinary dialogue went as follows:

> THE CHAIRMAN: Let's take No. 2. When did you last see No. 2?
>
> MR. FURRY: Of course, I have to decide who is No. 2.
>
> THE CHAIRMAN: You pick out No. 2.
>
> MR. FURRY: And there are a number of these people that I have really very little notion when I last saw them. It has been some time within the last few years.
>
> THE CHAIRMAN: You said there were six. You were a Communist and they were Communists. You say you will not give the name. I am trying to identify them by number. Let's take No. 2. When did you last see him?
>
> MR. FURRY: Well, for No. 2, I will take a man of whom I am not sure just when I last saw him, but it was within the last year or two, and I know from professional connections just where he is working.
>
> THE CHAIRMAN: Where is he working?
>
> MR. FURRY: In an American university, and I am pretty sure on nothing connected with government work, certainly no secret work.
>
> THE CHAIRMAN: Is he teaching?
>
> MR. FURRY: Yes. It is my impression that his work is just like mine at the present, teaching and research of what you might call the free enterprise kind, which still exists in this country.
>
> THE CHAIRMAN: What is his name?
>
> MR. FURRY: I refuse to state.

The Chairman: You are ordered to state it.

Mr. Furry: I refuse.

The Chairman: No. 3 . . .

And so on through the whole absurd list.

After some more fencing, McCarthy turned his attention to Harvard University. He asked, "Do you know of anyone connected with Harvard who is or was a member of the Communist Party?" To which Furry replied, "Sir, I am not sorting people for the committee."

The Chairman: Answer the question.

Mr. Furry: Well, I would like to make this statement, and that is that I have never at any time known anyone who held a permanent position on the Harvard faculty, with the exception of myself, or who has since come to hold or who now holds a permanent position on the Harvard faculty, to be a member of the Communist Party. Apart from that, I will refuse to answer the question.

Finally, McCarthy erupted: "This, in the opinion of the Chair, is one of the most aggravated cases of contempt that we have had before us, as I see it. Here you have a man teaching at one of our large universities. He knows that there were six Communists handling secret government work, radar work, atomic work. He refuses to give either this committee or the F.B.I. or anyone else the information which he has. To me, it is inconceivable that a university which has had the reputation of being a great university would keep this type of a creature on teaching our children. Because of men like this who have refused to give the Government the information which they have in their own minds about Communists who are working on our secret work, many young men have died in the past, and if we lose a war in the future it will be the result of the lack of loyalty—complete immorality—of these individuals who continue to protect the conspirators."

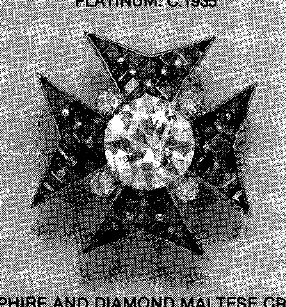
With that, the hearing ended. As Furry was leaving the hearing room, a woman spat on him.

I never got to know Furry well enough to find out how deeply, and in what ways, all this affected him. He certainly struck me as a beaten man. Added to his sense of defeat was, I am sure, the brilliance of Schwinger, who was so much younger than he and so incredibly gifted. I have a vivid memory of sitting in on one of Schwinger's lectures a year or so later and seeing Furry in the middle of the classroom, auditing. What was strange was that he was ostentatiously turning the pages of *Time* during the lecture. If Schwinger noticed, he did not let on. During my reading course with Furry, I had, as I said, been completely unaware of his political difficulties. It is true that he was away from time to time in Washington, but then many people in the Physics Department went to Washington for visits. At the end of the course, I produced a term paper on the electron, which I still have; there is a single comment in red pencil by Furry, on a minor matter of notation. This was a few weeks before his public hearing, and I wonder if he had had time to read the whole thing. Furry was indicted for contempt of Congress, but his case was later dropped. Why this was, I am not sure—except that Harvard, with its well-placed alumni, and with much of its faculty engaged in vital government service, was a rather formidable opponent. McCarthy did not do well when he went after powerful targets. Furry remained at Harvard, and was for a while the chairman of the department. He retired in 1977, and a few years ago he died. I wonder whether any of the students who came in contact with him in later years had any notion of what he had gone through that fall and winter.

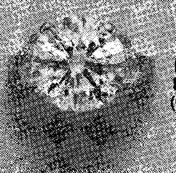
NOT long after Furry's hearing, I had my first closeup view of Robert Oppenheimer. I will have a good deal more to say about that extraordinary man, whom I did not actually meet until 1957, but here I want to describe an incident that taught me a basic lesson about the press. It requires a little explanation. My father had a long and close relationship with Robert Marshak, who was until a few years ago the president of the City College of New York, a position he took up after a distinguished career in theoretical physics. Marshak, who was at the University of Rochester, had been at Los Alamos during the war; after the war he returned to Rochester and became chairman of the Physics Department. When I began to study things like relativity and the quantum theory, I had some talks with Marshak, and he even gave me a tour of the experimental facilities at the university. It was Marshak's ambition to put the university on the map in physics, and he certainly did help to give it a first-rate Physics Department. One of the things he did was to create what became known as the Rochester Conferences. These conferences brought together the best people from all over the world in high-energy and elementary-particle physics. Invitations to participate in these conferences were highly prized and were very hard to come by. It was unthinkable for a graduate student like myself to receive such an invitation.

The conferences were usually timed to take place in a vacation period, so that the university facilities would be available and professors would be free to come. In 1954, the conference was held in late January, which coincided with my winter break from school, so that, *par force des choses*, I was in Rochester. Marshak did a very kind thing. He said that I could come to the conference as a student, on the understanding that I would sit with the University of Rochester graduate students in the balcony and keep my mouth shut. I was happy to agree to both these conditions. The next morning, before I could find my way to the balcony, I was grabbed by a reporter from the Rochester *Times-Union*—the local evening paper—who asked if I was a conference participant. I said no, that I was a graduate student in physics and was a guest, along with the other graduate students. What I should have done was run like hell. The reporter said that it was fine that I was a student, because he was interviewing people at all levels. He took me to a room and asked some questions while flashbulbs went off. I was a bit dazed, but I spent the day happily attending the meeting. That evening, the paper was delivered to our house. On page 15, there was a large headline that read "PHYSICS—A YOUNG MAN'S GAME." Underneath, several inches down the page, was an even larger headline, which read "IT'S KIDS WHO HIT THE JACKPOT, DECLARES 'GRAYBEARD' OF 49." Needless to say, the "graybeard" was Robert Oppenheimer, who stares reverently upward from a small picture toward three large pictures at the top of the page. The large picture to the right is of Geoffrey Chew, who was then at the University of Illinois and is now at Berkeley, and who was one of the stars of that Rochester Conference. To his right is a picture of Yoichiro Nambu, one of the most imaginative theoretical physicists of the postwar period and

IMPORTANT ESTATE
DIAMOND JEWELRY
PLATINUM C.1935



SAPPHIRE AND DIAMOND MALTESE CROSS CLIP BROOCH BY VERDURA. (CENTER DIAMOND 5.27 CTS., F COLOR, VS1.) $72,500

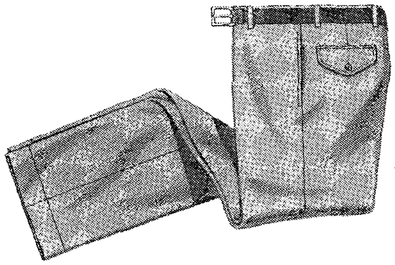


ROUND DIAMOND SOLITAIRE RING WITH FANCY CUT DIAMONDS MOUNTING BY RAYMOND C. YARD. (CENTER DIAMOND 6.53 CTS., G COLOR, VS1.) $92,500

SHOWN IN ACTUAL SIZE.

FIRESTONE
AND PARSON
Ritz-Carlton Hotel, Boston, MA 02117
(617-266-1858)

OUR FINEST
POPLIN TROUSERS



Our superior-quality dress poplin trousers are tailored of combed poly/cotton poplin and come in three rises for a more precise fit. Tan, navy, grey or olive. Sizes 32 to 46, reg. incl. 33, 35, 37; 30 to 38, short incl. 29, 31, 33, 35; 34 to 46, long incl. 35. Made in U.S.A. $60.

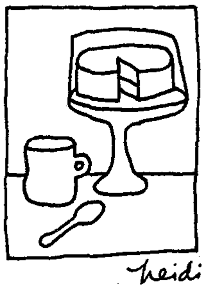
Phone Orders: (415) 397-7733

☐ *$3 enclosed for 1 yr. catalogue subscription. (Applicable toward future purchase.)*

A1A267

Cable Car Clothiers
ROBERT KIRK, Ltd.
San Francisco's British Goods Store Since 1939
Mail Orders: No. 150, Post St., S.F. Ca 94108
Poplin Trs. (85176A): Size___ Col.___ Qty.___
☐ Check ☐ MasterCard ☐ VISA ☐ Amer. Ex.
Card #________ Expir._____
Add $2.75 ship., hdlg.; CA delivery add sales tax.
Name________
Address________
________ Zip_____

then a member of the Institute of Advanced Study, who is now at the University of Chicago; and to his right, looking vaguely like a young Woody Allen, am I. The text was even worse. The part referring to us begins, "The young physicists Dr. Oppenheimer admires have come to the conference from different levels of nuclear work. Jeremy Bernstein, a Rochesterian, is a graduate student in Harvard's physics department. He's 24." Needless to say, Oppenheimer did *not* know me from Mary Poppins, and I had never met either Nambu or Chew, both of whom Oppenheimer did actually admire. Also needless to say, the publication of this article marked my last appearance at the Rochester Conference of 1954.



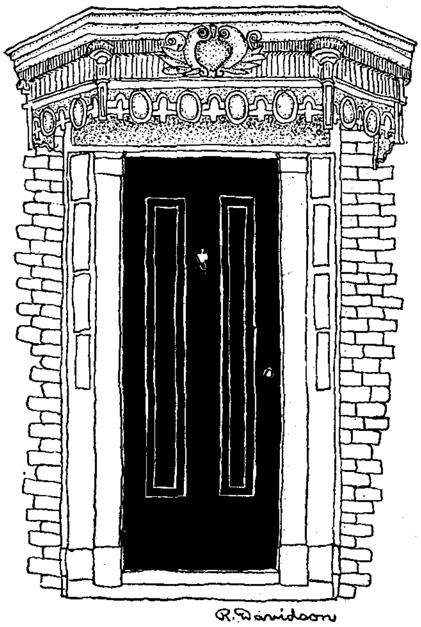
I returned to Cambridge and continued to work on my thesis, take courses, and teach. In the spring, I managed to pass the experimental-physics course. This was due, as far as I am concerned, partly to the fact that the professor, R. V. Pound, got a sort of wry amusement from watching me fumble around with the apparatus. I recall his spending about an hour one afternoon trying to extract a screw from some bit of machinery into which I had managed to drop it. He must have understood that I had no vocation for experimental physics and was just trying to survive his course. At the end of the semester, we were all to give talks on some subject in physics that interested us. I chose, with much malice aforethought, an obscure subject in the quantum theory of fields, and got a good deal of satisfaction out of watching Pound nod off to sleep as I droned on and on. The teaching, on the other hand, was really satisfying. As it happened, I got to do most of the section work for Natural Sciences 2, and even to give a few of the classroom lectures. I liked and respected both Holton and Kemble, and was determined to erase whatever negatives there were in my reputation as a teacher. The *Confi Guide* remarked in its evaluation that I "added a bit of whimsy to the course." I never knew quite what that referred to, but I took it as a good sign.

My thesis work with Abraham Klein consisted of two stages—three, if one counts the initial stage of understanding what the problem was. The problem was reasonably clear. The model of the deuteron which one used at that time was of a neutron and a proton held together by the exchange of lighter mesons called pi mesons. (It is more useful now, for certain purposes, to think of the deuteron as a kind of bag that contains six quarks.) Some of the pi mesons are electrically charged, and therefore set up additional electric currents in the deuteron which are known as "exchange currents," because they arise from the exchange of these mesons between the neutron and the proton. At the time I speak of, there were several different versions of the meson theory of the nuclear force, and each entailed somewhat different exchange currents in the deuteron. Thus, it was perfectly reasonable to pick one of these models and to compute the exchange currents. That was, in essence, the problem. Klein was one of the acknowledged experts on a meson model that bore the combined names of Tamm and Dancoff, after its progenitors. He taught me, with great patience, what I needed to know about this model in order to begin calculating. He was sufficiently interested in the results to do many of the calculations himself, as a check. Doing these calculations was the second stage, and it went, with Klein's help, fairly rapidly. Now came the third stage. What we had derived were rather complicated mathematical formulas, and what we wanted were numbers. This was just before the era in which electronic scientific computation was commonplace. At M.I.T., a new computer, the Whirlwind, had recently been installed, and a year or so later a friend of mine who had done a similar thesis at the California Institute of Technology was able to get his expressions evaluated on that computer in a few hours. Programmable pocket calculators of the kind that now sell in drugstores for about forty dollars were a thing of the future. With one of those, I could very likely have done my problem in a week. In actual fact, what I had was a Marchant electromechanical arithmetic calculator, which worked by means of a series of motors and gears. By taking a number and dividing it by zero—the result being infinity—it was possible to have the machine continue to calculate until smoke came out of it. It was, by modern standards, incredibly slow, and I ultimately took about six months to do the computations—albeit that I could not work at this full time, because of the other things I was doing. But the beauty of the thesis problem was that it was a sure thing. As long as I kept at it, there would be an answer, and I could predict with certainty getting out the following year and thereby fulfilling my four-year plan.

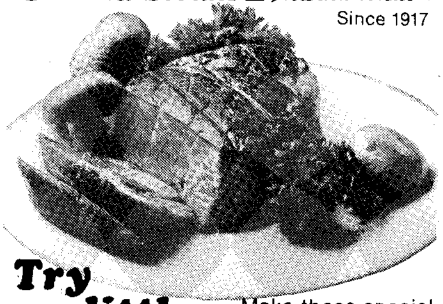
I imagine, knowing how these things work, that the fact that I was intending to get out by June of 1955 was known in the department, because I got two job nibbles, each interesting in its own way. Both came in the spring of 1954. The first was a letter from a Border State university of no special distinction asking whether I would be interested in being considered for the job of instructor after I got my degree. It went on to say that my name had been suggested by the chairman of the Harvard Physics Department. I had an instinctive feeling that going to an institution not in the mainstream would be a disaster for me. Einstein once noted that he would have liked to be a lighthouse attendant, since he would have had plenty of time in this fairly undemanding job to continue his research. He very likely *could* have continued his research in a lighthouse, but for most of us it would be a sure way of ending a career. This place was not a lighthouse, but it was sufficiently out of the way that I saw no future in it. Some months later, at a meeting, I ran into the man who had written me the letter. I thanked him for the offer. He remarked casually that it was lucky I hadn't accepted it, because the place was so bad that he had in the meantime taken another job.

The second nibble was more bizarre. On the Harvard junior physics faculty was a brilliant young theorist of Austrian descent named Robert Karplus. He and Klein had collaborated on an important paper making use of some of Schwinger's ideas. As was then customary at Harvard with such junior appointments, Karplus was given a sabbatical leave, which he took at the University of California at Berkeley. About a year before, the Livermore Laboratory had been set up, largely at the urging of Edward Teller. It was meant as a kind of counterweight to Los Alamos, which Teller felt was not working with sufficient enthusiasm on the crash program —which President Truman had announced in January of 1950—to build the hydrogen bomb. Karplus was a consultant at Livermore, which is near Berkeley. He returned to Harvard early in 1954, and told me that he had given my name to Teller as someone who might be recruited to Livermore. I will go on to discuss my interaction with nuclear weapons and how my feelings about them evolved, but for the present let me say that at the time Karplus told me about this I did not have any moral objection to going to a place like Livermore or Los Alamos. For whatever reasons, they were not regarded by my fellow-students as desirable places to work in, but that had to do with the intellectual quality—as we perceived it—of the work, and not with moral reservations about nuclear weapons. That came—at least for people of my generation—later.

The American Physical Society, our professional organization, held a meeting every spring in Washington. Graduate students were encouraged to go to these meetings to learn what was going on and to get a sense of the job market. Now that I was a "physicist," I decided to go to the meeting in the spring of 1954—at the end of April, to be precise. Karplus said that he would make an appointment for me to see Teller. The meeting was held in the Shoreham Hotel, and on one of the floors there was what we called "the slave market"—a series of tables or booths at which prospective employers could meet possible future physicist employees. I no longer remember how I arranged to find Teller, but what happened after I found him I will never forget. He had a suite that he was using to interview people in, and he invited me up to it. When I got there, he said that on the following day he was scheduled to give a talk on meson physics, and that the way he prepared talks was to give them first spontaneously, with someone listening. He proposed to give his talk with me as the audience. I was to interrupt if I heard something wrong. He proceeded to pace up and down the room giving this talk, of which I understood very little. It was some slightly eccentric meson theory that has long since disappeared. Because I understood nothing, I said nothing. At one point, he stopped and exclaimed that it was a relief to be talking about physics rather than politics—a remark that I also did not understand. After the talk, he said goodbye, and I left the room. I never heard from him or from Livermore. However, not long afterward I did discover the meaning of his cryptic remark. A few days earlier—on April 28, 1954—Teller had appeared as a witness "in the matter of J. Robert Oppenheimer," the security-clearance hearings that destroyed Oppenheimer's public career. Teller was a hostile witness, and many physicists, myself among them, have never been able to forgive him for what he said and the way that he said it. One of the charges that had been levelled against Oppenheimer was a lack of enthusiasm for building the hydrogen bomb. Among the points the hearing committee—a special panel of the Atomic Energy Committee—tried to establish was that Oppenheimer's attitude had an adverse impact on recruiting at places like Livermore. The witness previous to Teller that day, Kenneth Sanborn Pitzer, who was a professor of chemistry at Berkeley, was asked, "Doctor, is it or is it not true in your opinion that in the case of a scientist as influential as Dr. Oppenheimer, a failure to lend enthusiasm and vigorous support to a program might constitute hindrance to the program or opposition to the program?" Pitzer answered, "There is a certain element of semantics in that question, but I would say yes." Then it was Teller's turn. I have read Teller's testimony many times, and have always marvelled at the apparently guileless fashion in which he attacked Oppenheimer. It was a remarkable performance. Take, for instance, this exchange between Roger Robb and Teller:



> Q. To simplify the issues here, perhaps, let me ask you this question: Is it your intention, in anything that you are about to testify to, to suggest that Dr. Oppenheimer is disloyal to the United States?
>
> A. I do not want to suggest anything of the kind. I know Oppenheimer as an intellectually most alert and a very complicated person, and I think it would be presumptuous and wrong on my part if I would try in

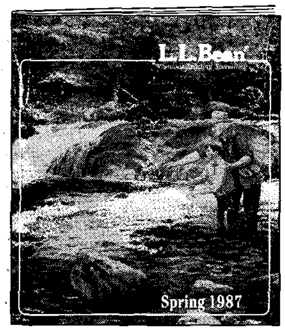


Omaha Steaks International®
Since 1917

Try a little tenderness Make those special occasions truly memorable! Just try a little tenderness. Candlelight, soft music, and, magnificent, aged Filet Mignons. Perfect. Experts select and prepare each filet! Their artistry in cutting and aging is your assurance of utmost enjoyment. Steaks arrive frozen. Complete satisfaction guaranteed. **INTRODUCTORY OFFER:**

Six 6-oz. Filet Mignons, *1¼" thick*
(reg. $52.95) $29.95
(plus $4.50 shipping/handling)
YOU SAVE $23.00!
OFFER VALID IN 48 STATES UNTIL FEB. 28, 1987.
SAVE EVEN MORE...
Twelve 6-oz. Filets at
Extra special price of $58.95
(plus $4.50 shipping/handling)
Limit - 2 packages per order
Phone or mail order. Use major credit card and
Call Free 1-800-228-9055
In Nebraska phone 0-402-391-3660 collect.
Order today or write for FREE catalog and 10% discount coupon.
Omaha Steaks International®
Dept. 1874 / 4400 So. 96th Street / Omaha, NE 68127

L.L.Bean®



FREE Spring Catalog

Features quality products for men and women who enjoy the outdoors. Rugged footwear and clothing for active outdoor use, as well as attractive and well-made weekend wear. Spring sporting equipment and furnishings for relaxing at home or camp. All 100% guaranteed and honestly described. **We pay all regular shipping and handling charges and offer toll-free telephone services.**

☐ **Send FREE Spring Catalog**

Name ____________
Address ____________
City ____________
State ________ Zip ________
L. L. Bean, Inc., 891 Casco St., Freeport, ME 04033

any way to analyze his motives. But I have always assumed, and I now assume, that he is loyal to the United States. I believe this, and I shall believe it until I see very conclusive proof to the opposite.

Q. Now, a question which is the corollary of that. Do you or do you not believe that Dr. Oppenheimer is a security risk?

A. In a great number of cases I have seen Dr. Oppenheimer act—I understood that Dr. Oppenheimer acted—in a way which for me was exceedingly hard to understand. I thoroughly disagreed with him on numerous issues, and his actions frankly appeared to me confused and complicated. To this extent, I feel that I would like to see the vital interests of this country in hands which I understand better and therefore trust more.

Finally, the matter of the recruiting came up. Teller was asked "Did you have any difficulty recruiting personnel for that laboratory?" He answered, "Yes, but not terribly difficult." Then he was asked, "Did you get the personnel you needed?" Teller answered, "This is a question I cannot really answer, because it is always possible to get better personnel. But I am very happy about the people whom we did get, and we are still looking for very excellent people if we can get them, and I am going to spend the next three days in the Physical Society in trying to persuade additional young people to join us." It must have been during one of those days that I met Teller. I have been grateful ever since that I was not persuaded to go to Livermore.

THE following year passed uneventfully. My thesis worked its way toward completion. I had no more job offers, but, for some reason, this did not worry me. It was not that I shouldn't have been worried. It is just that I wasn't. Indeed, for the next seven years I did not have a job that had a tenure beyond a single year. I was never entirely sure what I would be doing the following year, or where, and I simply got used to it. As things turned out, just as my four years were coming to an end I backed into an absolutely perfect job. The Physics Department, which oversaw the operation of the Harvard Cyclotron, had created a post there known as "house theoretician." It had no very explicit duties—only the vague one of being available to the experimental physicists to discuss anything they might have in mind. The rest of the time, one could do one's own research. At the time I was finishing my thesis, the job was open, and—with the help of Gerald Holton—I got it. There were no hours, and during the two years I spent there I can remember only one

ENGLISH WAXED COTTON RAINWEAR
by BRITTON

BOSTON JACKET

The Boston Jacket is a town and country jacket in medium weight dry finish waxed cotton. It has a full cotton lining, corduroy collar, two flapped pockets with handwarmer pockets, a zippered wallet pocket and side tabs for waist adjustment. As all Britton rainwear, it is meticulously detailed to the highest standard. The colors are navy or dark olive. Made in England.

Sizes: XS(30/32), S(34/36), M(38/40), L(42/44), XL(46/48)

No. 7328 Boston Jacket $167.50

State size and color.

Check, Mastercard or Visa. Add $2.00 for shipping.
Satisfaction Guaranteed. Send for our unique catalog.
Visit our store when in the Seattle area.
For orders and inquiries telephone **(206) 485-2132**

David Morgan
11812 Northcreek Pky. N., Suite 103 Bothell, WA 98011

MICHAEL FEINSTEIN

Shows at 9:15 and 11:15 p.m.
Dinner seating from 8:00 p.m.

Food and beverage minimum: $15.
Music charge: $20 Tues.–Thurs.; $25 Fri.–Sat.

RESERVATIONS: (212)840-6800—Miss Dowling

THE OAK ROOM AT THE
Algonquin
59 West 44th Street, New York

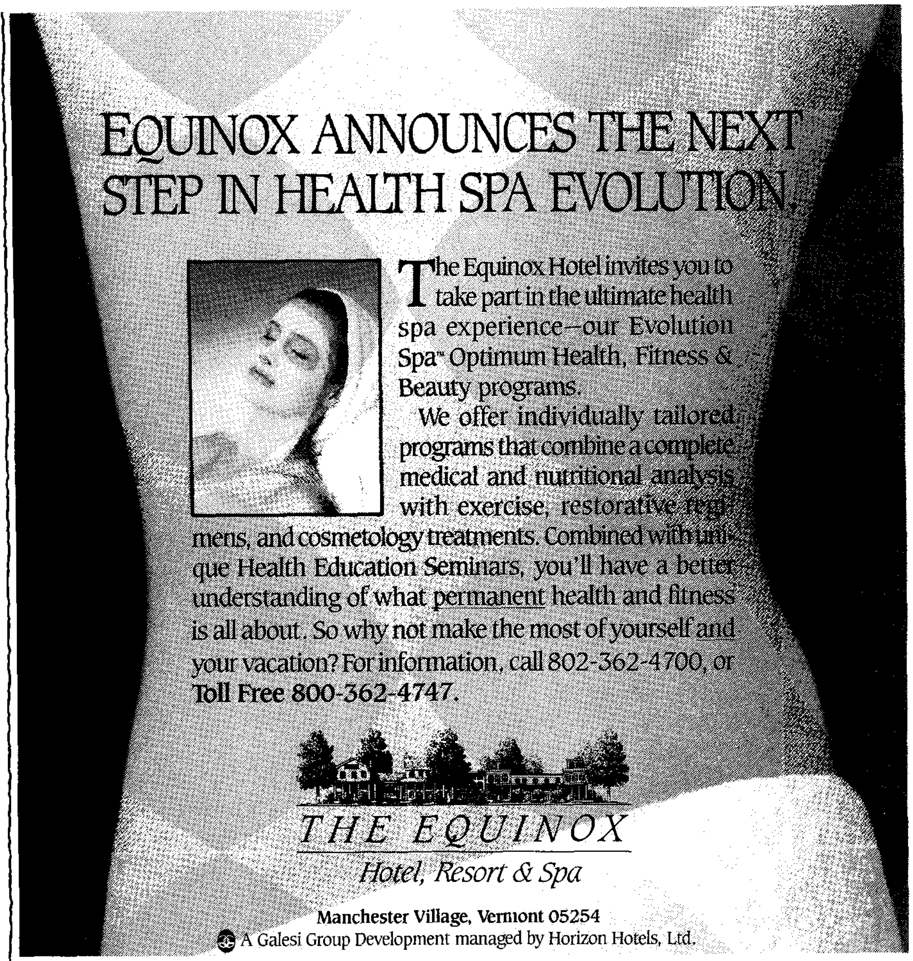
Elegant Country Charm–Luxury London Hotel
Telephone: 01-723 7874.
39-40 Dorset Square,
London NW1 6QN.
Telex: 263964 Dorset G.
DORSET SQUARE HOTEL

TAPAS•TAPAS•TAPAS•TAPAS•TAPAS•TAPAS•TAPAS•
"New York City's Best Tapas"
Mimi Sheraton
TIME MAG.
The Ballroom
Join Chef Felipe For Lunch, Dinner & Private Parties
253 West 28th St. NYC (212) 244-3005
TAPAS•TAPAS•TAPAS•TAPAS•TAPAS•TAPAS•TAPAS•

occasion on which an experimental physicist asked me anything. The Harvard experimental physicists knew as much theory as I did. However, I did have a research program. By this time, I knew a good deal about the deuteron, and more was being discovered in experiments being done at Stanford University, in which electrons were beamed onto deuterons and the angular distribution of the resulting collisions depended on the shape of the deuteron. This constituted the first direct measurement of its shape. I wrote several papers about the analysis of this experiment and got to teach the subject in a nuclear-physics course when its professor, Norman Ramsey, was called to Washington to debate McCarthy on national television.

I recall these two years as being among the happiest of my early life. In June of 1955, it was understood that I would move on and open the job up for someone else. There was one place in all the world I wanted to go, and that was the Institute for Advanced Study, in Princeton. To me, it was a legendary place. Although Einstein had died that spring, I still thought of the Institute as his place. Furthermore, I had heard Oppenheimer speak and had read what he had written, and I was extremely impressed by him: he was an intellectual hero. It was a very prestigious thing for a young physicist to do, and I wanted above everything else to go there. By this time, I had got to know Schwinger reasonably well. The small group of theorists in Cambridge used to eat together every Wednesday noon at Chez Dreyfus, where Schwinger would sketch out his latest discoveries on napkins or placemats. It was an extraordinarily exciting thing to witness. A couple of my papers had used some of Schwinger's ideas, and he had been very helpful in explaining them. So I went to him and asked if he would write a letter to Oppenheimer for me. I remember adding irreverently, "The next time, I'll do the same for you." He wrote, and so did a few other Cambridge colleagues, and late in April I found out that I had been accepted. I have never been happier.

During the time I was a graduate student, Philipp Frank retired; he turned seventy in 1954. We had never lost touch, and often talked together. I know that in his last years he was deeply hurt because the department had taken away his relativity course and given it to a younger man. It is true that his course was pretty slow-


EQUINOX ANNOUNCES THE NEXT STEP IN HEALTH SPA EVOLUTION.

The Equinox Hotel invites you to take part in the ultimate health spa experience—our Evolution Spa™ Optimum Health, Fitness & Beauty programs.

We offer individually tailored programs that combine a complete medical and nutritional analysis with exercise, restorative regimens, and cosmetology treatments. Combined with unique Health Education Seminars, you'll have a better understanding of what permanent health and fitness is all about. So why not make the most of yourself and your vacation? For information, call 802-362-4700, or Toll Free 800-362-4747.

THE EQUINOX
Hotel, Resort & Spa
Manchester Village, Vermont 05254
A Galesi Group Development managed by Horizon Hotels, Ltd.

When it's easy to forget...
we make it easy to remember!

You want to show you care. But remembering is difficult.

MemoryTech will keep track of every important occasion for you—whether you want to remember a relative's birthday or a special date for a customer, client or patient. Any special occasion—we'll let you know, in writing, when it's coming up.

If your schedule is hectic, we can also send you a pre-addressed, stamped greeting card—and flowers or candy for that extra touch.

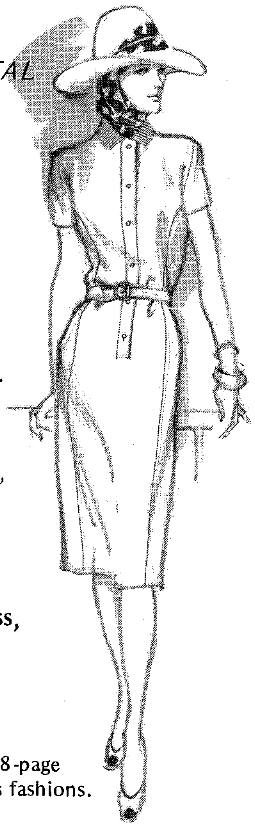
For information, write or call:
MemoryTech•P.O. Box 40090•Bay Village, Ohio 44140•216-871-0626

Greenland
CRUISE • HIKE • KAYAK
Exploring
Beyond Igloo and Myth
DOMINIC CAPEZZA • (212) 683 1145
Greenland Cruises, Inc. 10 Park Ave NYC 10016

Certain gifts simply
must be extraordinary.
THE FAMOUS
Stave Jigsaw Puzzles
The only fine, handcut, mahogany-backed puzzles still being made today.
For free consultation, call 1-802-649-1450
or send for free 32-page prospectus.
Stave Puzzles, Norwich, Vermont 05055

SUN. STYLE. SECLUSION.
Secreted away in the midst of Palm Springs' most prestigious residential neighborhood lies this gem of a resort featuring only 17 rooms and the practiced refinements of European style luxury.

ANTARES
PALM SPRINGS
772 Prescott Drive, Palm Springs
California 92262 (619) 325-0229



THE CLASSIC DAVID CRYSTAL DRESS BY HAYMAKER

A classic dress returns with the same styling you loved for years. Rib-knit collar. Front button placket, short sleeves and D-ring belt. Made in USA. Polyester double-knit to machine wash and tumble dry. In navy, beige, periwinkle-blue, coral, white or yellow. 8, 10, 12, 14, 16, 18, 20.

#5333 Knit Dress, $49.95

Add $2.50 shipping charges

Send for free 128-page catalog of women's fashions.

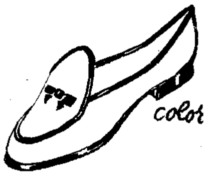
Order by mail or phone 912-924-9371

THE TOG SHOP
695 Lester Square, Americus, GA 31710

Heed the call of Spring to The Cloister.

Discover Springtime at this lushly beautiful seashore resort. First love of many discerning families. Very social, very fun, very special! Always 5-Star. The Cloister® Sea Island, GA 31561. Toll-free 800-SEA-ISLAND.

Sea Island®



Handmade Casuals

color Brochure $2.00

..More than Handfinished..
..Superior to Handcrafted..
..Made for utmost comfort..

Belgian Shoes

60 East 56th St.
New York 10022 (212) 755-7372

moving, and probably somewhat out of date, but it had a quality of scholarship that no young person could re-create. At the time of his retirement, Professor Frank was asked to clean out his office, and I helped him. It was an ungodly mess. He had an old rolltop desk, in which we found all sorts of unopened and unanswered letters—some dating from at least a decade earlier. There were also letters from Einstein, which Professor Frank had read and saved, stuffed in various drawers, and letters from all sorts of other distinguished physicists and philosophers. It was a priceless collection, which seems to have disappeared. He turned up a scroll-like object that turned out to be an etching of Einstein done in 1931 and signed by both Einstein and the artist. Professor Frank asked me if I would like it. It now hangs on my wall. The last time I saw Professor Frank was ten years later. I went with Gerald Holton to call on the Franks and to discuss with them their moving into a retirement home Holton had found for them, which would be better suited to their needs. Holton had with him a copy of a new book that contained some of Professor Frank's essays. He gave the book to Professor Frank, who looked at it for a bit. Then he said, partly to himself and partly to us, that it was as if those essays had been written by someone else. He died on July 21, 1966.

—Jeremy Bernstein

(*This is the first part of a two-part article.*)

•

UH-HUH DEPARTMENT

[*From the London Sunday Express*]

In Paris last night the Foreign Ministry was unable to deny the reports, though officials described them as "rumours completely with foundation."

•

Corrections
NAME MISPELLED

On the cover of today's Living Section (F1) Gregg Delman's name is mispelled.

—*Nyack* (*N.Y.*) *Journal-News.*

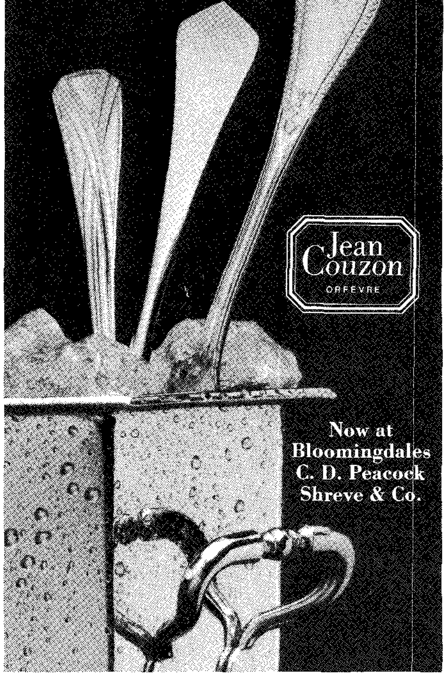
It figures.

•

"We're not running a temperance movement," he said. "We're trying to start people thinking and choosing between alternatives—'Do I drink or do I drive?'

"We have encountered students from the University," Oliveri said. "We've encountered people from all stratospheres of the community."—*Syracuse* (*N.Y.*) *Daily Orange.*

Maybe you *need* a temperance movement.



Sterling*without tears

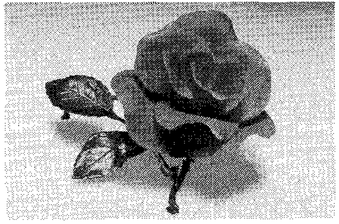
And now the holloware is joined by table settings in the extension of this brilliant sterling look.
*And yet it isn't sterling. Made in France, our 18/10 stainless steel mirror finish retains everything you want in the silver look, forever, without polishing. Catalogue $1.
JEAN COUZON 509 Madison Avenue, NY NY 10022.

Jean Couzon
ORFEVRE

Now at
Bloomingdales
C. D. Peacock
Shreve & Co.

The
Russian Tea Room

150 WEST 57 ST., NEW YORK
265-0947



B • O • E • H • M

Valentine Red Rose in Boehm porcelain w/bronze base. Tell her she's special! 4x6½" $198.50 delivered anywhere in the USA for Valentine's Day. MasterCard/Visa **Call toll free 800-345-0053.** In N.Y. State 716-852-7876.

pitt petri

378 DELAWARE AVE./BUFFALO, N.Y. 14202

THE THEATRE

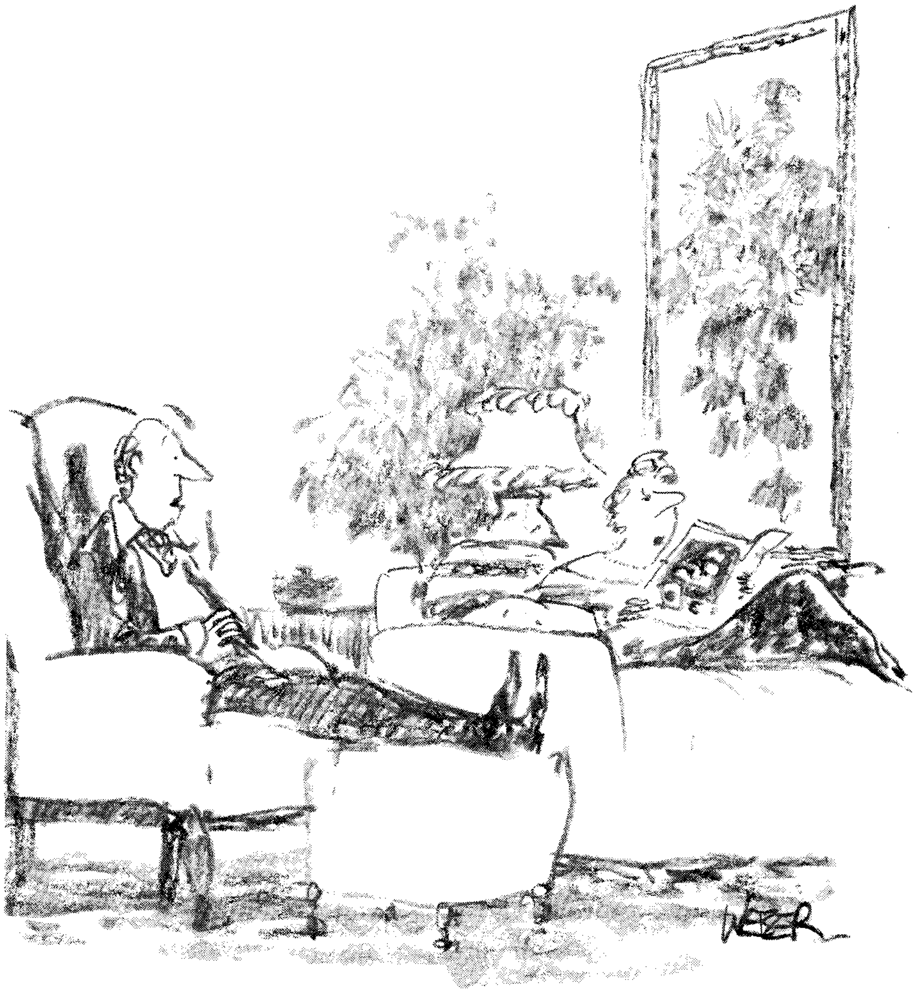
Tap-Happy

“Stepping Out,” a play with music and dancing (at the John Golden), puts me in mind of an anecdote about the Spanish writer José Ortega y Gasset, who at a tea party in Madrid in the nineteen-twenties had his first encounter with that newly fashionable article a pleated skirt. He exclaimed at once, in wonderment and delight, “The things that could be more and are contented to be less!” The attractiveness of “Stepping Out” lies precisely in its being contented with the modesty of its scale; if it had attempted to penetrate even as much as a millimetre below the amiable surface of its wind-up, wind-down little plot, it would have destroyed itself. The author, an Englishman named Richard Harris, is reported to have three plays running in London at this very moment; plainly, he has mastered the art indispensable to the commercial theatre—that of pleasing the large segment of the public which asks, “Isn’t there misery enough in the world without our having to spend good money watching it onstage?” In the world that Mr. Harris invites us to examine in “Stepping Out,” there are plenty of hints of misery offstage, but what we see and hear is ten representatively humdrum people—nine women and a man—whom we might pass on the street without a second glance (or perhaps without even a first glance), and who, joshing with each other and mildly quarrelling with each other, manage little by little to surrender their chilly self-protectiveness by the sharing of a common goal. That goal happens to be tap dancing, and the cozy message of the play is that though life is hard learning to tap-dance will bring happiness. I am not sure that this message will prove useful in every case, but it is encouraging at best and harmless at worst; theatregoers have been swallowing messages of a similar nature for generations now without the least sign of lasting injury.

The setting of “Stepping Out” is a church hall in North London, where an earnest young professional dancer is conducting a night class in tap dancing for a group of awkward amateurs. We laugh at them as they turn and twist and fail, and we forgive ourselves for laughing, because we know that by the end of the play they will all be dancing superbly. Or, rather, superbly by their North London church-hall standards, which gives us still another chance to laugh at them, this time out of an unearned sense of superiority. (How lucky we are not to be in North London, how lucky we are not to be struggling to survive the inattention of our fellow human beings!) The play flatters our egos when it is being realistic, and when it turns into a bespangled fantasy it avoids the problem of a plausible resolution; no wonder we leave the theatre feeling mindless and merry.

The cast of “Stepping Out” is an exceptionally able one. The only male is Don Amendolia, who plays a plump, bald-headed middle-aged widower, equally unable to finish a sentence and to dance a step. He gives an exquisite performance, his round face sometimes wearing as many as three expressions at a time: hoping to succeed, fearing to fail, and—most poignant of all—wondering “Why am I here?” Each of the women in the cast works hard to outwit the threat of being taken for a stereotype, and I salute them all, in prudent alphabetical order: Victoria Boothby, Janet Eilber, Meagen Fay, Cherry Jones, Marcell Rosenblatt, Sheryl Sciro, Carole Shelley, Pamela Sousa, and Carol Woods. The setting, by David Jenkins, bears the stamp of a dusty, Ruskinian authenticity, the amusing costumes are by Neil Spisak, the lighting is by Beverly Emmons, and the direction is by Tommy Tune, whose absence as a performer amounts to a kind of presence. That makes him a man able to be in two places at once. I envy him.

—Brendan Gill



“You used to treat me like a child. What’s happened?”

•

WHICH PAGE OF THE LOS ANGELES TIMES D’YA READ?

GOOD AGENT VITAL
TO SALE OF HOME

—*Los Angeles Times, page 1 of the real-estate section.*

COUPLE SAVES BY SELLING
HOME WITHOUT AN AGENT

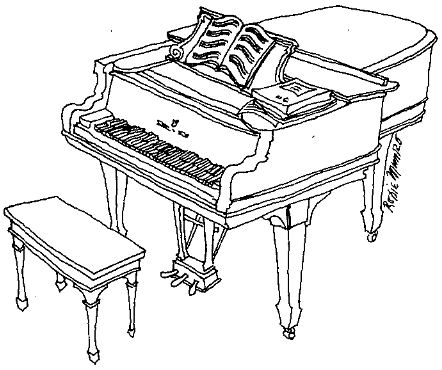
—*Same issue, page 7 of the same section.*

JAZZ

The Big Bands

Gunther Schuller and Martin Williams have put together for the Smithsonian Collection a recorded history of the big jazz bands, called "Big Band Jazz." Stretching from 1924 to 1955, it contains two Paul Whitemans, five Fletcher Hendersons, two McKinney's Cotton Pickers, one Luis Russell, one Jesse Stone, one The Missourians, one Casa Loma Orchestra, two Bennie Motens, four Earl Hineses, four Chick Webbs, five Jimmie Luncefords, five Benny Goodmans, one Andy Kirk, four Tommy Dorseys, six Count Basies, two Charlie Barnets, three Artie Shaws, three Glenn Millers, two Harry Jameses, one Benny Carter, two Erskine Hawkinses, seven Duke Ellingtons, one Louis Armstrong, two Lionel Hamptons, four Woody Hermans, one Billy Eckstine, two Boyd Raeburns, two Dizzy Gillespies, two Claude Thornhills, one Elliot Lawrence, and one Stan Kenton. It does not contain anything by the Mills' Blue Rhythm Band, Bob Crosby, Les Brown, Gene Krupa, Jay McShann, Lucky Millinder, Teddy Wilson, Red Norvo, Teddy Powell, Bob Chester, Jimmy Dorsey, Sabby Lewis, Hal McIntyre, Jack Teagarden, Spike Hughes, the Metronome All-Star bands, Cootie Williams, Cab Calloway, the Sauter-Finegan band, Georgie Auld, or the Savoy Sultans. To judge simply by what has been left out and by the number of selections granted certain of the bands, it is clear that "Big Band Jazz" is an eccentric and even capricious anthology. Taken as a whole, though, it is a valuable testament to a body of jazz music that was rarely as good as it should have been yet was often better than the mass-production standards that governed it.

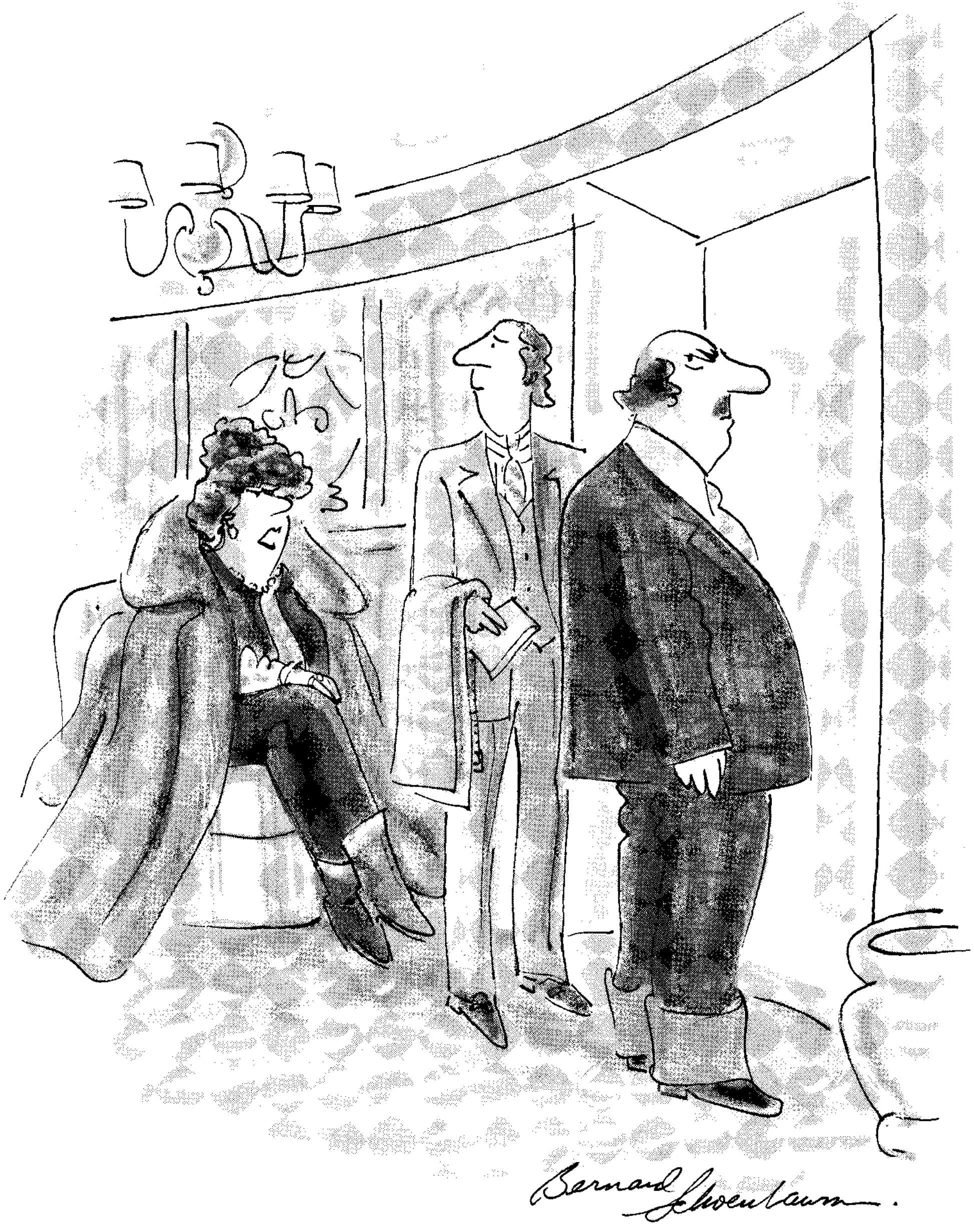
Ragtime, early in the century, was the first nationwide popular-music fad in this country, and the big bands, which flourished from around 1930 to 1950, were the second. (Popular singers came next, then rock.) The big bands grew indirectly out of the New Orleans ensemble of trumpet, clarinet, trombone, piano, guitar, bass, and drums. (By big bands I mean big bands with a jazz inclination, and not such sweet, Mickey Mouse bands as Guy Lombardo, Wayne King, Russ Morgan, and Sammy Kaye.) They swelled from around ten pieces in the twenties to twenty and sometimes thirty in the forties, and eventually they included four or five trumpets, three or four trombones, five reeds, and a rhythm section of piano, guitar, bass, and drums. String sections of various sizes came and went. Because such a number of instruments could not play polyphonically in the New Orleans manner, arrangers came into being. They wrote figures for the various sections to play, leaving space here and there for improvised solos. These figures were riffs (short, repeated phrases); rhythmic punctuations, especially for the brass; organ chords played by any or all of the sections; and straight-out melodies or melodic fragments. In the early big-band days, the sections worked in a kind of call-and-answer pattern: the reeds would play a riff and the trumpets would answer with a wa-wa phrase, the trombones would state a melody for eight bars and the reeds would answer with an eight-bar variation of that melody. There wasn't much harmonic adventurousness. Unison and octave-unison voicings were common, and the reed sections, generally made up until the late thirties of two alto saxophones and two tenor saxophones (with everybody doubling on clarinet), had a Goody Two Shoes sound. Fletcher Henderson perfected this foursquare mode of arranging, and it became prevalent and lasted into the forties. But in the late thirties such experimental arrangers and arranger-leaders as Duke Ellington, Benny Carter, Sy Oliver, and Mary Lou Williams began to take hold. They made the big bands they wrote for sound like small bands. They added new voicings and new harmonies, they pointed up the timbres of their soloists and made them an organic part of their surroundings, they eliminated blare and pomp, they put color and texture in their background figures, they loosened the staid nineteen-thirties rhythmic underpinnings. Each had his own voice. Mary Lou Williams was lean and poetic. She might use only three or four instruments in ensemble passages, and when she used her full resources the band resembled an octet. Like Carter and Ellington, she added the dimension of mood to many of her arrangements. Some were misterioso, some were melancholy, some were silken. Benny Carter's bands never sounded big, either. He wrote long, complex melodies for his reed section, and he pitted biting brass figures against them to keep them from cloying. He was a master of dynamics, and his own exemplary improvisations on alto saxophone, trumpet, and clarinet lit his arrangements. Sy Oliver had a gift for catchy melodies. He also had a sure sense of dynamics and a love of rhythmic excitement. It took iron drummers like Jimmy Crawford and Buddy Rich to weather the rhythmic jolts in his arrangements. He had, like Ellington and Williams, a gift for mood. Ellington turned the big jazz band into a work of art. He collected idiosyncratic soloists and wrote miniature concertos around them. These were notable for their voicings (he often combined instruments from the different sections), for the stream of beautiful submelodies that floated through the background of every arrangement, for the band's unique sound when he pressed all his instruments into one voice. The two dozen concertos he wrote forty-five years ago seem even more shining and complex and complete than they first did. Ellington moved from the big-band medium into his own sphere. One more great experimental arranger appeared in the forties—Gil Evans. He learned from Ellington, and he favored an instrumental palette that included horns and tubas. He was a romantic, and his sounds were rich and autumnal and stately. The leaves were always turning in Evans' music. There were hundreds of big bands in the thirties and early forties, but there were also many small groups. Some were contained within the big bands, and would come forth once or twice an evening to show off the big group's star soloists. Some were working



groups, and were generally found in night clubs. If the big bands were novels, the small bands were short stories.

The big bands were inescapable. Not only did they endlessly crisscross the country but many were heard every night on network radio between eleven and one. They were, of course, dance bands, and hearing them in the flesh could be a lifting experience—the intensity of the sound, the timbres of both the sections and the soloists, the rhythmic momentum, the excitement of never knowing what a musician would play when he stood up to solo. (Some bandleaders ordered their stars to repeat note for note the solos they had recorded, particularly if the records were hits.) In turn, people packed twenty deep in front of a bandstand could make a soloist do exultant things. There were three kinds of big bands: the young, heedless, swinging ones (Erskine Hawkins, Bennie Moten, the 1945 Woody Herman); the great commercial bands (Tommy Dorsey, Artie Shaw, Benny Goodman, Glenn Miller, Lionel Hampton, Jimmie Lunceford); and the iconoclastic lyrical bands (Duke Ellington, Count Basie, Andy Kirk, Benny Carter, Claude Thornhill). The Smithsonian album is a mixture of all three.

Here is what happens on two numbers in the album. The first is Jimmie Lunceford's 1936 recording of Sy Oliver's "Organ Grinder's Swing." It is a subtle and ingenious set of variations, taken at a medium-slow tempo, on the old eight-bar children's refrain "I like coffee, I like tea, I like the girls, and the girls like me." The melody is played in unison the first time through by muted trumpet, muted trombone, and clarinet (Ellington's "Mood Indigo" trio), accompanied only by temple blocks. There is an eight-bar bridge, in which a baritone saxophone states a variation of the melody while Sy Oliver growls on muted trumpet. The theme is restated by a celeste, accompanied again by the temple blocks. A four-bar clarinet interlude gives way to an eight-bar open-horn trumpet solo by Paul Webster, with saxophone organ chords behind. Then Oliver, again muted and growling, solos against pushing, offbeat saxophone chords, and the eight-bar theme reappears, played this time by the baritone saxophone, the growling Oliver rampant behind.



"Frankly, I wouldn't have him found dead in that."

The second number is Duke Ellington's 1941 version of Billy Strayhorn's "Just A-Sittin' and A-Rockin'." It consists largely of an eloquent dialogue between Ben Webster and the band, with afterthoughts by Tricky Sam Nanton and Barney Bigard. Ellington and Jimmy Blanton share the four-bar introduction, and Webster states the four-note, two-bar melody and is answered by the band. Over the course of two thirty-two-bar choruses, he plays this theme twenty-four times, each time slightly differently, and is immediately answered by the band. He is a Lewis Carroll figure trying again and again to get his way, and being told with every nuance authority can think of, "We shall see." Ray Nance takes the bridge in the first chorus and Webster in the second. Webster finishes his queries, and Nanton and Bigard divide the last chorus. Nanton solos while the band plays Webster's theme, and Bigard picks the melody up and finishes. Ellington and Blanton close with a four-bar coda. A simple, daring, elegant piece of work.

The other choice numbers in the album include Jimmie Lunceford's great, moody "Uptown Blues," with Snooky Young's lordly trumpet solo; Ellington's "Take the 'A' Train," "A Gypsy Without a Song," "The 'C' Jam Blues," "Perdido," and the charging, exhilarating "Main Stem;" Mary Lou Williams' bony, sad "Big

Anyone can send for The New Yorker.

You Can Do It For Yourself: Whether you wish to begin a subscription to The New Yorker, or renew the one you already enjoy, all you have to do is write your name and address below and check the term you prefer.

Your name (please print)

Address *Apartment*

City *State* *Zip*

☐ *Start a subscription for me only.* ☐ *Start gifts only.*
☐ *Start my subscription plus gifts.* ☐ *One year: $32* ☐ *Two years: $52* 4047

You Can Send It To Someone Else: To give a gift subscription to The New Yorker, just write your name and address above and the recipient's name and address below.

☐ *One year: $32* ☐ *Two years: $52*

To
(please print)

Address *Apartment*

City *State* *Zip*

Gift card to read "From ______"

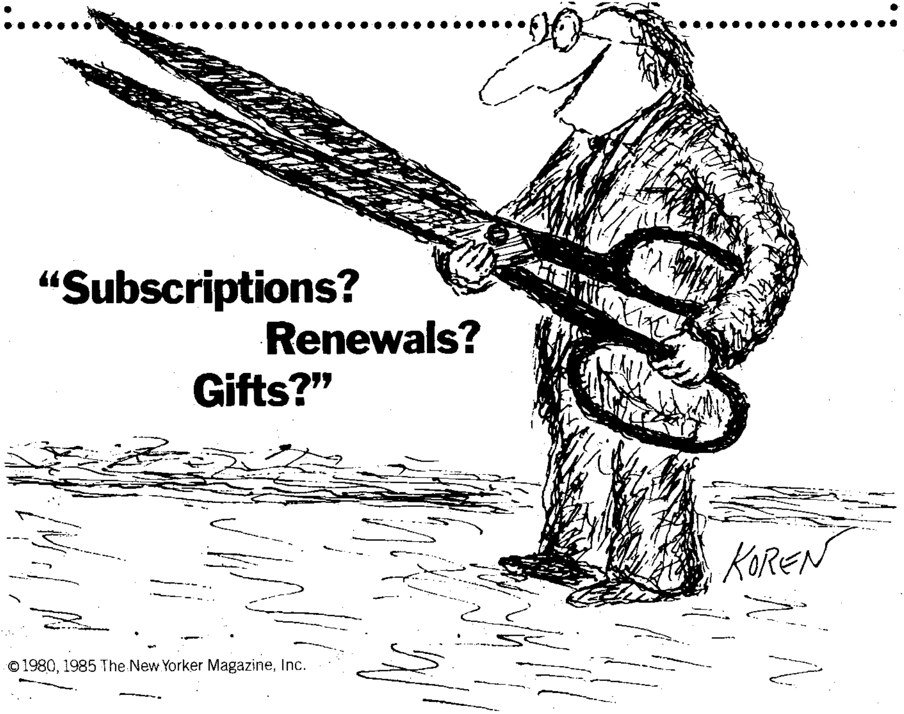
Additional postage: Canada $12 per year; other foreign $20 per year. Please remit in U.S. funds.

☐ *My check for $* ______ *is enclosed.*
Or, please bill my: ☐ *Master Card* ☐ *American Express* ☐ *Visa*

Card Number *Expiration date*

Signature

Please mail completed order to:
The New Yorker, Subscription Department, 25 West 43rd Street, New York, N.Y. 10036.
For orders only, call any time, toll free, 1-800-247-2160 (in Iowa 1-800-362-2860).


"Subscriptions?
Renewals?
Gifts?"
KOREN

©1980, 1985 The New Yorker Magazine, Inc.

Jim Blues," played by Andy Kirk; Count Basie's "Sent for You Yesterday" and "9:20 Special," the last chorus of which is graced by a visiting Coleman Hawkins, who is backed by plunging Jo Jones rimshots and those stepping-into-the-cellar Basie left-hand chords; Erskine Hawkins' "Tuxedo Junction" and "Midnight Stroll," both full of light and motion; Woody Herman's soaring "Apple Honey;" and Claude Thornhill's humming "Donna Lee" and "Robbins Nest." There are also a generous and welcome number of selections by the big commercial bands, among them Glenn Miller's "In the Mood" and "A String of Pearls," which rests on Bobby Hackett's indelible one-chorus cornet solo; Tommy Dorsey's "Well, Git It!," "On the Sunny Side of the Street," and "Opus No. One;" Artie Shaw's "Star Dust" and "Begin the Beguine;" and Charlie Barnet's "Skyliner."

There would have been room in the Smithsonian album for a good many of the omitted bands if the selections by Ellington, Basie, Lunceford, Herman, Goodman, Hines, Henderson, and Webb had been kept at two or three—excellence makes its point quickly. Leaving out such mediocre—even poor—material as Louis Armstrong's "Leap Frog," Lionel Hampton's "Till Tom Special," Harry James' "The Mole" and "Friar Rock," Luis Russell's "Ol' Man River," and Glenn Miller's "I Got Rhythm" would have made even more room. And do we need to wade through all of "Sing, Sing, Sing" *again*, particularly when Andy Kirk and Benny Carter are given just one number apiece? The text of the handsome album booklet is by Schuller and Williams, and it is a good primer on big-band jazz. The photographs are plentiful and excellent. Some of the solo credits are incomplete, and we are not told, among other things, that Sy Oliver's "Well, Git It!" is a reworking of the old "Bugle Call Rag."

"Big Band Jazz" can be ordered from Smithsonian Recordings, 111 Tenth Street, Des Moines, Iowa 50336, for forty-four dollars and seventy-five cents, including postage.

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

●

BLOCK THAT METAPHOR!

[*From the Kansas City Star*]

"We cannot continue to be progressive by standing on our reputation and resting on our laurels," said Heeter, 38, a lawyer.

THE CURRENT CINEMA

At Fifteen

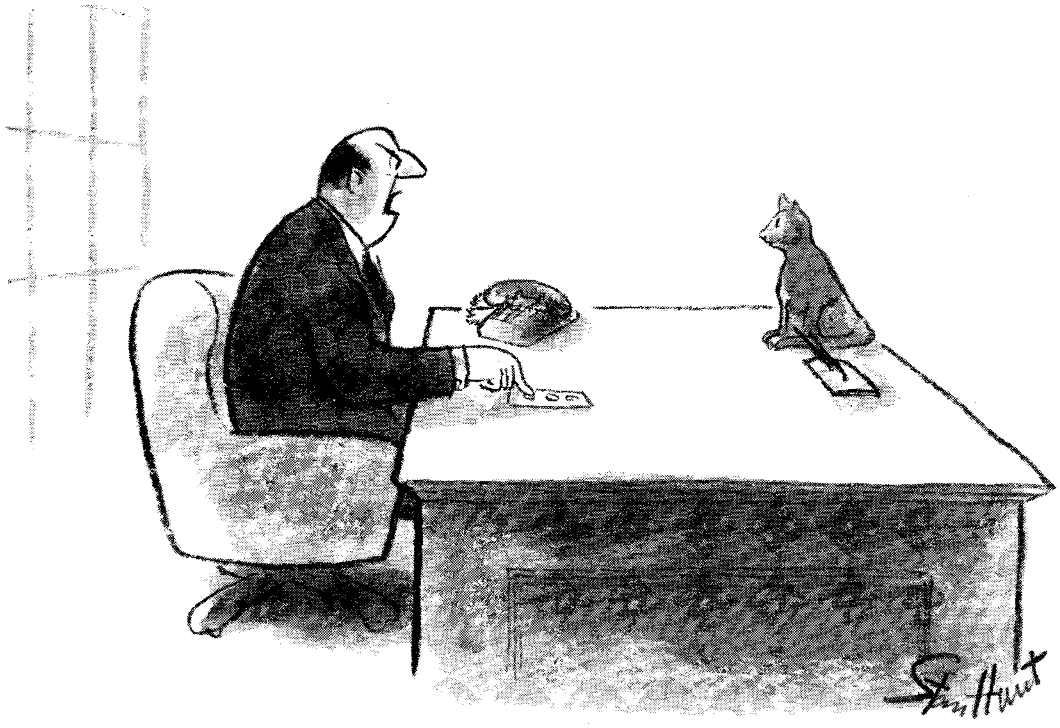
ALAIN CAVALIER'S "Thérèse" is undoubtedly a feat of some sort. The life of the young upper-middle-class nun from Normandy who died in 1897, at twenty-four, and then became a kind of ingénue saint is told in brief, mostly stationary scenes, in a richly austere visual style. The picture was shot in a diorama that doesn't have the depth of a theatre stage; it's more like a shallow platform, and the actors appear against a mottled, opaque backdrop. Except for a suggestion or two, there are no surroundings, no locations. The effect is like a series of ghostly classical paintings: illumined faces, hands, and parts of bodies, and a few objects appear from nowhere, and are then blacked out. The movie is a closed world, like that of the convent, or of a photographer's studio swathed in dark draperies.

Catherine Mouchet, a plump-cheeked twenty-seven-year-old Paris stage actress, plays Thérèse, who at fifteen was cheerfully determined to join her two older sisters in the Carmelite order. When her priest and the bishop told her she was too young, she persuaded her father to accompany her to Rome; there she petitioned the Pope, and soon afterward got permission. But some may feel that she *was* too young: the privations of convent life—she lived in a stone cell—and her own self-denial were possibly what led to her contracting tuberculosis. The mother superior had instructed her to keep a diary of her thoughts; after her death it was published, and in 1925 she was canonized and became—well, popular, as St. Theresa of Lisieux, the Little Flower of Jesus, and the model of the pure woman. (This is at least the fourth French movie she has inspired.)

What's unusual about her sainthood is that it's not about good deeds or miracles; it seems to be about her obscurity, her childlike faith, and about how gratefully she adapted to hardships—to doing without. What the movie gives us is the beaming eagerness of this girl who seems born to be a nun. She takes completely literally her marriage to Christ, and burns with love for her bridegroom. For Thérèse, carnal passion and spiritual passion seem fused. She quite explicitly wants a love higher and more intense than a mortal man could supply: she becomes a nun for the ecstasy of marrying Christ's perfection. And she appears to achieve fulfillment.

How we are meant to react is another matter. The film has a cool, objective manner; it's as detached as a case study. Yet I've never seen anything more composed, hushed, and art-conscious. It concentrates our attention on the bare, masterly images (lighted by Philippe Rousselot) that come out of the darkness, and on tiny sounds and whispered bits of conversation. The director, who wrote the script with his daughter, Camille de Casabianca, has eliminated almost everything that most movies are made up of, and what's left seems rationed—like the nuns' few possessions. In material terms, they live a minimalist life, and the film's method is also minimalist. It, too, seeks purity and simplicity. There's almost no movement on the screen, and Cavalier rations even the colors. Blue eyes are made to look dark. Black and white, grayish green and brown, flesh tones—that's all you get, except for special emphasis, like a swatch of deep red when Thérèse bleeds at the mouth. In a scene that's unlike anything else in the film, Thérèse's father puts a glass bubble over her head. He seems to be commenting on her lack of interest in worldly matters, on the single-mindedness of her quest for sainthood, on her being sealed inside her obsession. And the whole movie is a glass bubble placed over her head.

Mouchet—she resembles the young Sally Field—is convincing as a fifteen-year-old, and seems to have the plain, open face of a guileless farm girl. Actually, her cannily underacted performance leaves almost every mood or expression of Thérèse's open to interpretation. We can't read her benevolent, straightforward look; we're kept at a distance. Her Thérèse is alive with enigmatic feelings, but after a while you know they're going to stay enigmatic. It could be thought that there's something perversely ambiguous in Cavalier's method—that the picture is an agnostically detached examination of a young teen-ager's crush on Jesus and how it kills her. Certainly there are scenes that can't make the religious-minded very happy—a reference to washing lepers and drinking the water, a close view of a nun who's in love with Thérèse as she picks up a container of the dying girl's bloody sputum and delicately dips in a finger and puts it to her mouth. Yet Thérèse herself, with her satisfied



"Why is it every time I press the panic button you show up?"

25 FREE pairs of Wright Arch Preserver® Shoes.

Yes! 25 pairs of America's finest men's shoes will be given to 25 people who answer this ad. On March 2 we will draw 25 names from those who send for our FREE catalog. Each will choose a pair of WRIGHT ARCH PRESERVER SHOES priced up to $149! Mail this coupon for FREE catalog and YOUR chance to win these famous shoes.

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY!
Executive Shoes, Dept. 127, Box E
Rockland, MA 02370
Enter me in the Free drawing, and send Free catalog of Wright Arch Preserver Shoes.

Name (PLEASE PRINT)
Address
City State Zip

Have you ever worn Wright Shoes? yes ☐ no ☐

CASHMERE WATCHCAP Imagine.

Four beefy ounces of Cashmere built two layers thick. It turns up at the brim so you have four layers covering your ears. Warm and soft like nothing else. Not ever a hint of itch or scratch. Never debilitating. Lets your head breathe, leaves you free to think, allows you to perform. Sixty-Five.

Colors: Black, Charcoal Grey, Bank Grey, Flannel Grey, A Suggestion of Grey, Intense Red, Navy, Red, Vermont Green, Claret, Heavy Cream, Baby Blue, Pink, Taupe.

CHECK VISA MASTERCARD VERMONT BIRD COMPANY
PO BOX 1008S RUTLAND VERMONT 05701 802 775 6754

France . . . . . . The Quiet Way

Join waterways expert John Liley for an unforgettable week of cruising the canals of Burgundy aboard the luxury barges "SECUNDA" and "LUCIOLE." Gourmet cuisine, fine wines, personal service. $1,425.00 pp/dbl from Paris. For a free color brochure contact McGregor Tours, 33 Lewis St., Greenwich, CT 06830. (203) 622-0055. Toll Free (800) 243-5330.

DEEP IN THE MAINE WOODS
Incomparable Cross-Country Skiing

Ski-in or fly-in. Wild and beautiful area of mountain and ponds. Warm log cabins and main lodge built in 1870's as logging station. Outstanding food, moose watching, platform tennis! No phone, oil lamps. "Occupies a niche somewhere between a resort and a friend's wilderness retreat." Brochure:

LITTLE LYFORD POND LODGE
GREENVILLE, MAINE 04441
207-695-2821 (radio contact via Folsom's Air Service)

smile and the rapture she takes from her own martyrdom, has such a girlish fervor—a conviction of sublimity?—that you almost can't make fun of her; it would be like making fun of a happy afflicted child. (You may be put off, though.)

The other nuns have more worldly, grownup faces; Thérèse's cloistered older sisters, and another older sister, at home (whom she persuades to enter the order after their father dies), all have an element of sophistication about them. But Thérèse, having entered the convent so early, still has the bloom of youth on her cheeks when she dies. A doctor who is called in—too late—to examine the pain-wracked girl listens to the mother superior talk about the nuns' being *supposed* to suffer, and says, "They ought to burn this place down." Cavalier keeps scenes like this moving along fairly briskly; he never tips his hand. Still, if he weren't deliberately raising questions about the Church's glorifying young girls' infatuation with the idea of becoming the bride of Jesus, why would his presentation of Thérèse's passion be so detached? And why would a Christmas scene of a nun cradling a wooden Christ child in her arms be so creepy? It might even be thought that the convent suggests a deranged girls' boarding school with middle-aged women dedicating themselves to a perpetual adolescence. All this could, of course, be projection. Perhaps he means to tell us that if we have simple faith we can all be saints, though we remain as obscure as Thérèse. But he walls off her inner struggle (to overcome her stubbornness—what she called her "difficult" personality), and since nothing happens to her outwardly, she becomes only an aesthetic or possibly erotic object. A movie as objective as this isn't ultimately about anything—at least not anything religious.

It's perhaps a matter of temperament—rather than of religious belief—whether a viewer will find "Thérèse" a soaring, exalting experience or, more simply, an art curiosity. I'd call it an art curiosity. I was glad I saw it, but after a while its austerity began to seem as repressive as the cloistered life. Cavalier's formal, noncommittal style is too measured for you to get any sense that you're observing life in a convent. Watching "Thérèse" is more like looking at a book of photographs of respectfully staged tableaux and not being allowed to flip the pages at your own speed. You have to sit there while Cavalier turns them for you, evenly, monotonously, allowing their full morbid beauty to sink in. You're trapped inside his glass bubble.

Neil Simon's play "Brighton Beach Memoirs," the first of a semi-autobiographical trilogy, had its première in Los Angeles at the end of 1982, opened on Broadway early in 1983, ran for three years, and has been licensed for over five hundred professional and amateur productions in this country alone. It has won prizes, too, and been honored in the press—in the *Times*, especially—as a deepening of Simon's talent, a move beyond wisecracking Broadway entertainments to something true. Now it is a film, directed by Gene Saks, who staged it for L.A. and Broadway, and some who might be expected to give it a skip may be drawn to go—as I was—by the chance to see Blythe Danner, Bob Dishy, and Judith Ivey. They certainly help. But the whole experience of this lower-middle-class-family drama set in 1937 is so drab that even these performers finally fade into the dark wallpaper. The movie is ineffably fuddy, and not just because Saks has never learned the craft of using the camera in the storytelling process. The material itself is tired.

"Brighton Beach Memoirs" doesn't have the noisy abrasiveness of many of Simon's earlier plays-into-films; you're not subjected to verbal exchanges that beat a tattoo on your skull. But that doesn't mean this text is an advance over those more stylized plays. In a sense, it precedes the farces: this is closer to the stale raw material that went into them. Now he's giving us near-realistic misery—what you expect from a young writer trying to be faithful to his limited experience. This could be Simon's idea of how great playwrights work: the fifteen-year-old boy who represents Neil is called Eugene, and he's the smartmouth Jewish kid as aspiring writer.

Jonathan Silverman, only nineteen when the picture was shot, plays the part, fits it, and strongly suggests a young Neil Simon; the boy gives very believable and precise readings of his lines—he's a "natural." But he's not an exciting presence. I think that he's a mistake in the role, and that the movie would gain from an actor who would bring it something different from Simon's view of himself as a stereotypical Jewish kid: an actor who would give the role some layers, maybe something strange and goony and introspective—or, at least, angry. Silverman's Eugene is too pat, too sitcom-likable and right-down-the-middle. There's no mystery in this kid—nothing that suggests the willingness to be lonely that goes into writing. Silverman certainly stays in character, though, and it's doubtful that any actor in the role would have been allowed to show any scarring. Simon and Saks seem desperate for us to see what a normal kid this is.

Eugene, who tells us the story of his life as a horny adolescent in Depression Brooklyn, lives in a small single-family house, with his mother (Blythe Danner), his father (Bob Dishy), his mother's widowed sister, Blanche (Judith Ivey), and her two daughters, and his older brother. These seven major characters include three sets of prickly siblings, but there's only one full-scale eruption, and that comes after the family, which has been scraping by, is subjected to a series of calamities: Father, who has been holding down two jobs, has a heart attack and can't work; the older brother loses his salary at the pool table; and Aunt Blanche's gentleman friend (who has seemed ready to take on supporting her and her girls) lands in the hospital. When things are at their worst, Eugene's mother suddenly blows up at Blanche and blames her for all the family's troubles. It's a venomous outburst; it poisons the atmosphere, even if it eventually "clears the air."

The real horror in this family isn't its desperate lack of money—it's the mother, in all her ghastly ordinariness. (Like her younger son, she lacks imagination.) She's lawmaker, disciplinarian, and mind reader—Eugene can't put much over on her. She's a hard woman, closed-minded and suspicious, and her suspicions generally turn out to be correct. She's a poisoner in the kitchen, too: she spends her time preparing inedible meals and insisting they be eaten. Blythe Danner, with her magnificent eyes and limbs and the intelligence of her interpretation, is a blessing in the role. She gives it a tartness and edge, and she manages to show glimmers of proprietary affection for Eugene when he sasses her. Danner dries out some of the mother's tyrannical self-righteousness and her distrust of Gentiles. And she doesn't make her too vivid. (If the role were played as warm and bosomy, you might want to retch.)

This woman who kills any possibility of domestic pleasures—it's like living with a hanging judge—would breed rage. And by any kind of dramatic logic her steaming ahead and imposing her narrow, limited world view on everyone around her would have to collide with something. But, maybe not altogether surprisingly, Neil Simon doesn't seem to know what to do with her (or with Eugene's responses to her). There isn't even a suggestion that she resents the family she dedicates herself to. The mother simply runs right over her husband, and her two sons don't even form an alliance against her. All three accept her domineering, as if that were the way home is meant to be.

On the stage, Bob Dishy has made me weep from laughing, but he has no chance to show his gift for comedy here. I was moved, though, by his ability to envelop the father in a bowed-low dignity. I wouldn't have thought it possible to give the slim part so much fullness and conviction —it's a very fine performance. And Judith Ivey brings a sniffly, comic insecurity to Blanche that's entertaining in the early sections. (The character collapses in a misshapen scene with the mother of Blanche's Irish date, and goes further downhill in anxieties about her older daughter, who has become resentful. After a while, Blanche merely serves the plot, and Ivey is left with nothing to play.)

The film's tone is jokey nostalgia. Eugene sees the lunacy in his mother's behavior, but he sees it humorously, as if it gave him no pain. Simon is being "serious," but his techniques are like reflexes: he instinctively makes things easy and palatable. When Eugene and his brother talk about masturbation, we're supposed to be charmed by their naïveté. The gags about Eugene's sexual innocence are so ingratiating they nudge the audience to think, How things have changed! Simon makes adolescent miseries lovable, the way movies did fifty years ago. He wins over a sizable portion of the audience, but there's a penalty for making people so comfortable: it's the retrograde, pepless snooziness of the picture. You come out feeling half dead.

—PAULINE KAEL

•

WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

[*From an adv. in the Traverse City (Mich.) Preview*]

HELP
WANTED
FULL-TIME
ACCOUNTING POSITION
Salary and benefits commiserate
with experience.

■ A ■
ROYAL · ARTS
Experience

UCLA/ROYAL COLLEGE
OF ART PROGRAM

Session I
July 25–August 15
Session II
August 15–September 5, 1987

Study at London's Royal College of Art next summer. The program, under the joint sponsorship of UCLA Extension, includes courses in: • Architecture and Interiors • Drawing and Painting • London Fabrics and Fashion • Watercolor • English Country Houses • English Houses and Interiors • English Churches and Cathedrals • Landscapes and Gardens • Printmaking and Illustration • Modern and Contemporary British Art • Photography • Furniture Design.

For a brochure and complete information call (213) 825-9676, or write to UCLA/Royal College of Art Program, UCLA Extension, Room 414, Ref. RCA/NY, P.O. Box 24901, Los Angeles, CA 90024.

■

UCLA/ROYAL COLLEGE
OF MUSIC PROGRAM

July 4–25, 1987

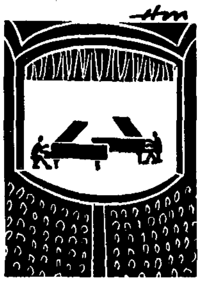
Study at London's Royal College of Music, one of the world's leading schools of music, in a program designed exclusively for American students, scholars, and professional musicians. The program, under the joint sponsorship of UCLA Extension, offers courses in: Master Class in Piano: Bach, Schumann, Debussy • Choral Conducting • Music-Making in London through the Ages • Purcell and Britten • Authentic Interpretation of Early Music • Master Class in Organ Performance and the British Organ Tradition • Opera, Lieder, English Song and Piano.

For a brochure and complete information call (213) 825-9496, or write to UCLA/Royal College of Music Program, UCLA Extension, Room 414, Ref. RCM/NY, P.O. Box 24901, Los Angeles, CA 90024.

UCLA
EXTENSION

MUSICAL EVENTS

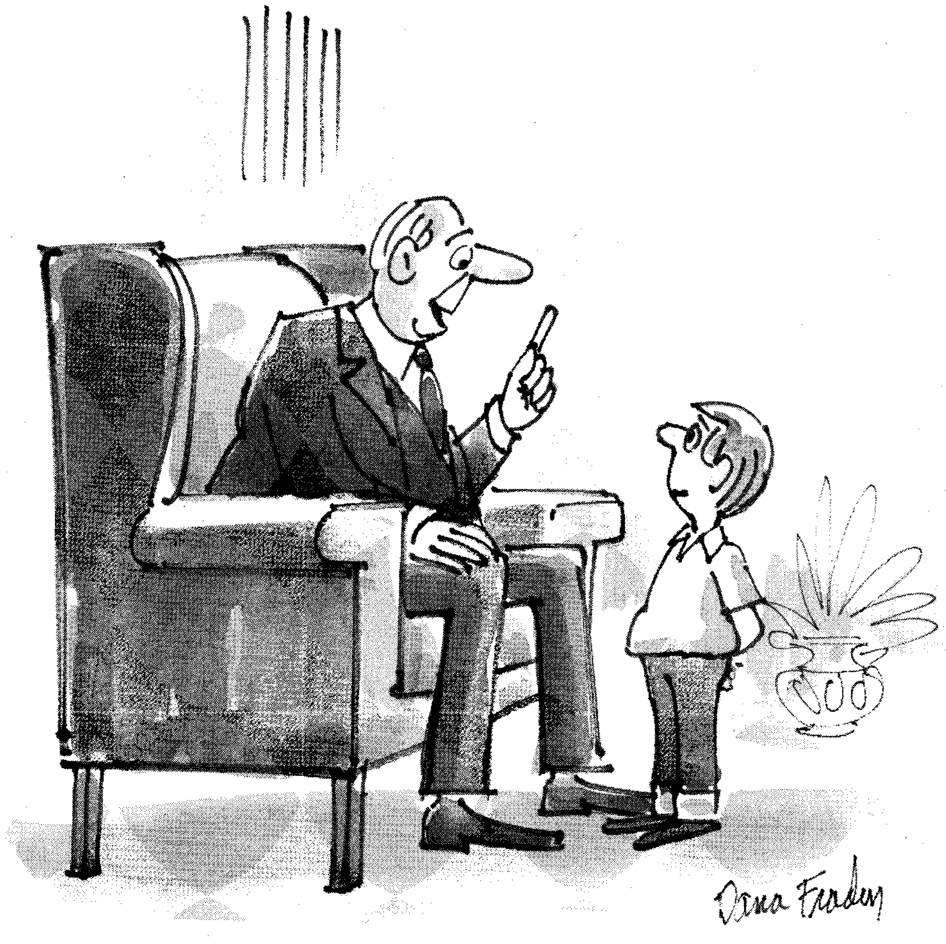
Operas in Italy



Riccardo Muti has succeeded Claudio Abbado as music director of La Scala. His first season opened with Verdi's "Nabucco" (the Scala's fourth postwar staging of the piece, and the first in nineteen seasons). It was treated as an important event. The *Corriere della Sera*, *Il Mondo*, and *La Stampa* published special "Nabucco" supplements. And it was triumphantly successful. Later Verdi operas are subtler, finer, more intricately felt, and more delicately worked, but the vigor, the rude grandeur, the visionary ardor, and the emotional directness of "Nabucco" still prove irresistible. The opera caught the first full fire of Verdi's genius, and in our day its force is undiminished. There is a special excitement to hearing "Nabucco" in the great eighteenth-century theatre of its first performance. And Muti's account of it was at once fiery, athletic, graceful, and beautiful. His reading combined precision, vitality, and a readiness to break into long, ample song. The sound was eloquent. The textures were clear. The phrases were firmly molded. In the recording studio and in concert opera, Muti has tended to hold his performers—and the music—on too tight a rein, to impose *his* will on every detail. In the theatre, he proved readier to surrender to the sweep of the music and the drama, and—without ever losing control—to collaborate with, rather than dictate to, the soloists and chorus. He did not conduct each inflection of the cadenzas (as in the 1985 Carnegie Hall "Rigoletto") but let the singers phrase them freely.

The Neapolitan conductor chose as his collaborator a Neapolitan stage director, Roberto De Simone, whose production rang out as a challenge to current common practice: kitting out the classics with novel "concepts" and setting them in periods and places far from anything their composers envisaged. (In Florence ten years ago, Muti conducted a "Nabucco" staged by Luca Ronconi as a Risorgimento drama, with Charles Albert in the title role; at La Scala in 1982, he conducted an "Ernani," also staged by Ronconi, that featured tango dancers at Elvira's wedding.) This "Nabucco" was set in Jerusalem, then Babylon, in the sixth century B.C. The scenery, by Mauro Carosi (another Neapolitan), was not realistic but was made of large, simple abstractions, majestic and colorful, from Assyrian sculpture: in one scene a wounded blue lioness, in another a rearing jade-green lion spanned the big stage in bas-relief against a dusky gold-stippled ground. In largely open spaces, the "acting" was formal: the chorus would strike a pose and hold it, then shift en masse to another pose for the next musical period; the soloists strode to the footlights, stood, and addressed themselves to the audience. The style would not do for "La Traviata," still less for "Otello." The coups de théâtre—Nebuchadnezzar's sacrilegious entry into the Temple, on horseback; the thunderbolt smiting the crown from his head; the crashing of the idol of Baal—were played down. One important image was lost: that of the stricken king shambling toward his throne only to find his usurping daughter seated there. There was no throne. De Simone, a composer himself, had almost defiantly abjured any directorial role and had thrown all emphasis onto the music and its execution. He went too far, I think. In reaction against director-dominated shows, he produced something like a splendidly costumed concert performance, sung in grandiose tableaux. It was a kind of staging deplored in Verdi's mature letters and banned by the production books for his later operas, but less deplorable than stagings that make nonsense of the words and the music. It was rather like "Nabucco" as "Oedipus Rex." The handling was bold, the tableaux were striking—especially that for "Va pensiero"—and the plain moves encouraged the singers to concentrate on singing as expressively as possible.

There was a cast of strong vocalists. Renato Bruson gave an alert, confident, and nobly voiced account of the title role. Ghena Dimitrova was a commanding Abigail. Her loud high notes were sometimes impure and unpleasant, but in addition to force and volume she produced some tellingly



"I'm not speaking to you as a Republican or as an American. I'm speaking to you as your grandfather."

Chocolate soufflé with hot chocolate sauce and sweetened whipped cream served at a stylish plantation inn

To sample this delectable soufflé, you can dine in the spacious flower-scented rooms of a pillared plantation in Chatham County, North Carolina.

Or, you can read GOURMET—and recreate this exquisitely rich dessert in your kitchen.

In every bounteous issue, you'll be swept away to enjoy the very finest in cooking, dining, travel, and all the components of a graceful life-style—ranging from breakfast in Bangkok, to a recipe for James Beard's special couscous stuffing, to tips on shopping for leather goods in Florence.

GOURMET celebrates your quest for good living—and provides you with the inspiration and guidance to enjoy yourself fully.

And now, thanks to this extraordinary offer, you can get a year of GOURMET, delivered to your home for just $12. A saving of 60% off the single-copy cost.

Why not take advantage of it with the coupon below? Your satisfaction is guaranteed.

ONLY *Gourmet* IS GOURMET

Gourmet
Gourmet
Gourmet

Twelve issues for only $12

Gourmet P.O. Box 2980, Boulder, CO 80322

YES, please enter my one-year subscription (12 issues) to GOURMET for just $12. I save 60% off the single-copy cost of $30 with this offer. (Basic subscription rate is $18.)

Name ______________________________
(please print)

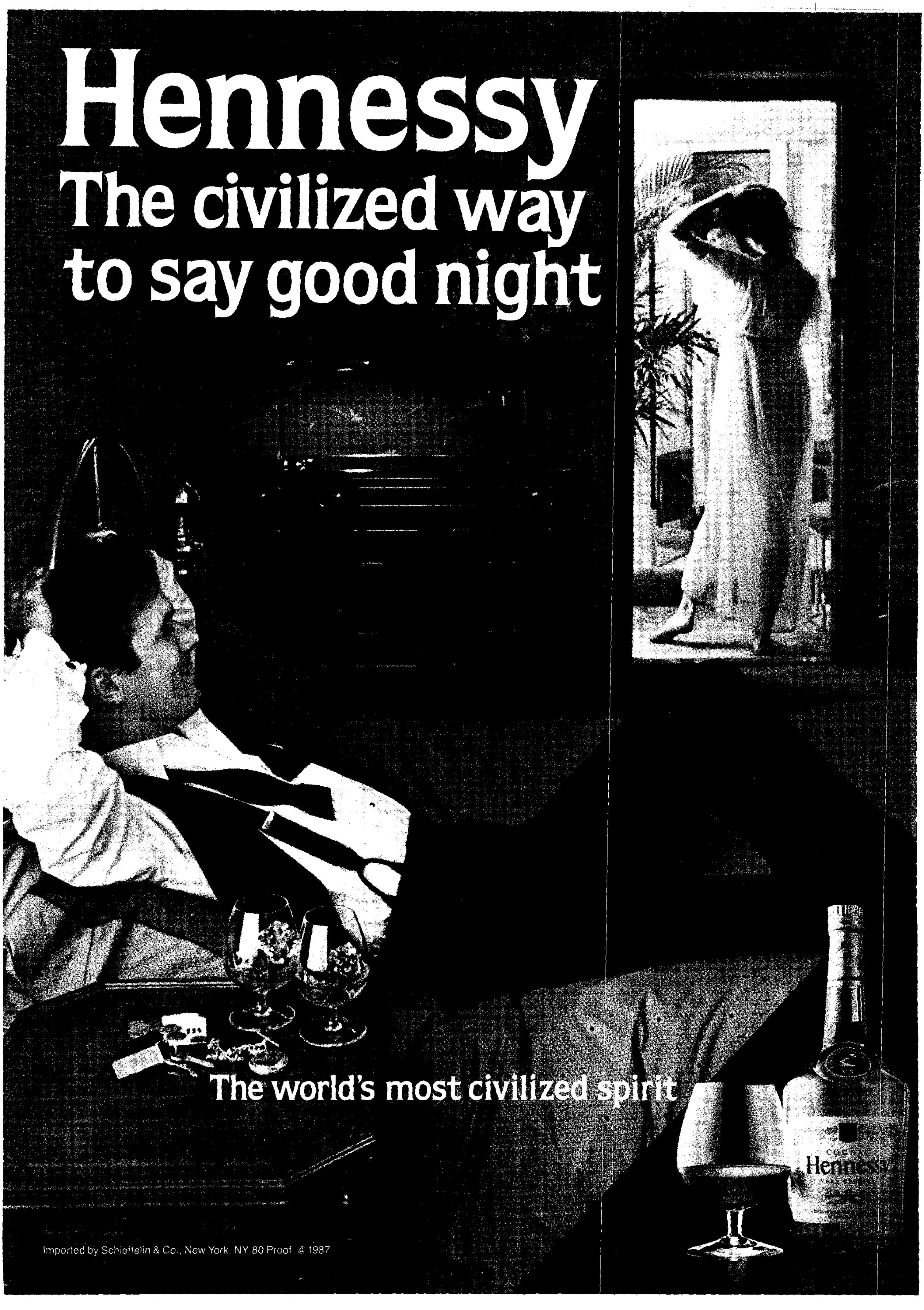
Address ______________________ Apt. ________

City ______________________________

State ______________________ Zip ____________

☐ Payment enclosed. ☐ Bill me later.

This rate limited to the U.S.A. and its Possessions. For Canada, add $11 for extra postage. Elsewhere, GOURMET is $32 per year. Your first issue will be mailed within 8 weeks of receipt of your order—watch for it!


Hennessy
The civilized way to say good night
The world's most civilized spirit
Imported by Schieffelin & Co., New York, NY. 80 Proof. © 1987
COGNAC
Hennessy

Low-Rent Stockbrokers
Lucky Seven Investments
On-a-Roll, Inc.
Magic Genie Brokerage Firm
R. Chast

soft, flexible phrases, in the aria and in the death scene. Paata Burchuladze, the new bass of our day, was the Zechariah. His big voice is smooth, round, and beautiful, not loose or boomy, and his warm, generous tones were moving. Bruno Beccaria sang cleanly and truly in the small tenor role of Ishmael. Raquel Pierotti brought a slightly bitter mezzo to the role of Fenena, which is better suited by a lyric soprano. The choruses were splendid. The audience clamored for a repeat of "Va pensiero," and when Muti at length granted it some of the choristers, dropping their roles as Hebrew slaves, applauded his decision. The opening words were "Va pensiero sull'ale dorate," not the familiar "Va, pensiero, sull'ali dorate": the opera was performed in the new critical edition, and its editor, Roger Parker, had restored the reading of the autograph, with the old, poetic plural "ale" and no articulating commas. An essay by Mr. Parker in the program book (a hundred and fifty pages of essays, iconography, annals, and an annotated facsimile of the first libretto) told of hundreds of small changes freeing the music from a mantle of late-nineteenth- and early-twentieth-century performing practices which in earlier published editions shrouds the original text. Mr. Parker also pointed out that Verdi treated "Va pensiero" and the subsequent Profezia as a single number: Zechariah's intervention "Oh chi piange?" should follow hard on the final note of the chorus; the printed scores' fermata and bar of silence are not in the autograph. One can't be prissy about such points: not to applaud "Va pensiero" after a magnificent, charged performance—yearning and poignant, overwhelming in its rhythmic and dynamic surge, each phrase shaped and weighted—would be difficult. The encore then provided the chance of enjoying the two movements without interruption. Stylistic authenticity did not extend to the addition of exciting variants and decorations to cabaletta reprises; the singers stuck tamely to the printed notes. The Milanese audience's behavior was musical: it was good to hear an opera without the mindless applause that at the Met and at Covent Garden drowns music at the start and close of almost every scene and crashes in to interrupt the progress of arias and duets in more than one movement.

La Scala is not committed to churning out a series of different operas day after day, week in, week out. The first month of its season was devoted to ten performances of "Nabucco" and six of a "Magic Flute" revival. February brings three performances of Flavio Testi's new opera "Richard III," four of Verdi's "Otello" (conducted by Carlos Kleiber), and seven ballet evenings. Later in the season, Muti conducts Gluck's "Alceste," Bellini's "Capuleti," and "Figaro." "Salome" (directed by Robert Wilson), "Ballo," "Tabarro" and "Pagliacci," "Butterfly," Hindemith's "Cardillac," and the première of Franco Mannino's "The Happy Prince" are the other operas of the season, which runs from December to July. (There is also a season of music theatre for children aged from four to thirteen: a hundred and fifty performances—not in the big theatre—including short runs of Britten's "Noye's Fludde" and Stravinsky's "Flood.") The "Flute" was well cast: Yvonne Kenny (Pamina), Gösta Winbergh (Tamino), Hermann Prey (Papageno), Evgeny Nesterenko (Sarastro). David Hockney's décor, designed for Glyndebourne in 1978, looked even better enlarged for the Scala stage; the sense of proportion and interval is exact. Adam Fischer's conducting was poised but occasionally quirky: in the trio (which was unhappily displaced to become the first sung number of Act II), the bassoons' accompaniment figure rang out as the main theme. All in all, it was a gripping and serious performance—as good an international big-house "Flute" as one is likely to encounter.

JEAN-BAPTISTE LULLY, composer to Louis XIV, has on the evidence of modern revivals often been adjudged a faulty composer, overrated in his day, and more prolific than inspired. A few gems are allowed him: "Bois épais," from "Amadis de Gaule;" "Il faut passer," Charon's amusing song as he collects fares on the Stygian ferry, in "Alceste;" the lament "Belle Hermione," in "Cadmus et Hermione." Those are among the airs (in Burney's words) "so easy and natural, that it is hardly possible for a lover of Music, gifted with a voice and disposition for singing, to hear them frequently performed, without remembering them." But the scattered Lully revivals of recent years—the tragédies "Alceste," "Roland," and (in part) "Thésée" in London, scenes from "Amadis" and the pastorale héroïque "Acis et Galatée" in New York—have hardly dispelled an impression that he has less to offer modern listeners than his contemporary Marc-Antoine Charpentier and his eighteenth-century successor Jean-Philippe Rameau. Lully's greatness, however, can no longer be in question: Les Arts Florissants, the company that brought Charpentier back to life—its "Médée" recording,

BOSTON
BOSTON'S GRANDE DAME SINCE 1912
THE COPLEY PLAZA
CELEBRATES
75
YEARS
Gracious Service *Grand Ambience*
For the first 75 days of this 75th anniversary year come visit us and enjoy a *special* $75.00 rate. $75.00 per room per night, single or double occupancy. Availability is limited. By advance reservations only.
RSVP: 800-225-7654
THE COPLEY PLAZA
The Grande Dame of Boston
Copley Square
Boston, Massachusetts 02116
Operated by Hotels of Distinction

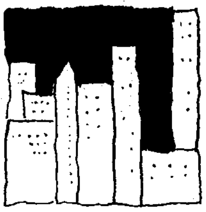
Palm Springs' 4-Star Resort
PRIVATE POOL VILLAS
LA MANCHA private villas and court club
Mini-Suites and Villas $117.00 - $795.00
Call for Reservations (619) 323-1773
Outside California (800) 854-1298

Come to Scotland... Come to Ardsheal House
Historic manor house on Loch Linnhe in the Western Highlands, now a small country hotel with superb food and fine wines. *Write the Taylors for a brochure.* Kentallen by Appin, Argyll PA38 4BX, Scotland, Tel. Duror (063174) 227.

Trapp Family Lodge
For brochure please call
1-800-826-7000
or write Stowe, Vermont 05672
(In Vermont 802-253-8511)

on Harmonia Mundi, is a best-seller—has turned its attention to Lully and, with a musically opulent and stylish production of "Atys" (1676), the fourth of Lully's thirteen tragédies, revealed the force and richness that kept his works before the Paris public for a full century.

This was the first endeavor in over two hundred years to present a Lully opera with resources approaching those the composer himself commanded: there were twenty-four soloists, a chorus of thirty-three, an orchestra of fifty, eleven dancers, and a corps of figurantes. The production opened in Prato, outside Florence, as the final manifestation of the year in which Florence has been the European Economic Community's "cultural capital." (This year, that honor passes to Amsterdam.) This month and next, "Atys" moves to Paris, for a run of twelve performances at the Opéra-Comique. In March, it plays at the Montpellier Opera, and in the fall at the Teatro Municipál in Rio de Janeiro. Our regular opera troupes, Verdi- and Puccini-oriented, are not equipped to perform Baroque opera well. The introduction of something like the Arts Florissants "Atys" into the regular Florence and Paris opera seasons is a precedent that other companies, if they can afford it, might well follow.



Prato's Teatro Metastasio is a tall, five-tiered, horseshoe house, built in 1830, whose auditorium the Touring Club Italiano guide describes as "*vasto ed elegante*." It now holds about six hundred and fifty people; the top tier, a gallery seating another hundred, is temporarily closed. Four performances of "Atys" were given. The first was poorly attended, but the fourth was full: word had spread of an entertainment that was long—it lasted from nine until nearly one in the morning—but was captivating from start to finish.

Lully worked with Molière, both Corneilles, and Racine, but his favored librettist was Philippe Quinault, who skillfully combined the earnest moral and emotional concerns of French classical drama with operatic spectacle and dance divertissement. "Atys" is a particularly happy example: the *dea*, Cybele, is not *ex machina* but an important character, and the divertissements form part of the plot. The river nymph Sangaride loves Atys but, at the feast of Cybele, is to be married to King Celaenus. Atys loves Sangaride but, through loyalty to Celaenus, conceals his love. Cybele loves Atys; infuriated by his preference for Sangaride, she drives him mad. In madness, he kills Sangaride; regaining his reason, he kills himself. Cybele, relenting, transforms him into a pine tree. The emotional relationships are elegantly exposed, one by one, in encounters with confidants and confidantes or between the principals, as the plot thickens, to reach an exciting climax and its tragic resolution. The dance sequences—the feast of Cybele; a dream episode ordained by Cybele to alert Atys for divine embraces; the fluvial preparations for Sangaride's wedding—majestic, lovely, or merry, are followed by drastic swings in the action. The drama moves swiftly, in poignant recitative and arioso, brief airs, dialogues, duos, trios, a striking quartet. The music is excellently varied in pace, in texture, in instrumental colors. At the 1676 performance, toward the close of Act II zephyrs appeared "in a blaze of glory on high": five of them were dancers, and eight of them a wind band, including five members of the famous Hotteterre clan, on oboes, and the Philidors *aîné* and *cadet*, on crumhorns. In the dream episode, sixteen Dreams were dancers, twelve were singers, and ten provided a consort of two viols, two theorbos, and six flutes (four of them played by Hotteterres).

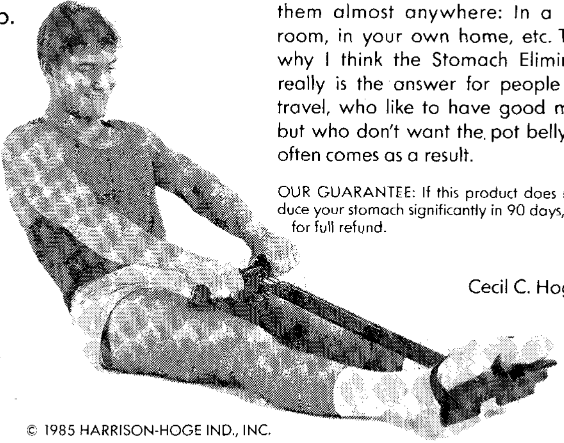
The Arts Florissants production, devised for touring, forwent elaborate theatre machinery for aerial descents and scenic transformations. It played in a spacious marbled hall, designed by Carlo Tommasi, within which the different settings were suggested. There were lavish and beautiful seventeenth-century costumes, designed by Patrice Cauchetier. The staging, by Jean-Marie Villégier, was "historical" but touched with a few moments of modern wit. These were not unacceptable: the production was essentially serious and precise. The choreography, by Francine Lancelot, used seventeenth-century steps and forms. The actors, to a woman and a man, moved gracefully and eloquently. They sang in bright, cleanly focussed tones, thrown forward onto the text; produced flashes of brilliance where the music called for it; united suppleness of accent with dramatic urgency. Vocally, instrumentally, and visually, this was a revelation of what opera can be when all its ingredients are thoroughly and intelligently prepared, when nothing is skimped or slapdash, when all the performers are both technically adept and artistically committed, and when singers and players have worked together for long weeks. The remarkable William Christie—product of Harvard and Yale, founder and director of Les Arts Florissants, and professor of Baroque practice at the Paris Conservatoire (nine of his students there were in the troupe, three of them in important roles)—led an inspired performance.

To sustain the taxing schedule, there were alternate casts. I heard both, and single out for special praise Guy de Mey in the title role, Agnès Mellon's Sangaride, and the Cybeles of Jennifer Smith and Guillemette Laurens. Cybele is the tragic heroine of the play: Miss Smith was a grander and more moving goddess, grounded by her love for a mortal; Miss Laurens, if less warm in timbre, declaimed the text more sharply. All the singers provided episodes of exquisite pleasure. The performance has been recorded, by Harmonia Mundi. When it is released, Lully's name will shine through the world.

AT Pesaro's Rossini Opera Festival, last August and September, "Bianca e Falliero" was given its first modern production. Rossini wrote the piece for La Scala, in 1819, after "La Donna del Lago." It does not have the forward-looking, romantic quality of his Neapolitan operas but is an almost neoclassical work, composed with mastery, attention to fine detail, and uncommon verve of musical invention. The scene is seventeenth-century Venice, after the Spanish Conspiracy. Bianca (soprano) loves Falliero (contralto), but her father, Contareno (tenor), wants her to marry Capellio (bass). The wedding ceremony he arranges is interrupted at the close of Act I by Falliero's arrival; resumed in Act II, it is interrupted by the news that Falliero has been arrested leaving the Spanish Embassy. At a treason trial, Bianca reveals that Falliero crossed the Embassy grounds, which abut on the Contareno palace, only to avoid a meeting with her father, and all ends happily. Felice Romani's libretto is formal. Act I consists of an introduzione, arias in turn for the contralto, the soprano, and the tenor, a soprano-contralto duet, and a finale enclosing a sequence of duet, trio, and quartet. Act II opens with two duets (soprano-contralto, soprano-tenor),

THE STOMACH ELIMINATOR™
For Travelers, Business Men and Women and Anyone Concerned with their Health and Good Looks

I don't know about you, but I travel a lot and often it's simply not practical to go jogging or do exercise on the road. Worse, it often happens that you eat and drink too much while traveling. The result is stomach flab.



A Portable Device
Recently, I found the answer to this problem: In Europe they have developed a 2½ lb. exercise device you can carry in your overnight bag. They call it "NO STOMACH." Designed specifically to eliminate all excess fat from your stomach, it is a stretching and exercise device made with three steel coil springs so you can adjust the level of workout you want.

© 1985 HARRISON-HOGE IND., INC.

10 Minutes a Day and Your Pot Belly Will Be Gone!
That's our guarantee. If you're not satisfied with how it works for you, return it for full refund. There are seven simple exercises to do and you can do them almost anywhere: In a hotel room, in your own home, etc. That's why I think the Stomach Eliminator really is the answer for people who travel, who like to have good meals, but who don't want the pot belly that often comes as a result.

OUR GUARANTEE: If this product does not reduce your stomach significantly in 90 days, return for full refund.

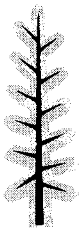
Cecil C. Hoge, Jr.

Please send me ____ Stomach Eliminator(s) at $19.95 postpaid each.
Enclosed is a check/M.O. for $________
Charge my credit card:
☐ Amex ☐ Diners ☐ Visa ☐ MC
Card No. ____________ Exp. Date ____
Signature ____________
N.Y. Residents please add sales tax.

Name ____________
Address ____________
City ________ State ______ Zip ______

HARRISON-HOGE INDUSTRIES, INC.
Dept. NY72X, P.O. Box 944, Smithtown, NY 11787
Phone: (516) 724-8900 8:30am-4:30pm M-F EST

The Call of the Tetons
OPEN JUNE 6-SEPTEMBER 19



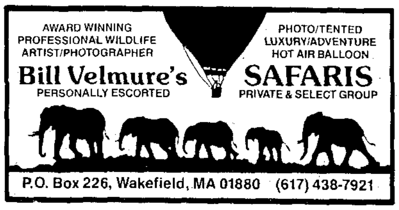
A unique lodge under the towering crags of Wyoming's Grand Tetons offers you great food, fine service and all the creature comforts while you enjoy wildlife, nature and superb outdoor adventures in the Grand Teton National Park.
JENNY LAKE LODGE
An Authorized Concessionaire of the National Park Service.
Grand Teton Lodge Co., Dept. NY1 Reservations Office.
P.O. Box 240, Moran, Wyoming 83013. **A Rockresort.**

A quiet place,
a cordial place,
Campton Place.

CAMPTON
PLACE
H O T E L

Where high expectations are quietly met.
San Francisco (415) 781-5555

Put your favorite seashells into a melon glass ball and make a lamp. 19" tall, fully wired, natural burlap shade. $45, shipped prepaid UPS. Hilo Steiner M-35, Rte. 35, Shrewsbury, N.J. 07701—yes, major credit cards. Shell lamp catalog, $2.



AWARD WINNING
PROFESSIONAL WILDLIFE
ARTIST/PHOTOGRAPHER
Bill Velmure's
PERSONALLY ESCORTED

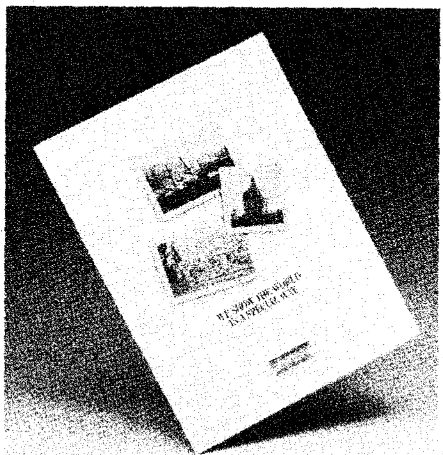
PHOTO/TENTED
LUXURY/ADVENTURE
HOT AIR BALLOON
SAFARIS
PRIVATE & SELECT GROUP

P.O. Box 226, Wakefield, MA 01880 (617) 438-7921

Just imagine
an absolutely enchanting small hotel in old Santa Fe...

The Continental aroma of fresh coffee and croissants for breakfast, the uniquely elegant rooms, and a warm welcome from the indispensable concierge—all in the heart of Santa Fe and close to galleries, shops, museums, dining. (A creative choice for a small meeting or conference, too!) Toll-free: 1-800-552-0070, ext. 289. Or write: Patty Jennison, Manager; Box B; 303 East Alameda; Santa Fe, New Mexico 87501.

INN ON THE ALAMEDA



A departure from ordinary travel.

Hartours' free vacation brochure will show you how special your next vacation could be. We offer custom itineraries. Chauffeured cars. And experienced, knowledgeable guides.

See your travel agent. Or contact Hartours, 20 Park Plaza, Boston, MA 02116, 1-800-821-0800.

HARTOURS

HOTEL Crescent Court DALLAS

CELEBRATED FOR EXCELLENCE, FREQUENTED FOR VALUE.

(214) 871-3200
Toll Free: 1 (800) 654-6541

A HOTEL AND RESTAURANT
IN THE ROSEWOOD TRADITION OF EXCELLENCE

Superb, educational books about the
Amish and Mennonites
life style, quilts, cooking, stories, schools, rationale, etc. Write for free catalog:
Good Books, Dept. 20
Intercourse, PA. 17534

GALAPAGOS

You, 9 others and our licensed naturalist will sail by yacht to explore more islands than any other Galapagos adventure. 44 trip dates. Machu Picchu option.
FREE BROCHURE
INCA FLOATS 415-435-4622
1606Y Juanita, Tiburon, CA 94920

continues with an immense solo scene for the contralto and a fine canon-quartet, and closes with the soprano rondo-finale of "La Donna del Lago" ("Tanti affetti") to a new text. The opera can be enjoyed—revelled in—as a well-balanced series of contrasted and interesting movements for three virtuoso soloists (the bass role is unimportant), chorus (which plays a part in each aria), and orchestra. In the Act I quartet, the tenor's entry is accompanied by sotto-voce strings, the contralto's by clarinet and horns, the soprano's by pizzicato strings over sustained bassoons and horns. In the soprano-tenor duet, the clarinet and the bassoon have a duet of their own. The whole score is beautifully written and contains many formal subtleties.

As Bianca, Katia Ricciarelli was back in form, singing flexibly and with agreeable tone. As Falliero, Marilyn Horne had a triumph. Her Act II sequence—a scena and cavatina with a lovely flute solo, followed directly by a big three-movement aria—gave her a showpiece comparable to her Neocles number in "The Siege of Corinth." It contained passages that were gentle, poignant, and delicately molded as well as passages astounding in their velocity and brilliance. Carolina Bassi, the first Falliero, was called a contralto, but Rossini took her up to high C; Miss Horne transposed both Falliero numbers down a tone, where they lay most effectively on her prodigious voice. The Contareno was Chris Merritt, not a graceful performer but one of the few tenors able to get through Rossini's fiendish roulades strongly and confidently. Pier Luigi Pizzi designed and directed. His costumes and stage pictures, on a two-tiered set, after Veronese, were attractive. His production was aptly straightforward, except when a corps of *mimi*—twelve elegant young men—swished their cloaks and draped themselves in fancy poses around the set. Donato Renzetti conducted trimly. The band, the London Sinfonietta Opera Orchestra (not the Sinfonietta itself, which was playing in London), sounded operatically unversed but contained some admirable soloists. There were two short choral cuts. Harmonia Mundi has recorded the performance. The other operas were revivals of "Il Turco in Italia" and "Le Comte Ory." This year, Rossini's "Ermione"—a tragedy, after Racine's "Andromaque"—and his burletta "L'Occasione Fa il Ladro" are to be done.

—ANDREW PORTER

THE MOST DREAMED-OF SPOT ON EARTH ACTUALLY EXISTS

Kona Village
A CLARION RESORT
at Ka'upulehu
P.O. Box 1299, Dept. NY
Kailua-Kona, Hawaii 96745
Phone: 800-367-5290

Since 1947

LAWRENCE
OF LONDON
is coming to town
to introduce his
made-to-measure
fur-lined & un-lined
Raincoats.
Here's where:
San Francisco—Feb. 1/6
772-5000, Ext. 642
Los Angeles—Mar. 1/6
275-4282, Ext. 779
Call *Collect* for Appt.

Norman J. Lawrence, Ltd.
417 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016
212-889-3119

Country Inns and Back Roads
NORTH AMERICA
by Norman T. Simpson
$10.95 • At bookstores or call
TOLL FREE (800) 638-3030 Harper & Row
1817

GOOD USED BOOKS

Since 1948, thousands of libraries and individuals have been buying regularly; you can too! Send a dollar for 20,000 typical titles and prices classified in over forty subjects.

EDITIONS DESK Y,
BOICEVILLE, N. Y. 12412

BOOKS

Elixir of Life

THERE'S a series of mystery novels, by Simon Brett, in which the amateur detective is a middle-aged English actor named Charles Paris, worn down by years in provincial productions of classics yet ever hopeful of making it big in a West End hit. Each book always has a few ritualized references to his past:

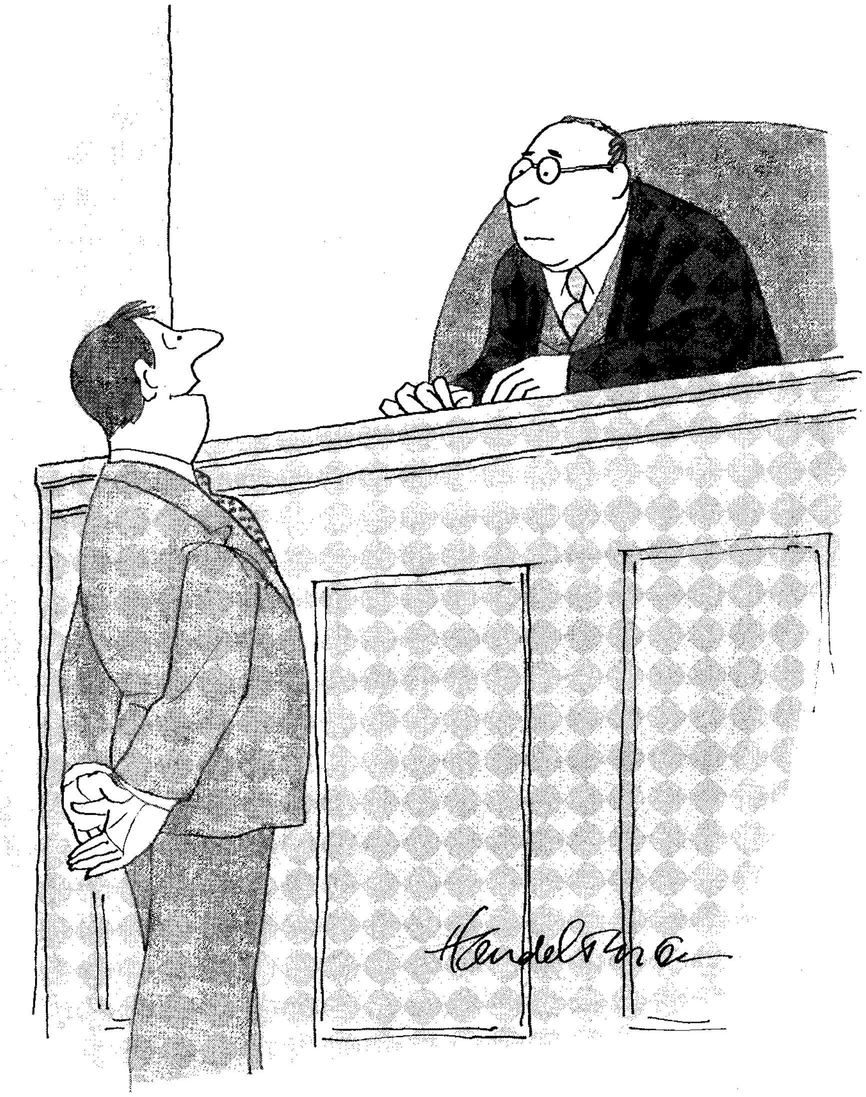
> With the balaclava on, he looked like a very young photograph of himself as Second Sentry in "Coriolanus" ("Leaden production"—*Richmond and Twickenham Times*).
>
> He . . . said "Hello" in the voice he had used for a production of "The Caretaker" in Cardiff ("Take care to miss this"—*South Wales Argus*).
>
> "Aagh," he said liquidly, as he had in "Richard III" at Guildford ("Mr. Paris perhaps a trifle overparted"—*Surrey Comet*).

A friend of mine (who happens to live with an actor) thinks the books are mean, hounding Charles Paris with failure and never giving him a break. But the series builds up a nice atmosphere of seedy perpetuity—of the theatre as Charles Paris, forever falling short of some unattainable ideal that is, anyway, only an ideal held by the *Surrey Comet.*

"Performance is, necessarily, a limitation," says Jonathan Miller in "Subsequent Performances" (Viking; $25), his theory-minded memoir of twenty years' practice as a director. "The destiny of a great play is to undergo a series of performances each of which is incomplete, and in some cases may prove misleading and perverse. By submitting itself to the possibility of successive re-creation, however, the play passes through the development that is its birthright, and its meaning begins to be fully appreciated."

Jonathan Miller isn't quite defending Charles Paris's perversely meaningful Richard III from the critical clichés of the local newspaper. Miller's *Surrey Comet* is T. S. Eliot, who, he thinks, "would have deplored the fate of classic texts" at the hands of him and his peers—high-profile directors with a tendency, as he says of himself, to "respond negatively to a precedent." He feels answerable to something Eliot told literary critics: that they should discipline their own "trifling oddities . . . in the common pursuit of true judgment." Eliot wrote this sixty-some years ago, and not about the performing arts (his tastes in which were adventurous—he was a big fan of music hall and Diaghilev's Ballets Russes). Miller knows that, so his reckoning with Eliot at all seems slightly trumped up. But it's trumpery in a theatrical sense—a flourish of improvisation. "Unexpectedly" faced with Eliot's ghost (well, asked by the University of Kent to give a series of T. S. Eliot Memorial Lectures, the origin of this book), he feels a "disabling" modesty, and copes with it in a typically spontaneous way: by picking up on Eliot's little phrase "trifling oddities." Maybe just because he likes the sound of it, he doesn't rebel against it as a description of his own work. From this inch of common ground he's able to go ahead and—also typically—argue. There's only a hint of irony in his declaration that "the modern director . . . takes pride in asserting the trifling differences that are his distinction."

The postwar English theatre, as Miller sketches it, was a festival of Labour Party disrespectfulness, Freudian analysis, and Leavisite close reading (all, come to think of it, reconsiderations of the trifling). When these influences came together for the "reconstruction of Shakespeare's characters," Miller felt a "delighted shock." In the early nineteen-sixties, even as he and his colleagues in "Beyond the Fringe" were parodying the genteel, pentameter-babbling type of Shakespeare, it was being overturned by Ian Holm's "energetic runt" of a Henry V, directed by Peter Hall, and Paul Scofield's "cantankerous bullet-



"I'm paralegal. I don't exactly represent the defendant, but I'm in his corner, so to speak."

headed warrior" King Lear, directed by Peter Brook. That Miller himself came to specialize in Shakespeare, Chekhov, and other works from the past was, he says, "by default rather than choice." But when you've been reading along, following his mental process as he teases accidents out of logic and logic out of accidents, you can't help wondering if even default has a hidden pattern. And it would be just like him—paradoxical—to have turned to the past because of his early, sublime experience working with a contemporary playwright, Robert Lowell. In the mid-sixties, after the collaborative creation of "Beyond the Fringe" and a more deferential outing as a novice director, on a one-act play by John Osborne, he directed the first productions of Lowell's "The Old Glory" and "Prometheus Bound." Readers who have done comparable work (editing, architecture, any of the delicate businesses of realizing a living person's ideas) will know all the problems these two didn't have. The more Miller probed and interpreted, he says, the more Lowell "was impressed by his own creativity . . . rather than being irritated by mine. . . . As a poet, who worked with complex allusions and extremely elaborate references and traditions, he acknowledged the idea that in writing you are never fully aware of the meanings that are present in a work you make." It's "unwise to conclude," Miller adds (always a jump ahead of you), that Shakespeare would feel the same. But no conclusion was needed—only a responsible guess, by a young director who knew life wouldn't serve up many Robert Lowells. This could explain why, a decade later, a questionable reading of Eliot gave Miller "disabling" pause—as if a license issued by Lowell might be stamped "Not Valid" by higher authority.

In his accounts of preparing and rehearsing productions, Miller comes across as the kind of highly rational person who loves to take the chance that saying "Let's just wing it" will yield some unforeseeable logic. Even a reinterpretation as sweeping as his "Merchant of Venice" set in the nineteenth century, with Laurence Olivier's Shylock as a top-hatted banker, grew out of an intuitive moment: sort of an auditory hallucination Miller had of Portia's mercy speech delivered in a cranky, explaining-the-obvious-to-an-idiot tone that wouldn't fit courtroom decorum of the sixteenth century. Usually, his first impulse is to cut free of the reliable prototypes—old performing habits that blur the characters—though he can't help tossing off such comic observations of them that they almost sound good again: the "silvery, distinguished" Trigorin, "reminiscent of a slightly disreputable English gynaecologist;" the "busty Queen [Gertrude] who is always having her *décolletage* interfered with by her lascivious brother-in-law." He likes situations where all bets are off; his major chapter on Shakespeare is devoted to the "interstitial"—the characters and places that fall through the cracks of conventional structures, like the "spatial limbo" of the heath in "Lear," or "the Joker of the pack" (Iago, Edmund), the wild card that can "throw the game into unexpected directions."

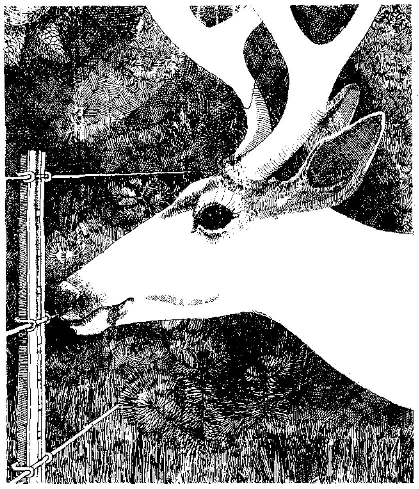
He also likes real people who have a wild-card quality. He writes fondly of Olivier for the "sloppy, raffish charm" the National Theatre had when he was running it at the Old Vic; of the critic Kenneth Tynan for a "gullible, vulgar extravagance . . . that is also part of the attraction of theatre itself;" and of Peter Brook for his trick of making "showbiz . . . sparkling spectacle" with scruffy means and a no-frills aesthetic. These three are icons of his belief that "the theatre is at its best when it maintains spontaneity and recognizes that it is a charades business."

As a visitor to the World Shakespeare Congress recently noted, without the charades business there would be no World Shakespeare Congress: the plays have been monkeyed with not just by Cambridge-educated modern directors but by handbill Hamlets like the Duke in "Huckleberry Finn," and so have survived. Miller has a more extreme take on this history. He thinks that a play actually dies at a certain point (and he gives the morbid signs: people involved in the original production are gone, instructions in the prompt script become unintelligible, etc.). It then exists only in an "afterlife," as an "emergent object, rather than a stable entity." This is the thesis of "Subsequent Performances," compellingly argued in the opening chapter, cleverly illustrated with examples of how antique art inevitably alters under the most faithful efforts to revive or restore it. (And so the photos of Miller's own productions which illustrate the rest of the book are doomed to datedness as surely as the picturesque Victorian stagings he reacts against.)

"There is no such thing," he says, "as a permanently self-effacing style." But then the director confronts the questions of how far he can go and where he gets his authority. While Miller's intuitive side revels in the "trifling oddities" that we consider signs of life, his rational side insists that life also has organic rules—that no-limits directorial imaginativeness creates *fundamental* oddities, "bizarre aberrations . . . in which the orderly process of emergent development has been arrested and distorted." He looks to biology (the phylogenetic histories of evolving organisms) and cartography (the rendering of a globe on a flat map) for models of transformation that preserve "topological propriety . . . from one instance to the next." His ultimate authority—higher even than Robert Lowell—is science.

"The Sleep of Reason Brings Forth Monsters" is the title of a Goya engraving that inspired Miller in staging "The Magic Flute." He's been working in opera since 1973, and feels especially at home in Mozart's eighteenth century. In fact, he might be a character in "Così Fan Tutte" (which he's directed three times): Don Alfonso, who sets up the wager that the two women will betray their disguised lovers. Normally done as a cynical old roué, in Miller's view he has "the mind of a psychoanalyst and an eighteenth-century experimental scientist," and his practice of Mesmerism, usually played as a joke, is a rational investigation of human nature. Miller researched and uses onstage an authentic-looking "Mesmer-tub" immersion apparatus, as both a scientist's tool and a symbol of renewal. It makes me think of his own kit full of structuralism and Freudianism, maps and optical-illusion Necker cubes, "fossil-like knucklebones that stick out of the text" and linguists' tape recordings that authoritatively confirm his instincts about conversational dynamics in Chekhov. Now and then, his rationality gets coercive—an aspect of Don Alfonso he admits to having overlooked. (He has a bee in his bonnet about screen adaptations of novels and won't quit an annoying academic exercise in the futility of trying to track a camera through the prose devices of Proust, Dickens, and Flaubert. Maybe because he likes going from the fossil to the whole creature, he has little

THE BEST DEFENSE IS A GOOD TECHFENCE.



A durable, low-maintenance Techfence Deer Fence costs little when compared to the cost of damage done by deer. So, before you put protection off for another year, write: Techfence, PO Box A-NY, Marlboro, NJ 07746, or call: 201-462-6101.
TECHFENCE
Professional Installation.

SO FAR SO GOOD
Recollections of a Life in Publishing
by Edwin Seaver
A gentle, satiric memoir for readers seeking an inside view of four decades of book publishing.
"For readers sensitive to the issues of our times in both literature and politics . . . ."
from the preface by Angus Cameron
$12.95 Hardback
LAWRENCE HILL & CO.
520 Riverside Ave., Westport, CT 06880

BEQUIA
Grenadines—St. Vincent, W.I.

FRIENDSHIP BAY—A remote resort.
Restored, renewed & more rewarding than ever
Ralph Locke, 315 E. 72 St., NYC 10021
NY 212/628-8149. US 800/223-1108

feeling for the process that the film critic André Bazin described as, at its best, going from the quarry to the piece of marble.) Mostly, Miller's reasoning aims to expand dramatic possibilities, not limit them. He gives science a place in the "charades business," with a medicine-show exuberance. But he stops short of the ultimate claim for his Elixir of Life. An aesthetic of immortality, he believes, runs "the risk of looking permanently quaint without ever having enjoyed the privilege of being briefly brilliant." This is the trap forever set for the detective-actor Charles Paris, whose old reviews confront him with the awful sentence "Charles Paris provides an adequate Macbeth."

—VERONICA GENG

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE AFTERNOON SUN, by David Pryce-Jones (Weidenfeld & Nicolson; $15.95). In 1895, Gustav Ellingen—found by a man called Gustav near a town called Ellingen and delivered to an orphanage around 1840—rates several paragraphs, along with other "Finanzjuden," in a sort of *Who's Who* of Vienna. In 1905, Baron Gustav's racehorse Kismet (part of a stud farm that was part of an estate that he purchased in western Hungary) wins the Derby. In 1961, his great-grandson, orphaned by the Nazis, finds no trace of the Gustav-Ellingen-Metallwerke, and library archives reveal less about Gustav Ellingen than about Kismet. But by quizzing old retainers and scrutinizing old letters he pieces together this intricate three-part novel. By the end, he has uncovered some troubling facts, and some even more troubling fictions. David Pryce-Jones, Vienna-born and Oxford-educated, is the author of fourteen other books, including "Unity Mitford" and "The Hungarian Revolution."

THE PENGUIN BOOK OF SOUTHERN AFRICAN STORIES, edited by Stephen Gray (Penguin; $5.95 paper). Read this anthology straight through to appreciate how carefully Stephen Gray has selected and ordered its thirty-nine works, beginning with a Khoikhoi myth called "The Origin of Death" and ending with a piece of apocalyptic science fiction. In the tenth selection, written in 1923, a white pioneer goes mad and dies

SEVEN OF BERMUDA'S BEST KEPT SECRETS
The Ultimate in the Intimate
Experience Bermuda our way. Refresh your body and spirit in an atmosphere of gracious living, surrounded by the casual elegance of this British Crown colony. We are the Bermuda Collection, where pampering guests is still a fine art. Seven of the island's finest cottage colonies and small hotels. There's no better way to experience Bermuda.
- CAMBRIDGE BEACHES
- GLENCOE
- NEWSTEAD
- LANTANA COLONY CLUB
- POMPANO BEACH CLUB
- THE REEFS
- STONINGTON BEACH
For a free color brochure call 1-800-872-0872.
In Mass. 1-800-872-0871 or call your professional travel agent.

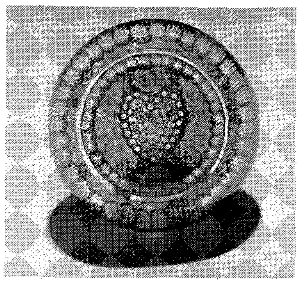
THE BERMUDA COLLECTION
EACH AN ORIGINAL

BOOKS ON TAPE
New!

A PERFECT SPY
JOHN LE CARRÉ

Box 7900-N, Newport Beach, CA 92660
- Best Sellers on Cassette
- Full-length Readings
- Call for Free Brochure
(800) 626-3333

Portraits by
YOUSUF
KARSH
of Ottawa
in New York by appointment
(212) 838-4565
or Ottawa
(613) 236-7181
Karsh



PAPERWEIGHTS

Please send me:

☐ The Perthshire paperweight with millefiori heart set on a ruby ground. $130

☐ *Collectors' Paperweights—Price Guide and Catalogue*, 192 pages, full color. $15 (Free with purchase of the Perthshire paperweight.)

☐ Information about paperweights.

California residents add local sales tax.

To order, call or send this ad to:

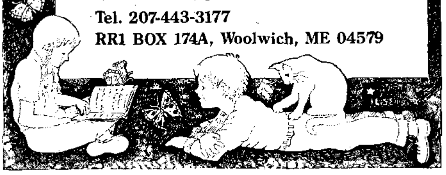
L. H. Selman Ltd.
761 Chestnut Street, Suite 1E
Santa Cruz, CA 95060
Toll-free 800 538-0766
In California 408 427-1177 collect

Name ______
Address ______
City ______ State ___ Zip ______
Check enclosed ☐ MC ☐ VISA ☐
# ______ Exp. ______

Critics In Sneakers.

Encourage your young literature lover. Give *My Book about Books*, a child's personal reading journal. 96 pages to fill with handwritten reviews. Hardcover. Illustrated. $8.95 + $2 S/H.

Telltales
Fine Children's Books by Mail.
Send $2 for new catalogue. (Free with order)
Tel. 207-443-3177
RR1 BOX 174A, Woolwich, ME 04579



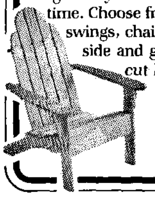
Free Catalog

Teak & Mahogany Outdoor Furniture

• Precision-cut Kits • Fully Assembled

Let us show you our all-weather furniture of enduring beauty and character, handcrafted to last a lifetime. Choose from classic garden benches, porch swings, chairs, tables, rockers for patio, poolside and garden. Our pre-drilled, precision-cut kits are easy and fun to assemble.

WOOD CLASSICS
R#1, Box 455E-7Y4, High Falls, NY 12440
(914) 687-7288



pulling a cart. In the next one, "Outa Sem and Father Christmas," a tall tale told by a black servant, some dung beetles are tricked into pulling a sort of sleigh. The twentieth selection, by Doris Lessing, is a love story, told in an airport, about a Johannesburg diamond-cutter; the twenty-first, by the Natal-born editor of "The Penguin Book of South African Verse" (as the excellent notes on the contributors reveal), begins over Athens and ends in Johannesburg's airport. Handcuffs appear a few pages later, in a comic story born of a short-lived literary renaissance in Johannesburg in the nineteen-fifties; handcuffs reappear in the next selection, by a Cape Town writer from the "exiled generation of the nineteen-sixties." The thirty-third story, from Malawi, features a happy vision; the thirty-fourth, from Zimbabwe, a nightmare.

GENERAL

To Arm a Nation: Rebuilding America's Endangered Defenses, by Richard Halloran (Macmillan; $21.95). The *Times* military correspondent reports that the men and women in our armed forces are first-rate—well trained, well motivated, and well led. We do not, in his opinion, need to revive the draft. However, he believes that the President, Congress, and the Department of Defense have made a hash of our military program: the United States lacks a national strategy; our forces are spread too thin, and are too widely committed in theory; and the services are not unified—they compete with one another and duplicate missions. The author estimates that we could save about a third of our defense expenditure with no loss of effectiveness. His recommendations include a thorough reorganization of the Defense Department, the withdrawal of many of the units stationed overseas, and a start on negotiations to persuade our allies to pay more of the costs of our common defense. All these are politically difficult, but Mr. Halloran maintains that the Reagan Administration has offered no real political leadership on military affairs.

Lillian Hellman: The Image, the Woman, by William Wright (Simon & Schuster; $18.95). This life of the playwright, who died in 1984, at seventy-nine, is a work of what seems extreme ambivalence. Mr. Wright avows admiration for Miss Hellman's literary gifts, and he offers many instances of her generosity and kindness, and of the feelings of love and loyalty she inspired among a wide circle of friends. On the other hand, he is thoroughgoing in his examination of her defects as a human being—her meanness and vindictiveness, her bullying, her rages, her cruelty, and, above all, her mendacity. The three volumes of Miss Hellman's autobiography have come under fire from many quarters for their author's manipulation of the truth in order to glorify herself; Mr. Wright is at special pains to demolish Miss Hellman's tale of her close friendship with a courageous anti-Nazi underground worker which was dramatized in the movie "Julia." The persona that emerges from the autobiography is a character of formidable integrity, bravery, and lofty moral purpose, but, he says, "for the author to stand up at the end and say, 'This Lillian Hellman you've been reading about, this is me,' is, of course, a lie." At the same time, Mr. Wright tells us that the creation of that character—its truthfulness aside—was a literary feat that required "many of the skills and sensibilities that make up a great fiction writer or dramatist." Apparently, the cake, in this case, is for eating, but one can have it, too. Photographs.

The Illustrated History of the Supreme Court of the United States, by Robert Shnayerson (Abrams; $60). A big picture book about a subject that is not especially enhanced by illustration. Despite the unwieldy format, the text combines judgment, style, and research in a fascinating story of legal and constitutional evolution. And the reader can admire nineteenth-century beards, the handwriting of bygone days, and the antique furniture in the Supreme Court Building, although none of these will improve his appreciation of legal concepts.

•

HOW'S THAT AGAIN? DEPARTMENT

[*From the Times*]

Harold Cudmore, the British skipper, acknowledged that today's loss was a blow. "It's a pretty tough run," he said about the last few days of racing. "Nothing is impossible, so we shall not give up until it is otherwise."

For visitors in a great hurry, Switzerland offers three international airports, 1855 miles of railroad track, and the world's longest highway tunnel.

Swissair and the American Express® Card can help you catch a ride on the steam cog railway up the Brienzer Rothorn, Berner Oberland.

AMERICAN EXPRESS
3712
5006
C F FROST

And for those visitors who want more time to enjoy the endless beauties of Switzerland, Swissair's widebody jets fly daily from New York, Boston or Chicago to Geneva or Zurich and on to Basel.

Whatever you choose to see of this charming country, you will get there fast and easy, on the road, on water, and on rails. So many ways to enjoy privileges, like the advantage of a warm welcome at 703 Federal Railway stations for your American Express Card.

Swissair and the American Express Card are doing everything they can to encourage you to come and see Switzerland's endless beauties.

Cards®

For further information ask for the Alpine Experience. Call:
800 221-6644 Continental U.S.A.
800 522-6906 New York State
718 995-4400 New York City

swissair

THE BMW 325. THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN AN EXPENSIVE CAR AND A COSTLY COMPROMISE. At last count, there wer approximately 22 cars priced in the neighborhood of $22,000:

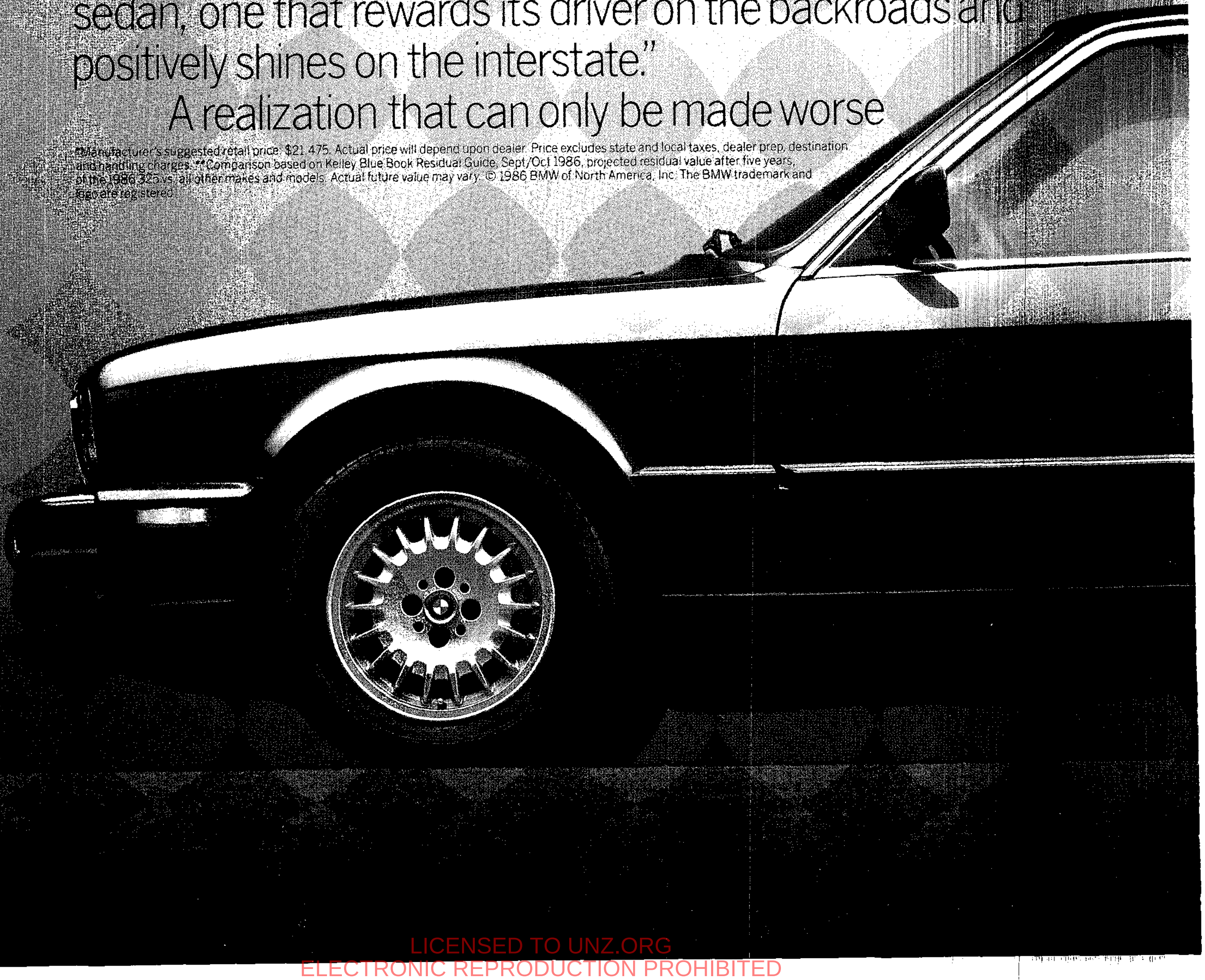
And one BMW.

A fact worthy of note. Because instead of tallying up what any car will give you for this princely sum, your purchasing decisio might be vastly simplified by calculating what you'll give up by not investing in the BMW 325.

To begin with, you'll have to do without the digitally-controlled, 6-cylinder, eta engine that prompted the editors of Motor Trend magazine to describe the 325 as "an absolutely first-rate sports sedan, one that rewards its driver on the backroads and positively shines on the interstate."

A realization that can only be made worse

*Manufacturer's suggested retail price: $21,475. Actual price will depend upon dealer. Price excludes state and local taxes, dealer prep, destination and handling charges. **Comparison based on Kelley Blue Book Residual Guide, Sept/Oct 1986, projected residual value after five years, of the 1986 325 vs. all other makes and models. Actual future value may vary. © 1986 BMW of North America, Inc. The BMW trademark and logo are registered.



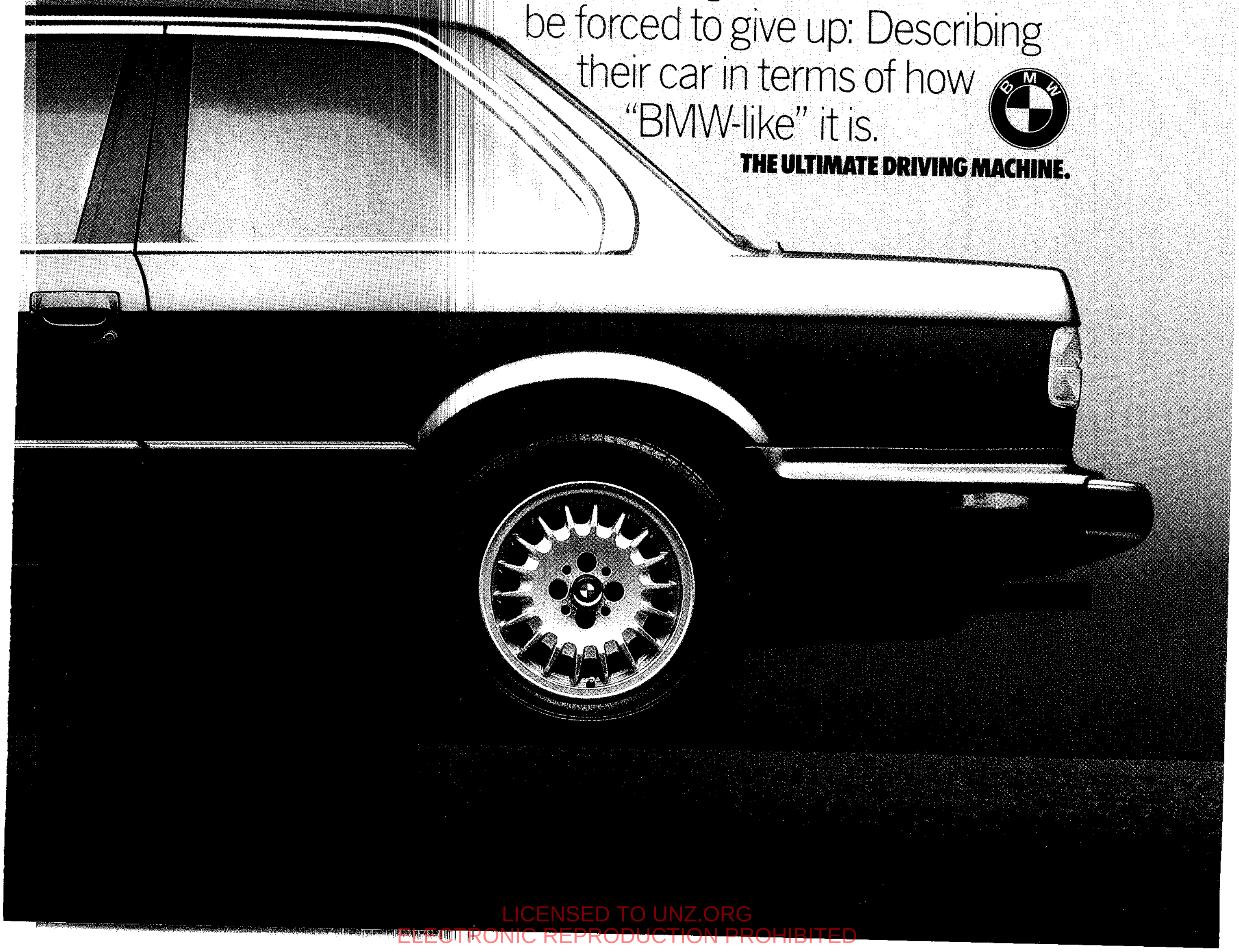
y the fact that this year, the BMW 325 comes with twin-tube gas essure shock absorbers and larger anti-roll bars mated to its ready legendary, fully-independent suspension.

You'll also probably have to forgo the ABS braking system utoWeek dubbed "the most complex, expensive and proven anti-ock braking system available" since the BMW 325 is one of the ew cars in this price class that offers it as standard equipment.

And lest you think the sacrifices entailed in buying anything lse will dissipate over time, there's the matter of residual value. or according to the Kelley Blue Book Official Residual Value Guide, he 325 is projected to retain more of its original price than fully 0% of all cars made this year.**

On the other hand, there is something that 325 owners will be forced to give up: Describing their car in terms of how "BMW-like" it is.

THE ULTIMATE DRIVING MACHINE.



DEWAR'S PROFILE:

ALESSANDRA FERRI

HOME: New York, N.Y.

AGE: 23.

OCCUPATION: Principal dancer, American Ballet Theatre.

HOBBY: "Trying to find the time to have one."

LAST BOOK READ: *Hopscotch*, Julio Cortazar.

LATEST ACCOMPLISHMENT: Dancing the lead in *Romeo and Juliet* and *Giselle* during the ABT's latest season. No mean feat.

WHY I DO WHAT I DO: "All little girls want to be ballerinas; I just never changed my idea."

QUOTE: "I'm Italian, and we're never neutral. About anything."

PROFILE: Focused, passionate and strong-minded. At ninety-seven pounds, she's nobody's weakling.

HER SCOTCH: Dewar's® "White Label®" and Perrier.® "After the barre, the bar. Where would you go to stretch out?"

White Label
DEWAR'S
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
John Dewar & Sons Ltd
PERTH
SCOTLAND

86.8 PROOF · © 1986 SCHENLEY IMPORTS CO., P.O. BOX 1189, RADIO CITY STATION, N.Y., N.Y. 1010